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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

PATTI SMITH trips and busts her neck/ PETER GREEN flips and gets 'put away'/ STRANGLERS in obscene t-shirt row

(A 'Strange Days' Special, pages 7, 9, 3)

TELEVISION: Vinyl masterwork for spring schedules everywhere

(Nick Kent finds genius on page 29)

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending — February 2nd, 1972.

Last week	This		
3	1	HORSE WITH NO NAME	America (Warner Bros.)
12	2	TELEGRAM SAM	T. Rex (T. Rex)
1	3	I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING	New Seekers (Polydor)
2	4	MOTHER OF MINE	Neil Reid (Decca)
4	5	BRAND NEW KEY	Melanie (Buddah)
5	6	STAY WITH ME	Faces (Warner Bros.)
9	7	LET'S STAY TOGETHER	Al Green (London)
7	8	WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO	Donnie Elbert (London)
6	9	I JUST CAN'T HELP BELIEVING	Elvis Presley (RCA)
15	10	HAVE YOU SEEN HER	Chi-Lites (MCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 4 1967

Last Week	This		
1	1	I'M A BELIEVER	Monkees (RCA)
2	2	MATTHEW & SON	Cat Stevens (Deram)
4	3	NIGHT OF FEAR	Move (Deram)
5	4	LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER	Rolling Stones (Decca)
9	5	I'VE BEEN A BAD BAD BOY	Paul Jones (HMV)
3	6	GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME	Tom Jones (Decca)
6	7	STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOVE	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
8	8	HEY JOE	Jimi Hendrix (Polydor)
7	9	HAPPY JACK	Who (Reaction)
22	10	I'M A MAN	Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)

15 YEARS AGO

Week Ending February 2nd 1962

Last Week	This		
1	1	THE YOUNG ONES	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	2	LET'S TWIST AGAIN	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
7	3	FORGET ME NOT	Eden Kane (Decca)
–	4	ROCK-A-HULA BABY	Elvis Presley (RCA)
6	5	MULTIPLICATION	Bobby Darin (London)
3	6	HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
3	7	I'D NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
5	8	STRANGER ON THE SHORE	Acker Bilk (Columbia)
9	9	WALK ON BY	Leroy Van Dyke (Mercury)
10	10	LET THERE BE DRUMS	Sandy Nelson (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending February 5, 1977

This Week	Last		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US — David Soul (Private Stock)	6	1
2	(1)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA — Julie Covington (MCA)	6	1
3	(3)	SIDE SHOW — Barry Biggs (Dynamic)	6	3
4	(6)	ISN'T SHE LOVELY — David Parton (Pye)	4	4
5	(21)	WHEN I NEED YOU — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	5
6	(5)	I WISH — Stevie Wonder (Motown)	6	4
7	(9)	DADDY COOL — Boney M. (Atlantic)	5	7
8	(4)	YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER — Drifters (Arista)	5	4
9	(10)	CAR WASH — Rose Royce (MCA)	5	5
10	(8)	WILD SIDE OF LIFE — Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	8
11	(15)	SUSPICION — Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	11
12	(7)	THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE — 10c.c. (Mercury)	7	7
13	(12)	DON'T BELIEVE A WORD — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	12
14	(14)	LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE — Smokie (Rak)	8	7
15	(20)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY — Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes (CBS)	2	15
16	(—)	JACK IN THE BOX — Moments (All Platinum)	1	16
17	(16)	NEW KID IN TOWN — Eagles (Asylum)	3	16
18	(11)	DOCTOR LOVE — Tina Charles (CBS)	8	6
19	(24)	EVERYMAN MUST HAVE A DREAM — Liverpool Express (Warner Bros)	3	19
20	(—)	WHAT CAN I SAY — Boz Scaggs (CBS)	1	20
21	(13)	MONEY MONEY MONEY — Abba (Epic)	10	2
22	(30)	SING ME — The Brothers (Bus Stop)	2	22
23	(—)	MORE THAN A FEELING — Boston (EMI)	1	23
24	(—)	BOOGIE NIGHTS — Heatwave (GTO)	1	24
25	(23)	SMILE — Pussycat (Sonet)	3	23
26	(29)	FLIP — Jesse Green (EMI)	4	26
27	(26)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE — Bread (Elektra)	3	20
28	(—)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY — Thelma Houston (Motown)	1	28
29	(—)	WAKE UP SUSAN — Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	1	29
30	(18)	UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE — Showaddywaddy (Bell)	12	1

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

YEAR OF THE CAT — Al Stewart (RCA); EVERY LITTLE TEARDROP — Gallagher & Lyle (A&M); EVERYBODY'S TALKIN' 'BOUT LOVE — Silver Convention (Magnet); BODY HEAT — James Brown (Polydor); YOU + ME = LOVE — Undisputed Truth (Warner Bros).

ALBUMS

Week ending February 5, 1977

This Week	Last		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	RED RIVER VALLEY — Slim Whitman (United Artists)	4	1
2	(2)	DAVID SOUL — (Private Stock)	9	2
3	(7)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE — Stevie Wonder (Motown)	16	1
4	(3)	ARRIVAL — Abba (Epic)	11	1
5	(4)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA — Eagles (Asylum)	6	4
6	(11)	EVITA — Various Artists (MCA)	4	6
7	(6)	ABBA GREATEST HITS — (Epic)	44	1
8	(9)	WINGS OVER AMERICA — (EMI)	5	8
9	(8)	WIND AND WUTHERING — Genesis (Charisma)	4	8
10	(10)	SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS (Arista)	7	4
11	(5)	A DAY AT THE RACES — Queen (EMI)	7	2
12	(12)	A NEW WORLD RECORD — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	9	8
13	(15)	LOW — David Bowie (RCA)	3	13
14	(14)	DISCO ROCKET — (K-Tel)	9	7
15	(18)	ENDLESS FLIGHT — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	15
16	(16)	THE GREATEST HITS — Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel)	12	4
17	(—)	THEIR GREATEST HITS — Eagles (Asylum)	35	1
18	(17)	HOT CHOCOLATE GREATEST HITS — (Rak)	11	8
19	(—)	JOHNNY THE FOX — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	6	9
20	(13)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Glen Campbell (Capitol)	12	1
21	(20)	100 GOLDEN GREATS — Max Bygraves (Ronco)	13	4
22	(—)	LOVE ON THE AIRWAVES — Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)	1	22
23	(29)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE — Bread (Elektra)	2	23
24	(—)	MOTORVATIN' — Chuck Berry (Chess)	1	24
25	(21)	GREATEST HITS — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)	6	17
26	(—)	WHITE ROCK — Rick Wakeman (A&M)	1	26
27	(—)	BOXED — Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	4	19
28	(—)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS (EMI)	1	28
29	(25)	ATLANTIC CROSSING — Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	46	1
30	(27)	THOUGHTS OF LOVE — Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	7	15

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

BOSTON (Epic); BEST OF LENA MARTELL (Pye); RA — Utopia (Bearsville); HIT SCENE '76 (Warwick); DREAMBOAT ANNIE — Heart (Arista).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending February 5, 1977

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	BLINDED BY THE LIGHT	Manfred Mann
2	(3)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS	Mary MacGregor
3	(1)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder
4	(4)	HOT LINE	Sylvers
5	(8)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles
6	(9)	ENJOY YOURSELF	Jacksons
7	(5)	DAZ	Brick
8	(14)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller
9	(10)	I LIKE DREAMING	Kenny Nolan
10	(12)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND	Barry Manilow
11	(7)	WALK THIS WAY	Aerosmith
12	(13)	LOST WITH OUT YOUR LOVE	Bread
13	(15)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
14	(17)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
15	(6)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce
16	(21)	LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN"	Barbra Streisand
17	(20)	DANCING QUEEN	Abba
18	(16)	JEANS ON	David Dundas
19	(22)	GO YOUR OWN WAY	Fleetwood Mac
20	(23)	HARD LUCK WOMAN	Kiss
21	(11)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR	Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis
22	(18)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen
23	(27)	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON	Kansas
24	(19)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING	Leo Sayer
25	(—)	THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10c.c.
26	(29)	SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY	Stephen Bishop
27	(—)	LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE	Smokie
28	(—)	BOOGIE CHILD	Bee Gees
29	(24)	SATURDAY NIGHT	Earth, Wind & Fire
30	(—)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Thelma Houston

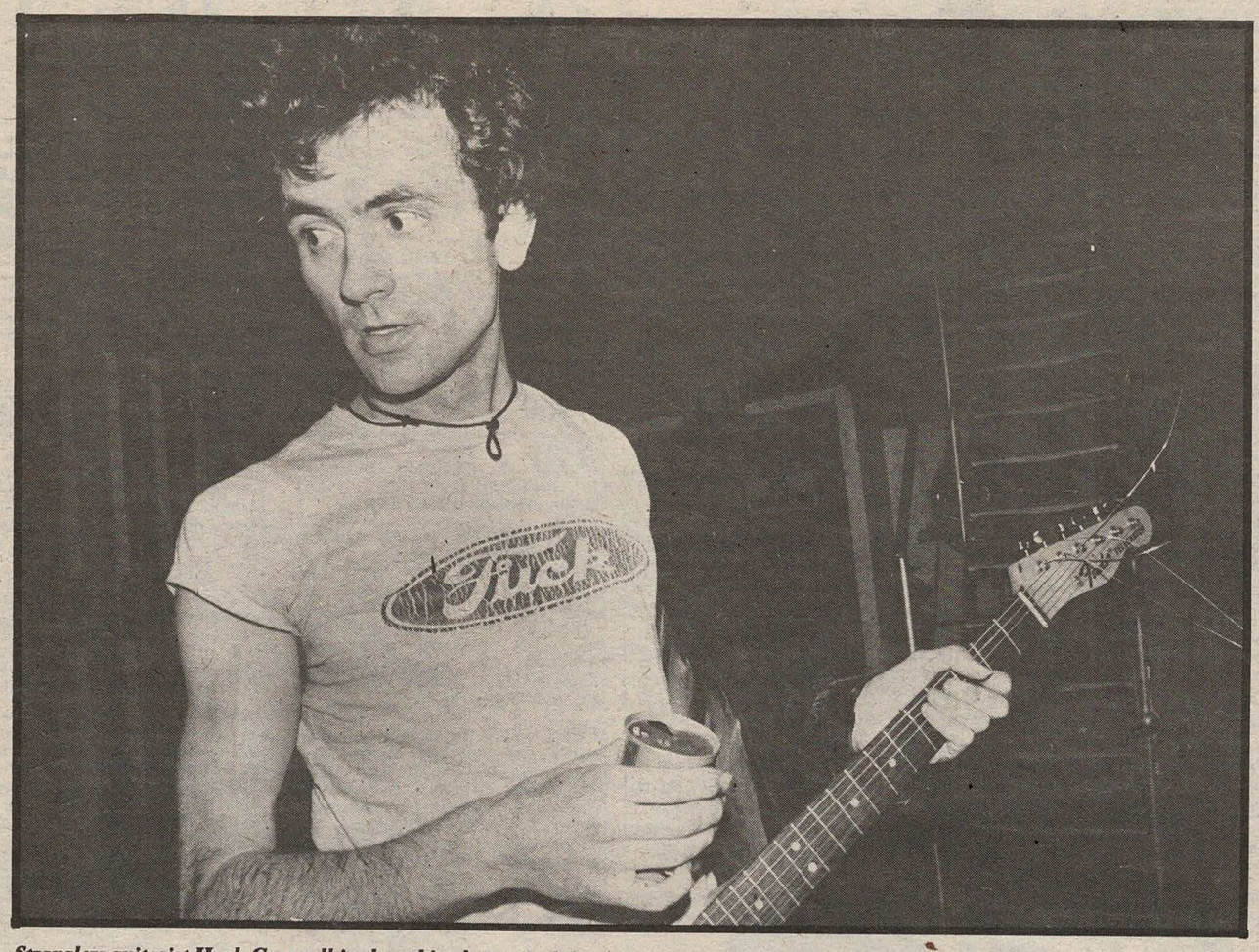
Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week Ending February 5, 1977

This Week	Last		
1	(4)	A STAR IS BORN	Striesand, Kristofferson
2	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
3	(2)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
4	(3)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings
5	(5)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton
6	(7)	BOSTON	
7	(6)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
8	(9)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
9	(8)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES	Doobie Brothers
10	(14)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen
11	(12)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	ELO
12	(11)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER	Kiss
13	(10)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart
14	(15)	THE PRETENDER	Jackson Browne
15	(16)	CAR WASH	Original Soundtrack
16	(19)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
17	(23)	TEJAS	ZZ Top
18	(13)	GREATEST HITS	James Taylor
19	(18)	THIRTY-THREE AND ⅓	George Harrison
20	(20)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles
21	(17)	HEJIRA	Joni Mitchell
22	(25)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
23	(21)	SONG OF JOY	Captain & Tennille
24	(24)	SPIRIT	Earth, Wind & Fire
25	(26)	CHILDREN OF THE WORLD	Bee Gees
26	(28)	GOOD HIGH	Brick
27	(30)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU	Barry Manilow
28	(—)	LEFTOVERTURE	Kansas
29	(22)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John
30	(27)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs

(Courtesy of "CASH BOX")



Stranglers guitarist Hugh Cornwell in the t-shirt that caused the row. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

The t-shirt that stopped a gig

By CHRIS SALEWICZ

ALLEGATIONS THAT the GLC is operating a punk rock 'blacklist' were being made this week after Sunday's Rainbow gig by The Stranglers was curtailed because one of them wore an "obscene" T-shirt.

Guitarist Hugh Cornwell defied a GLC requirement, written into the Council's licensing deal with the Rainbow management, when he went onstage during The Stranglers' act wearing a T-shirt bearing the word "fuck". As a consequence the group's set was cut short three quarters of the way through when the stage lights were switched off.

NME understands that the Greater London Council's Public Committee had seen The Stranglers perform previously at the Red Deer in Croydon, and had demanded an assurance from the Rainbow that certain words "would not appear on their apparel or over the amplification."

This was written into the contract between the Rainbow and the concert promoters, Beggars Banquet Promotions, and it was the promoters who curtailed the set after being informed that they were in breach of contract. Eight GLC representatives were watching the show.

On Monday NME learned that when Beggars Banquet first wanted to book The Stranglers into the Rainbow, it was intimated to them by informed music business parties that this would be impossible because the band were on "a blacklist", which, it was maintained, the GLC operates. Eventually, after the promoters had agreed to provide 20 extra security men, and after they had given two written assurances to the GLC, the gig went ahead.

Cornwell then went onstage wearing the aforementioned T-shirt, apparently with the logo on the *back*, took it off when requested to do so some 30 minutes into the set, but then replaced it 15 minutes later, resulting in the show being stopped.

Onstage Cornwell also swore several times.

Inquiries within the music business on Monday revealed a belief that a GLC "blacklist", official or otherwise, does exist. One leading promoter, after pointing out that the GLC is the licensing authority for London's music venues, told me: "You have to compromise with them. They're civil servants." He claimed that to his knowledge Kiss and Hawkwind had been on a blacklist at various times. He added: "I think they are just giving the Rainbow a hard time. For some reason they don't like it."

According to another source close to the promoters of The Stranglers gig, the GLC men were in attendance because the Rainbow was the first large London venue to book punk rock bands. He claimed all punk bands were on the blacklist.

Alan Schaverin of the Rainbow management told NME that he has experienced no requests by the GLC for similar stipulations in other acts contracts. Nor had The Men From The GLC been to see other bands who'd played the theatre.

When asked by NME why the Stranglers had been taken off, Mr G. M. Saxby at the GLC replied that it had been a Rainbow management decision. It was pointed out to him that the management was complying with a GLC stipulation.

"The GLC are interpreters of public opinion," he commented. "We licence premises and not entertainment." The paradox in his comment was pointed out to him.

Mr Saxby then stated that the audience had made the decision for themselves anyway; that they'd been walking out in droves since the first hints of "bad language".

When asked if there was a blacklist, his reply was somewhat surprising: "Quite erroneous. Every act is considered on its merits. We supported EMI on their stand against the Sex Pistols and *we're* taking a stand against The Stranglers.

Akkerman Band tour

THE NEW Jan Akkerman-Kaz Lux Band undertake their debut tour of Britain next month. Akkerman, former key member of Dutch band Focus, is co-leader of the outfit with vocalist Kaz Lux — and the other members are keyboards man Joachin Kuhn, bassist Cees van der Laars and ex-Focus drummer Pierre van der Linden.

They will be featuring material from their recently released album "Eli", as well as from Akkerman's solo set "Tabernacle", both on the Atlantic label.

Dates are Brighton Dome (March 2), Hanley Victoria Hall (3), Lancaster University (4), Sheffield University (5), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (6), Birmingham Hippodrome (8), Oxford New Theatre (9), Portsmouth Guildhall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (12), London New Victoria Theatre (13), Newcastle City Hall (15), Liverpool venue to be set (16), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (17), Ipswich Gaumont (19), and Croydon Fairfield Hall (20). Support act is Kayak.

Prior to the tour, the band guest in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on March 1. Promoter Ian Wright of MAM announces that all box-offices are now open.

Ticket prices for the New Victoria gig are £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1.25, but they vary elsewhere.

PISTOLS LATEST

SEX PISTOLS have decided not to go ahead with their projected European tour, originally planned to run from this week until February 24. A spokesman for the group explained: "We decided it was rather pointless when they don't have a record to promote. And in any case, it would not have been financially viable. The Pistols feel they would rather remain in Britain to await a new recording deal". Manager Malcolm McLaren is currently having discussions with several major labels, and the spokesman added that he is hopeful about a new contract being signed shortly.

BEACH BOYS SPRING VISIT

THE BEACH BOYS are planning to visit Britain in the late spring as part of a full-scale European tour. The group set out on an extensive U.S. tour later this month, and they intend to bring their full road show over here when their American commitments are completed.

Officially their British visit is still tentative, with no details yet available of the venues they would play. But they are expected to headline at least one open-air event, and NME understand there is a distinct possibility of the group headlining a major concert at Wembley Stadium on June 11.

Meanwhile, they have a new album released by Warners on February 25 titled "The Beach Boys Love You". It consists entirely of new songs, mainly compositions by Brian Wilson, who also produced the set.

WHITE DELAY?

BARRY WHITE's British concerts, exclusively reported by NME last week, may now have to be put back. He was scheduled to play four dates here in mid-March — at London New Victoria and in Manchester, Birmingham and Eastbourne — preceded by gigs in Italy. But now problems have arisen between White and the Italian promoters, which could result in his visit being delayed.

Commented British promoter Jeffrey Kruger: "I am doing everything possible to mediate and help resolve the situation. Unfortunately some tickets have already been issued for Barry's proposed mid-March concerts, but I must stress that no further applications can be accepted until a decision has been taken on the timing of his visit. I expect to make an official announcement very shortly."

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Aerosmith due back

AEROSMITH, the million-selling U.S. band who made their debut in this country last autumn, are to return here in the late summer. They are at present being lined up for a tour at that time, involving festival appearances both in Britain and on the Continent. The outfit have a new single titled "Walk This Way" issued by CBS on February 18 — it is taken from their 1975 album "Toys In The Attic".

Original Renaissance now an Illusion!

ILLUSION, a new band comprising most of the original Renaissance line-up, are supporting Bryan Ferry on his solo tour which opened this week. And they have been signed by Island Records, who release their album "Out Of The Mist" at the end of Feb.

The present Renaissance has a totally different line-up from when the band was first launched in 1969. The re-formation of the original personnel, using the name Illusion, was suggested by Keith Relf before his accidental death last year.

The band features ex-Renaissance members Jane Relf (vocals), John Hawken (keyboards), Jim McCarty (vocals, rhythm, percussion) and Louis Cennamo (bass) — plus new men John Knightsbridge (lead guitar) and Eddie McNeill (drums).

Floyd concerts: booking details

BOOKING arrangements have now been announced for Pink Floyd's eight concerts next month. As previously reported, they play four shows at Wembley Empire Pool from March 17 to 20 inclusive — the first three gigs start at 8 pm, and the March 20 concert at 5 pm. The other four shows are at Stafford New Bingley Hall from March 28 to 31, all starting at 7.30 pm.

Tickets for the Wembley gigs are available by post only, and are restricted to four per applicant. Prices are £4.25 and £3.75, plus some with an obstructed view at £2.50. Bookings should be sent to Pink Floyd Box Office, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. Cheques or postal orders only, made payable to "Pink Floyd Box Office". Applications will be accepted from next Monday (7) and tickets will be dispatched during the week beginning February 21.

Stafford tickets are all at the one price of £3.50, and are available to personal applicants from February 21 (limited to four per person). They may be obtained from the Bingley Hall box-office, County Showground, Stafford, from Hime & Addison, 8 St. James Square, Manchester 2; from Virgin Records shops in Birmingham and Manchester; or from Mike Lloyd Music Shops.

FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST
This week's best-selling songbooks

NME Book of Rock	95p	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
Jackson Browne/21 Songs	£5.50	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.50	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£2.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.00	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Paul McCartney 13 New Songs	£1.60	Yessongs/Yes	£2.95
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£2.95
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£3.95
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Pianxty 28 Songs	£1.75
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Bass Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Clapton/Ocean Blvd & others	£2.95
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Lindisfarne/10 Songs	£1.10
Kinks Greatest Hits	£2.50	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Hollies Greatest Hits	£2.50	Marc Bolan Lyric Book	95p
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	T.Rex Songbook	£1.50
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano ea	£3.95	Sutherland Bros & Quiver Song Book	£2.95
Status Quo/42 Songs	£2.00		
Eagles Greatest Hits	£4.95		
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Eagles/On The Border	£3.95		
Eagles/One Of These Nights	£3.95		
Queen/19 Songs	£2.00		

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News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

BAD COMPANY featuring (left to right) MICK RALPHS, PAUL RODGERS with new cropped hair style, SIMON KIRKE and BOZ BURRELL.

Bad Company back to work

BAD COMPANY are back in business again after a lengthy period of inactivity. Their new album "Burnin' Sky" is released by Island on February 25, preceded by the single "Everything I Need" on February 11. And they go back on the road in the early spring, with a week-long German tour from April 1 as a warm-up to an extensive American itinerary, starting on April 25 and lasting three months. It is understood that they are planning one or two selected British appearances in late summer, probably including a major open-air event. Meanwhile, they are lined up for a BBC-2 "Whistle Test" interview in the near future.

Stones deal clinched

IT HAS NOW officially been announced that the Rolling Stones have signed with Polydor Records, confirming NME's previous forecast. The deal is for a three-year period, and reportedly has a built-in £1½ million guarantee to the Stones. First release under the new agree ment will be a live double album, recorded during the band's 1976 European tour, due out in June. It is understood that the Stones are also likely to re-record some of their early hit singles, partially to update them, and partially because the original recordings do not earn the large royalties which the band can command today.

Drury Lane Sunday gigs

GARY GLITTER's first concert since his return to the business (discounting his guest spot in a charity show before Christmas) is set for London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on April 3. Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2.25, £1.75 and £1.50. Glitter's comeback begins in earnest this Sunday (6), when he opens his previously-reported six-week cabaret tour, and further concert dates are expected in the spring.

The London show is being recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent broadcast in a new series titled "Sunday Night At The Lane". Among other artists appearing at the venue, who are expected to be included in the series are Sergio Medes (February 27), Roy Orbison (March 27), Climax Blues Band (April 10) and The Drifters (17). The series runs until May 29 and other acts being lined up include Dr. Feelgood, Kursaal Flyers and Sutherland Brothers & Quiver.

John Martin promotes on behalf of Capital.

AC/DC: 25 concerts

AC/DC headline a 25-venue tour starting later this month. The Australian outfit play Edinburgh University (February 18), Glasgow University (19), Blackpool Imperial Ballroom (20), Cardiff Top Rank (22), Derby King's Hall (23), Malvern Winter Gardens (24), Cambridge Corn Exchange (25), Exeter University (26), Reading Top Rank (27), Portsmouth Locarno (March 1), Swansea Top Rank (2), Newcastle Mayfair (4), Northampton County Ground (5), Maidenhead Skindles (6), Plymouth Fiesta Suite (7), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (10), London Rainbow Theatre (11), Leeds University (12), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (13), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (15), Manchester Electric Circus (16), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (18), Southend Kursaal (19), Croydon Greyhound (20) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (21). Atlantic are to release a three-track maxi-single by the band to coincide with their tour.

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On The Road

GORDON GILTRAP BAND promote their new album "Visionary" with gigs at **Salford** University (tomorrow, Friday), **London** North-East Polytechnic (Saturday), **Newcastle** University (February 9), **Aberystwyth** University (11), **Leicester** University (12), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (18), **Hull** University (21), **Leeds** University (24), **Durham** University (March 4), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (5) and **Manchester** University (9). More gigs to follow next week.

F.B.I. play a major **London** concert when they headline at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, February 13. Other gigs for the band are **Dundee** Angus Hotel (this Sunday), **Aberdeen** Fusion Ballroom (February 8), **Sheffield** University (11), **Guildford** Civic Hall (17) and **Birmingham** Barbarella's (18).

CAROL GRIMES & the London Boogie Band have February gigs at **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (this Saturday), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (9), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (12), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (13), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (18), **London Camden** Dingwalls (22), **Dudley** J.B.'s Club (25) and **Wigan** Casino (26).

FLYING ACES, the band fronted by former Ace member Martin Ace, have gigs at **Cardiff** Top Rank (tomorrow, Friday), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (Saturday) and **Aberystwyth** University (February 11) before leaving for an Irish tour. Subsequently they play **Oxford** Polytechnic (February 26), **London Camden** Dingwalls (March 1), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (2), **Derby** Cleopatra's (3), **Burton** 76 Club (4), **Bolton** Technical College (5), **Lancaster** St. Martin's College (11), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (12), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (13), **Cheltenham** Pavilion (18) and **Leicester** Polytechnic (19).

JACK THE LAD have extended their previously reported March tour with extra dates at **Scunthorpe** Tiffany's (March 22), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (23), **Rugby** Lanchester Polytechnic (25), **Bristol** Polytechnic (26) and **Blackpool** Tiffeny's (29). Their gig on March 10 is switched from **Glasgow** University to **Leeds** Polytechnic.

NATIONAL HEALTH tour dates: **Newcastle** University (February 17), **Stirling** University (18), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (19), **Dundee** University (20), **Nottingham** University (22), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (24) and **Slough** College of Education (26). More gigs are still being finalised.

CALEDONIA, who supported Hot Chocolate on tour during the autumn, play **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **Manchester** Electric Circus (Saturday), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (February 11), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (12), **Brighton** Top Rank (13), **Clacton** Institute of Technology (18), **Havering** Technical College (19) and **Weybridge** College of Food (25).

OSCAR PETERSON'S concert tour next month has now been finalised. He plays **Birmingham** Town Hall (March 6), **Southport** Theatre (8), **Croydon** Fairfield (10), **London** Royal Festival Hall (12), **Cardiff** Capitol (13), **Nottingham** Albert Hall (15), **Bristol** Colston (17), **Paignton** Princess (18), **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (20), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (21), **Brighton** Dome (24), **Eastbourne** Congress (25), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (27) and **Glasgow** Kelvin Hall (29).

BRANDY, the all-girl band recently signed by Polydor, have dates at **Corby** Exclusive Club (this Saturday), **Bristol** University (February 11), **Bristol** Granary (12), **Petersfield** Mercury Club (16), **Paignton** Penelope's (19), **Barrow** Maxim's Disco (24) and **Peterlee** Senate Club (26).

LONE STAR, who cancelled all January gigs when their lead singer left suddenly, have now re-set several dates and added a few new venues. They play **London Hampstead** Westfield College (tomorrow, Friday), **Manchester** University instead of **Bristol** University (Saturday), **Cardiff** Top Rank (February 8), **Carlisle** Market Hall (10) and **Barry** Memorial Hall (24). Rest of their February itinerary remains unchanged.

MEDICINE HEAD'S February gigs are **London** Marquee Club (tonight, Thursday), **Derby** College of Technology (Friday), **Brighton** Top Rank (8), **Chester** College of Education (11), **Edinburgh** Napier College (16), **Aberdeen** University (18), **Cleethorpes** Winter Gardens (21) and **Aberystwyth** University (25).

NUTZ, whose new album "Hard Nutz" is released by A & M this month, play **Birmingham** Barbarella's (February 8), **Cardiff** Top Rank (15), **Newport** Stowaway Club (16), **Brentwood** College of Education (18), **London Cockfosters** Trent Park College (25). The band also support Black Sabbath on their U.K. tour starting March 2.

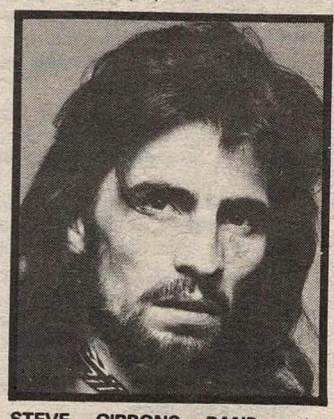
BOYS OF THE LOUGH tour Britain and Ireland with dates at **Coleraine** Ulster University (February 17), **Belfast** Whitla Hall (18), **Dublin** (19), **Fermanagh** Arts Festival (21), **Brighton** Sussex University (23), **Colchester** Essex University (26), **Matlock** Baths Pavilion (27), **Dumfries** Loreburh Hall (March 1), **Motherwell** Civic Theatre (2), **Stirling** University (3), **Inverness** Civic Hall (4), **London** Victoria Palace (6), a benefit concert in **Kinross** (7), **Basildon** Towngate Theatre (9) and **Birmingham** Repertory Theatre (11).

WURZELS headline a March concert tour at **Oxford** New Theatre (2), **Taunton** Odeon (3), **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (4), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (6), **Preston** Guildhall (7), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (8), **Glasgow** Kelvin Hall (9), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (11), **Southport** New Theatre (12), **Newcastle** City Hall (13), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (15), **Llandudno** Arcadia Theatre (16), **Oakengates** Town Hall (17), **Nottingham** Playhouse (18), **London Lewisham** Concert Hall (19), **Slough** Thames Hall (20), **Eastbourne** Congress (22), **London** New Victoria Theatre (23), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (24) and **Birmingham** Town Hall (26).

SHAKIN' STEVENS & the Sunsets play **Horncastle** Town Hall (tomorrow, Friday), **Norwich** Crockers (Saturday), **Cambridge** Homerton College (February 10), **Weston-Super-Mare** Masquerade Club (12), **Newton Abbot** Seale Hayne College (16), **Stafford** North Staffs Poly (18), **Liverpool** University (19), **Leeds** University (23), **Aberystwyth** University (25), **Oxford** Exeter College (26), **Bradford** University (March 9), **Birmingham** Chalet Club (10), **Durham** Nevilles Cross College (11), **Bognor** College of Education (12), **Derby** Bishop Lonsdale College (18), **Reading** Technical College (19), **London Finchley** Torrington (20), **Chichester** College of Education (25), **Bedford** Corn Exchange (26) and **Horsham** Roffey Club (27).

CASINO, newly signed by State Records, are on tour at **Cardiff** University (tomorrow, Friday), **Hereford** Town Hall (Saturday), **Aberystwyth** University (February 7), **Cardiff** College of Music (11), **Bath** Globe (12), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (18), **Fishguard** Frenchman's Motel (19), **Doncaster** College of Education (25), **Loughborough** Lion Hotel (26), **Chippenham** Technical College (March 4), **Reading** Technical College (5), **Rhondda** Leisure Centre (11), **Cardiff** College of Education (12), **Bath** Viaduct Hotel (17), **Clacton** St. Osyth's College (18), **Worcester** College of Education (19), and **St. Albans** City Hall (26).

IVOR CUTLER — singer, composer, musician, poet, writer and humorist — has a few dates to promote his recent Virgin album "Jammy Smears". He plays **Dundee** University (February 16), **Edinburgh** Traverse Theatre (18-20), **Glasgow** Third Eye Centre (22), **Belfast** Queen's University (24), **Galway** University (25) and **Dublin** Project Arts Centre (27).



STEVE GIBBONS BAND, who complete their British tour with Be-Bop Deluxe on February 19, are to be the support act in Ted Nugent's upcoming concerts starting just four days later — on February 23 in **Manchester.** Subsequently they have gigs in their own right at **London Southbank** Polytechnic (March 10), **Bromley** Stockwell College (11) and **London Kensington** Imperial College (12).

TED NUGENT has had another gig added to his British tour with the Gibbons Band. It is at **Sheffield** City Hall on February 24.

THE GORILLAS play **London** North Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (February 10), **London Kensington** Nashville (13, 20 and 27), **Leeds** Polytechnic (25), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (March 5), **Manchester** Electric Circus (11), **Dudley** J.B.'s Club (12) and **Matlock** Black Rocks (31).

COUNT BISHOPS have the following gigs between sessions for their first Chiswich Records album: **Liverpool** University (this Saturday), **Swindon** The Affair (February 9), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (10), **Dundee** University (11), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (12), **Keele** University (16), **Liverpool** Annabelle's (17), **Bath** University (18), **Colchester** Essex University (19), **London** Queen Mary College (24) and **London Chiswick** Polytechnic (25).

The new look T. Rex comprising (left to right) HERBIE FLOWERS, MILLER ANDERSON, MARC BOLAN, DINO DINES and TONY NEWMAN.

Bolan concerts — with new Rex

FIRST TOUR dates have now been announced for Marc Bolan and his new-look T. Rex. The itinerary is confined to leading concert halls around the country, including London Rainbow. These will be Bolan's first dates with his re-shaped band, now comprising Dino Dines (keyboards), Herbie Flowers (bass), Miller Anderson (guitar) and Tony Newman (drums), with only Dines remaining from the previous line-up.

Confirmed gigs are at Newcastle City Hall (March 10), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (11), Glasgow Apollo Centre (12), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Birmingham Odeon (17) and London Rainbow Theatre (18). More dates are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

As a prelude to the tour, Bolan and the new Rex have a single issued tomorrow (Friday) titled "Groove A Little", followed a week later by their album "Dandy In The Underworld".

A support act has not yet been announced, but NME understands that new wave band The Damned — who were axed from the Sex Pistols' ill-fated tour before Christmas — are being negotiated for this role.

Dory Previn due

DORY PREVIN is being lined up for a string of dates here in late spring. Paul Charles of Asgard has so far confirmed two Irish gigs — at Dublin National Stadium (May 19) and Belfast Whitla Hall (20). Dory subsequently plays a string of dates in England, and possibly Scotland. They include London Royal Albert Hall on May 28.

SUZI GIGS

THE FIRST seven dates have now been confirmed for the previously reported tour by Suzi Quatro, her first here for two years. She plays Sheffield University on February 11 followed by Cardiff University (12), Stafford Room At The Top (14), London Kensington Imperial College (19), Salford University (22), Bristol University (March 4) and Leicester University (12). Further gigs are at present being finalised.

DOMINO'S IN TOWN!

FATS DOMINO plays two concerts at London New Victoria Theatre on Sunday, March 27 (5 and 8 pm). This is his only projected appearance this year, and is part of a four-week European tour, including concerts in Eastern Europe. Tickets priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £1.50 go on sale on Tuesday (7). To coincide with his visit, United Artists will be releasing the compilation album "Fats Domino 20 Greatest Hits!" at the beginning of next month.

Moments & Rimshots co-headline package

TWO OF America's leading funk-soul outfits, Moments and Rimshots, co-headline a three-week British package tour starting later this month. Dates so far confirmed by promoter Henry Sellers are Swindon Brunel Rooms (February 18), Dunstable California (19), Southend Zero Six (23), Norwich Cromwell's (March 3), Birmingham Barbarella's (4) and Bracknell South Hill Park (5).

Many other dates, including a major London concert, have still to be finalised. Although absent from the NME Charts last year, both groups registered in 1975 — notably Moments, who had a string of four hits. A new album and single by Moments are due in early spring.

RAH date by Hollies

THE HOLLIES play a rare London concert when they headline their own show at the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday, March 8. They are also set for two provincial dates early next month — at Bradford University (March 5) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (6) — prior to leaving for a German tour. A new Hollies album will be issued by Polydor to coincide with these three concerts.

Waits: spring visit

TOM WAITS, the American singer-composer who made his British debut at London Ronnie Scott's Club last year, returns in mid-spring for a four-day visit. He will be here from April 30 to May 3 inclusive, together with his regular three-piece backing band. Highlight of his brief visit will be a major London concert, currently being set up by promoter Frederick Bannister, and he will also play a couple of provincial gigs.

RECORDING NEWS

Byron bounces back in new 5-piece band

ISLAND RECORDS have signed Rough Diamond, the new band featuring vocalist David Byron and noted sidemen Clem Clempson and Geoff Britton. They have just completed work on their debut album, for April 2 release in Britain. They make their live debut by way of a European tour starting in mid-April, to be followed by a British tour in May, and they then spend the rest of the year in America.

Byron is the former Uriah Heep singer, who was sacked late last summer because of a personality clash with the other members of the band. Guitarist Clempson is best-known as an ex-member of Humble Pie, while drummer Britton worked with the Wild Angels and East of Eden prior to his more recent spell with Wings. The other two members of Rough Diamond are Damon Butcher (keyboards) and Willie Bath (bass).

●**Status Quo's** first live album is released by Vertigo on February 25. It was taped during three concerts at Glasgow Apollo in December, which were specially arranged for recording purposes. Titled "Staus Quo Live", it is a double set retailing at £4.99. Included are most of the band's better-known stage items, among them "Is There A Better Way", "Junior's Wailing", "In My Chair", "Roll Over Lay Down", "Bye Bye Johnny" and "Caroline".

●Several of the current U.S. gigs by **Manfred Mann's Earth Band** are being recorded, for possible inclusion in their next album, which they complete on returning to London in March. Summer release is planned by Bronze. Meanwhile, their single "Blinded By The Light" has reached No. 1 in the American charts.

●**Billy Ocean's** follow-up to his recent "Stop Me" hit is titled "Red Light Spells Danger" and set for release by the GTO label on February 25.

●**Eric Clapton's** new single "Carnival", issued by RSO Records on February 11, is a track from his "No Reason To Cry" album.

● The new **Charlie** single "Johnny Hold Back", for Polydor release on February 25, is taken from their current album "No Second Chance".

● The Soundtrack album of "A Star Is Born", featuring **Kris Kristofferson** and **Barbra Streisand** is issued by CBS on February 18.

● Jethro Tull's new single "The Whistler" and the album from which it is taken "Songs from The Wood" are both issued by Chrysalis this weekend.

●**George Hatcher** Band have a ten-inch maxi-single issued by United Artists on March 4. Titled "Have Band Will Travel", it retails at 99p, and was recorded recently in front of an invited audience at London's Olympic Studios.

●**John Stevens' Away** will have their March 18 gig at London Marquee Club recorded, for subsequent release as a live album.

●**Dirty Tricks,** who begin an extensive British tour next week, have their single "Too Much Wine" issued by Polydor on February 11.

●**Kiki Dee's** latest album is scheduled for February 25 release by Rocket. The highly original title is "Kiki Dee".

Elton single

●Rocket Records are rushing out a new single by **Elton John** this weekend. Taken from his "Blue Moves" album, it is titled "Crazy Water".

TOURS ROUND-UP

●SAHB WITHOUT ALEX have added another date to their current tour schedule — at Plymouth Fiesta Suite on February 21.

●MUD are being lined up for a short series of college dates in April, details to follow shortly.

●5th DIMENSION support Frank Sinatra in his London Royal Albert Hall concerts from February 28 to March 5. They also film their own TV special during the visit.

●TAVARES return to Britain in late April to start a three-week one-nighter tour. Dates and venues are currently being finalised.

●FOSTER BROTHERS are the support act in the Streetwalkers' upcoming British tour, opening February 11.

●TOMPALL GLASER replaces Jimmy Buffett in the third night of the Country Music Festival at Wembley Empire Pool on April 11, headlined by Emmylou Harris.

●DONNA SUMMER will be gigging in Britain during the spring. The exact period of her visit is not yet determined.

●MAGNA CARTA support Ralph McTell in his British concert tour, starting in Cardiff next Wednesday (9).

●GLENN MILLER Orchestra play 13 concerts in Britain during the period May 16-30, including two performances at London Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, May 28.

●THE DUBLINERS' next tour, opening May 27, will mark their 15th anniversary. They film their own special for Granada-TV this week, for network screening prior to the tour.

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CTY 1133

By TONY PARSONS

Seventh vertebra during the seventh number . . .

It, uh, doesn't sound too good — but even after breaking her neck in a stage fall **PATTI SMITH** *reckons she'll be touring Britain in March*

Pic: STEVE EMBERTON

DURING THE seventh number of her band's Florida gig on January 23, Patti Smith fell 15 feet from the stage and broke her neck.

Long distance information, get me New York City, please . . .

"I went for a space that wasn't there," Patti said over the trans-Atlantic wire just five days after the accident. "It was one of those things, I felt like a discus thrower when they spin out of the circle . . ."

She sounded tired and in a great deal of pain but in amazingly high spirits considering that her fall from the stage had only been a matter of a few days before our talk. Her voice was strained but warm. I told her I thought she had a lot of guts . . .

"Ahhh, I'm pretty tough," she chuckled. "It was like a Bugs Bunny cartoon, when he walks over a cliff into mid-air and just keeps walking until he realises there's nothing there, y'know?"

And the neck is actually broken?

"Yeah, I broke the seventh vertebrae, if ya want the medical term. Apparently that's the least serious that ya can crack . . . so I was lucky!"

What song were you singing when you fell off stage, Patti?

"It was 'Ain't It Strange', the seventh number of the set, and I broke the seventh bone in my neck, so that was strange . . ."

And they took you to a hospital in Florida and when they released you from there you travelled back to New York?

"Yeah, I've got my neck in a brace, got a buncha stitches, 22 stitches, and I'm really black 'n' blue, just like the Stones album, right? I was pretty rough for a while but when I got released from the Florida hospital we came back to New York and the Blue Oyster Cult are off the road and they're taking care of me . . . just give me a chance to get set and we'll bounce right back."

What did you land on when you fell?

"Well, luckily there were no kids below because there was a police barricade, so I landed on the ground . . . it was a high stage, over 14 feet; it's a big stadium they got there . . ."

How long do they say the neck's gonna take to heal, Patti?

"The neck brace should be off in six to eight weeks . . . I figure I'm going to have a nice little scar, a rock 'n' roll battle scar . . ."

So Patti Smith is, even with a broken neck, in high spirits and living for her art. Luckily she's surrounded by people who love her, like her old man Allen Lanier of Blue Oyster Cult, of whom Patti declared from the stage of the Hammersmith Odeon, "Yeah! I'm a genuine starfucker! I ain't never gotta sell out because my old man is Allen Lanier and he makes the bread in our house! He don't care if I never make a cent! He hopes I don't make a cent!"

ALSO STANDING by Patti are the rest of BOC, plus her own band — including her original keyboards man, Richard Sohl, who played on both "Horses" and "Radio Ethiopa" but quit after a nervous crack-up caused by the pressures of being on the road.

Happily Richard Sohl's shot nerves are okay now and he's back in the band and ready for the road again.

Said Patti: "You tell everybody over there we got Richard back and he's fine now. He's all better, and we're looking forward to coming back to Europe as soon as I'm healed. We got a new battle plan!"

Five days after you busted your neck you're talking about getting back on the road . . .

"Sure!" she said happily. "As you know we had to cut the last tour short because we had lost Richard and we had to go back home to try out our new piano players before we played all the places that we should have . . . so *this* time, as soon as I'm better, we're gonna come back and play all the places we didn't get a chance to last time. We only played London and Birmingham last time, we gonna play for the kids in the other places in England next time . . ."

When do you reckon the tour will be, Patti?

"March."

And there'll be *no* London dates?

"No, I love London, there's a great scene there now, but we're gonna play the other places . . ."

And when we gonna see the third album?

"Spring. I'm writing now, writing all the time, songs and poems, it's all one thing with me . . . working on the new book and the new album."

HOW WOULD you describe the new album?

"It's more of a resurrection . . . it's more creatively sparking, more celebratory, we're bouncing right back! It's gonna be a celebration of the whole new scene, the whole new wave . . . it's rock 'n' roll. Y'know when we toured last year we got the most energy from Europe . . . it's really starting to happen again now and we're one hundred per cent behind the Sex Pistols, The Clash, *all* those kids . . . but they gotta work really hard! They've gotta *always* maintain that original energy if it's all gonna last . . . and it mustn't be just a fad.

"They've gotta practise their skills and be disciplined about it — The Dolls failed because they didn't do that enough. If your ideals and visions are strong you've gotta back it up with *hard work*."

How's *your* guitar playing coming along?

"Hey, I know more than three chords now! I know four and a half! I'm practising it all the time . . . the Blue Oyster Cult have shown me that rock 'n' roll is hard work, it's harder than being in the *army*. And your guitar is your machine gun, your instruments are your implements of battle . . . you've gotta know your instruments."

I think that a lot of people who could have got into Patti Smith have been turned off by the fact that Patti hasn't always had this attitude, and too often, especially on the last tour, her live work suffered from a lack of discipline. At times the whole thing was so loose that it looked on the verge of collapse.

The nagging thing was that at other times, like during her performance of "Pumping", she was giving you some of the most vital rock 'n' roll of this or any other decade . . .

With her new found discipline "Horses" should be merely the start, as opposed to the summit, of her contribution to rock 'n' roll . . .

"It's like CBGB's all over the world now, not just London but in Brussels, Copenhagen . . . kids are pawning everything they got to start bands . . . I'm gonna check out that club in London you were talking about when I get there . . ."

The Roxy, yeah. Have you heard that The Clash got a recording contract yesterday with CBS?

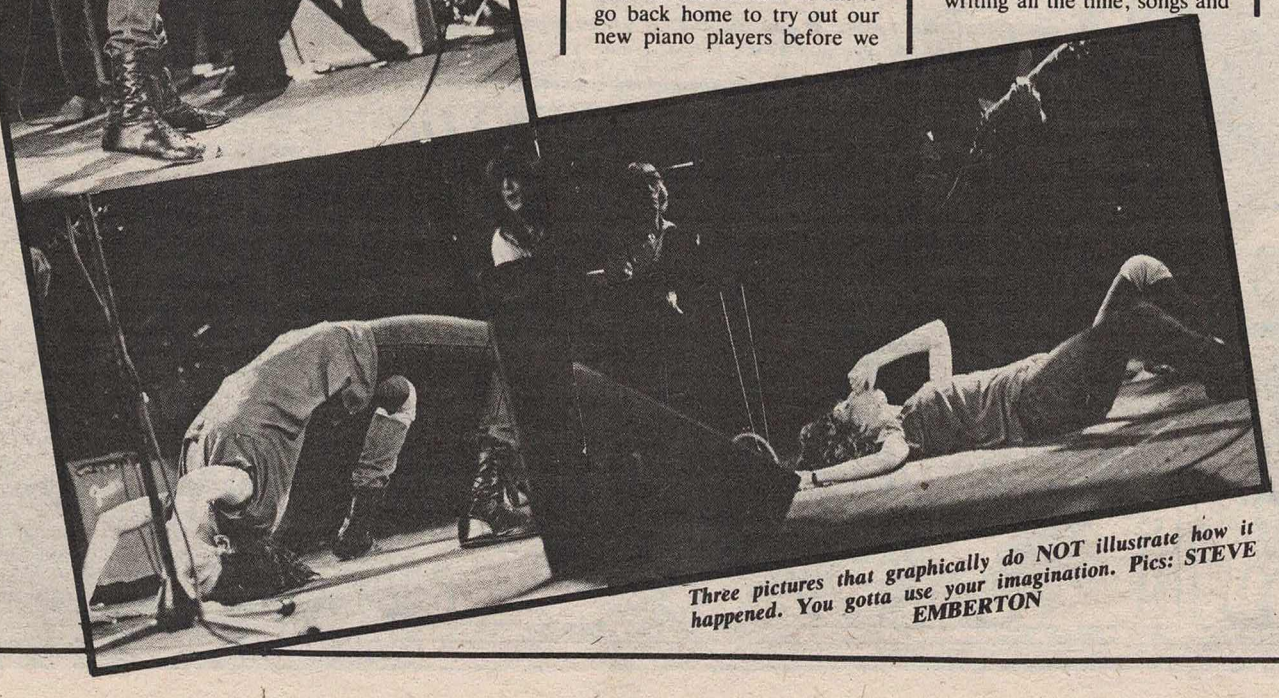
"No! That's fantastic! They're my favourite English band, y'know . . ."

Yeah, I saw you get on stage with them at the ICA gig where Shane got his ear chewed up. What's the story behind the bootleg single, "Piss Factory"?

"We recorded that song before we'd signed with anybody on June 5, 1974 . . . somebody ought to get that out fast! Listen, I want you to tell all the kids over there not to worry about my broken neck, not to *think* about me, zero in on themselves, keep working on their playing and their writing . . . AND KEEP GROWING!"

Sweet Angels, you have made her no longer afraid of death.

Nor a broken neck.



Three pictures that graphically do NOT illustrate how it happened. You gotta use your imagination. Pics: STEVE EMBERTON

THRILLS

How genuine is Leon Redbone?

GEORGE MELLY on the trail of a Legend . . .

IT WAS CLEARLY GOING TO BE a tough assignment interviewing Leon Redbone. The Warner Brothers "biog" had a note of jaunty desperation to it induced by the difficulty of finding anything to say about him at all.

His press-cuttings were equally uninformative. The life and times of Leon Redbone: how old he is, where he was born, how he started performing, his ambitions if any; all these basic facts are unknown to anybody except Mr. Redbone himself, and he isn't telling.

I read that if asked to divulge the simplest detail he clams up, falls asleep, or mutters an answer which although entirely appropriate to a character in *Alice In Wonderland* is of little value to a conscientious journalist.

His work of course is more accessible. There are two L.Ps, "On The Track" and "Double Time", which offer a fair picture of his taste and ability. Yet even these are enigmatic.

I listened to them both several times and felt differently at each playing.

Were they naive or naively knowing?

My final feelings, and they have persisted, I can only describe as perplexed admiration.

HE DRAWS HIS MATERIAL from a narrow yet bizarre field: ballads of the Twenties and Thirties, black blues, early country and western.

The spirits of Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Blind Blake, Lonnie Johnson, Jimmy Rogers and the early Bing Crosby hover near at hand, but the effect is entirely original.

What puzzles me is that very competent quitar-playing and fine singing can suddenly give way to disorganised amateurism and bumbling intonation of a wine-bar drunk. How can an artist of Redbone's sensitivity chose a number like "Lulu's Back In Town" and not only sing a version which ignores the melody as written, but substitutes a series of chords which don't make any sense at all? *(How indeed? — Ed.)*

Yet in the end it doesn't really matter. Fresh idiosyncratic sincerity wins over-all. A true feeling and understanding of the originals seem more important than polish.

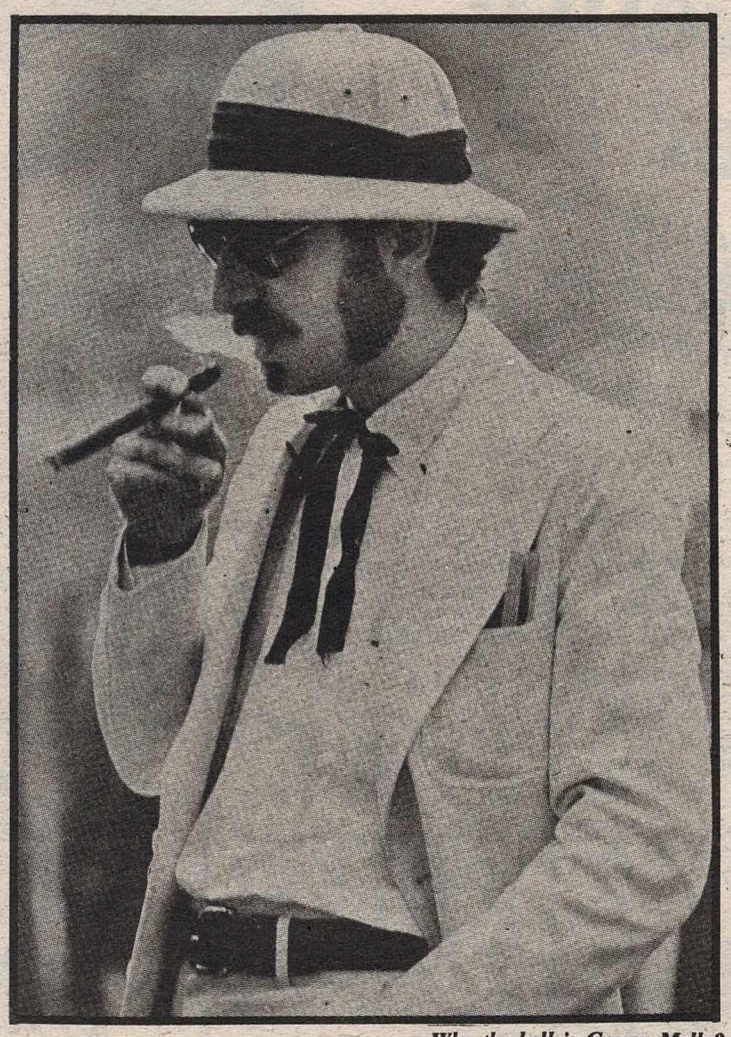
I even suspect that the rough edges are justifiably deliberate.

I realised of course why I'd been asked to interview him.

Not only was I a fellow-performer first and a journalist second, but also a certain amount of our material coincides (including "Lulu's Back In Town" sung in my case to the *right* tune). Nevertheless, it was with some trepidation that I sat in the back of Warner Brothers hired limo approaching the Telly Centre where that very afternoon the mysterious Mr. Redbone was to record two songs for *The Old Grey Whistle Test* .

HE WAS REHEARSING when I got there, perched on a stool, hunched over his guitar, his eyes invisible behind dark glasses, and dressed like Groucho Marx in the role of a 19th century medicine man. Everybody who's written about him says he looks like Groucho Marx for the simple reason that superficially he does, even to the moustache, and the cigar.

He lopes like Groucho Marx too as I discovered after the rehearsal, when waiting to home in on that most popular of fall-about stations, the B.B.C. club.



Who the hell is George Melly?

Introductions were going on when Redbone suddenly appeared only to vanish through some double-doors with the single-minded haste of a man who knows exactly which dressing-room harboured the imperious if infatuated Margaret Dumont.

He found us later, and favoured a bacardi and coke. I brought it over to him and he handed me, with old-fashioned courtesy, a small card on which was printed the message "How do you do?" I found this extraordinarily disconcerting, but noted that it was not a cheap card, being engraved rather than printed. Mr. Redbone is a fastidious person.

Later in his dressing room for example, while drinking more white rum he asked if it were possible to be given a glass instead of the plastic cup provided by the Beeb. There is nothing unconsidered about his persona.

To return to the club I decided, being forewarned, that there was no future in shooting questions at him. He must be stalked, like an antelope, from down wind.

I was at another disadvantage. I am rather deaf and wear a hearing aid. This is fine in a small quiet room with a few people, but hopeless in a large noisy one. The BBC club is enormous and as noisy as a parrot house.

In the event it turned out to be a help.

Once I'd explained my weakness to Mr. Redbone, he reacted by speaking both clearly and at greater length than might have been the case if I'd had ears like a fruit-bat. I decided his work was the place to start.

HE'S QUITE OPEN about his influences, but very secretive about how long he's been singing and playing. On his LPs he uses an extraordinarily catholic collection of musicians chosen, he told me, for their ability to absorb, as if by capillary attraction, his needs. He claimed to very little theoretical knowledge; a failing he also used to explain, with the wryest of smiles, his occasional if drastic variations on tunes as written.

Like Morton who doubled between piano-playing and pool, Redbone let slip that he had originally made a living from taking people on at snooker. It sounded convincing; he would look as much at home in a pool room as W. C. Fields; but I was wary of it. It was almost *too* likely.

Later however his manager asked where he could find a snooker-hall in London.

The other information he wanted was where to go to buy records.

"Jazz records? Blues?" I asked him.

No, classical.

Looking at him closely I recalled that Bob Dylan had said that, even after sitting right next to him, he had no idea how old he was.

This is true.

Even stranger is that after a bit I decided he didn't look at all like Groucho Marx precisely because of his moustache, cigar and the solar toupee he was wearing. Leon Redbone is a walking conjuring trick.

In my experience, I hazard, most entertainers are natural exhibitionists. He, I continued, seemed to be modest almost to the point of neurosis.

He agreed this was so, adding that he didn't sing for, or wish to communicate with an audience. He sung and played entirely for himself.

And his clothes? For someone who wished to remain anonymous surely his appearance must have the reverse effect?

He very thoughtfully relit his cigar; his movements are as carefully deliberate as a slow loris.

"It's a paradox", he said.

HE DIDN'T ENJOY playing in public. He didn't like foreign travel. Every step of the way he'd had to be forced forward like a particularly obstinate mule.

He's refused for a long time to record, resisted for ages appearing on television.

I reflected that it was because of an N.B.C. show *(Saturday Night)* that his records had moved from hardly any sales at all into the American charts. His obstinacy was more successful in promoting his career than most artists' banging on every door.

Putting this to him I was deflected yet again by the perfectly accurate, if none too helpful, explanation that it was "another paradox".

It was time to go to his dressing-room. I stopped asking questions.

Everybody chattered except for Leon Rebone. He sat and listened, offering only occasionally a sardonic and pointed comment.

They came to get him, and we watched him record on the monitor. He sung and played beautifully, not only guitar, but a very sensitive mouth harp and a couple of early Armstrong-like choruses in a curiously touching imitation of cornet, scatted on what he describes as his "throat trompet".

HOW GENUINE is Leon Redbone? *Entirely,* in my view.

Where he is *unique* is in his ability to acknowledge his contradictions and to have exteriorised them. It's this that throws everyone so off-balance.

If he is crazy, he's crazy like a fox.

PCs ROUT SKYNYRD

NO DOUBT Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Royal Lancaster Hotel, London, are mutually glad to have parted company.

This fun-loving band were staying at the hotel before their London gigs this weekend, engaging in the kind of behaviour which some might regard as only too characteristic. On their first night, they were apparently involved in scuffles with several other guests, and were described, with tactful reserve, as "rowdy and loud".

On the second evening, the band were again involved in a fracas with guests — this time members of a convention holding their annual dinner at the hotel. This time the boys emerged bruised and bloodied; drummer Artimus Pyle and guitarist Gary Rossington were knocked unconscious, and both required medical treatment.

The convention? No meeting of paunchy ICI executives or pacific computer operators. It was the Metropolitan Police Boxing team.

□ JULIE EMBERTON

LONE GROOVER — BENYON

...ER....MAESTRO....I'M SORRY I WAS QUOTED AS SAYIN' Y'RE A BUNCH OF SHIT....Y'KNOW HOW THOSE INTERVIEWERS CAN CONFUSE A DUDE.....
SURE — IT'S OK!
HEY MAN, Y'RE GRANDIOSE.
COS IN MY INTERVIEW IN NEXT WEEKS PAPER..
...I GIVE 'EM A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF YOR CAREER — ALL TH' BANDS Y'VE SCREWED UP, Y'KNOW, MESSIN' 'BOUT WITH OTHER DUDES CHICKS, TIPPIN' TH' FUZZ OFF 'BOUT MATES DRUG HABITS AN' TH' OTHER ZILLION BAD VIBES Y'VE GIVEN OFF...
....IT WAS JUST A SLIP OF TH' TONGUE.....

THRILLS

If you thought "Low" was the work of a lunatic, wait till you hear the bootleg!

BOOTLEG NEWS

. . . brought to you by NICK KENT

DAVID BOWIE and Frank Zappa fanatics, take note; a whole slew of bootlegs have just materialised from God-knows-where. Most contain the usual sloppy live in concert - cassette - mike - in - the - audience - muffled - accoustics - one - off - the - wrist - jobs on both artiste's tours, *but* amidst all this over-priced murk there exist a couple of *real* humdingers.

Take Dave the Rave, for example. A bootleg named "Thin White Duke", complete with snazzy colour cover of two exploding asteroids, has found its way to these shores, and anyone who rates the Big D. should get searching 'cos this double album is something special.

Three-quarters of this product is a fine stereo recording (off the mixing board?) of last year's "Station To Station" tour, featuring superb renditions of "Fame", "Diamond Dogs", "Word On A Wing", "Stay", "Panic In Detroit", "Suffragette City", "TVC 15", and "Station", but it's the final side which contains the real grist.

You may recall noticing in this journal and elsewhere a shot of dapper Dave astride the leggy langourous Cher early last year. Apparently they weren't merely swapping beauty tips but were recording a televised duet for Cher's prime-time C.B.S. TV series. The 20 minute performance has now been captured in all its glory for you Angloid Bowie fans and yipes, is it wierd 'un!

Starting with an impassioned "Can You Hear Me"? Cher and Bowie sequel straight into morsels of "Right" and a lengthy heavily orchestrated "Young Americans". So far, so good. Bowie then zaps straight into Neil Diamond's "Song Sung Blue" for several bars, barely halting for breath to wax lyrical on Nilsson's "One" while Cher counter-croons a bit of "Da Doo Ron Ron". Dave retaliates with Laura Nyro's "Wedding Bell Blues", "Day Tripper", and the old chestnut "Only You".

A campishly dramatic burst of Velentinoesque "Temptation" from Dave slips into Bill Withers' "Ain't No Sunshine", ending up with climactic Cher-Bowie duet on the Coasters' "Youngblood". Cher then sings "Just give me one damn song that can make me break down and cry" before she breaks down into fits of laughter and the pair finish off "Young Americans".

The album title again? "Thin White Duke". Must be heard to be believed.

Frank Zappa has often mentioned his desire to find an outlet for his 10-record audio-history of the Mothers Of Invention which must have been collecting dust in the vaults of his Laurel Canyon villa for years now. We-e-ell, possibly despairing at the thought of ever finding such an outlet,

Unca Frank has maybe let the product be bootlegged in part — either that, or some cus has swiped the tapes and done it for him.

The immediate results are to be found on a rather remarkable bootleg effort simply entitled "ZAPPA BEEFHEART — CONFIDENTIAL 365 A/B" which features material recorded before the Mothers ever existed and has Zappa and Beefheart together in an outfit known as the Soots. Tracks featuring this aggregate were recorded between the years of '63 and '64 and possess titles like "Metal Man Has Hornet's Wings" and "The Story Of Electricity". For their time conception, they really are rather exceptional — a unique hybrid of bizarre heavy metal.

The pre "Freak-out" Mothers are showcased on tracks with titles "Gone Behind The Sun", "Mondo Hollywood", "Rock Around The Clock", "Sandwich Song" plus an early out-take of "My Guitar Wants To Kill Your Mama".

"Boogie For Berkeley" is '68 Mothers and there's also the first prototype attempt at what eventually was to reach fruition as "King Kong". There are also a couple of out-takes from the "Trout Mask Replica" sessions.

Zappa has also graced the package with his own inimitable form of narrative.

□ NICK KENT

Green committed

CHRIS SALEWICZ details the sad story of PETER GREEN, which last week culminated in a court-order committing him to mental hospital . . .

APPEARING UNDER his real name of Peter Greenbaum, former Fleetwood Mac guitarist Peter Green (30) was last Wednesday, at Marylebone Court, committed for treatment at a mental hospital.

This followed an incident last month when Green was arrested following a row with accountant Clifford Adams at his Westbourne Park address over Green's demands that royalty payments from his hit records be stopped. Amounts involved are in the region of £30,000-a-year.

Green admitted having a pump-action rifle without a firearms certificate, but denied threatening to damage windows at Adams' West End offices.

In his defence David Bray told the court that since his client left the group in 1971, "it appears there has been some difficulties . . . and his attitude is that he wishes to make his own way through life rather than make use of any royalties from his past records."

Making the hospital order Sir Ivor Rigby told Green: "I hope you understand that I am really only interested in trying to help you."

SINCE GREEN decided to quit Fleetwood Mac and announce that he intended to give away all his earnings from both past and future — there have frequently been "some difficulties". This is not the first time that he's been committed to a mental home.

In 1973 he spent some time in one at the instigation of his father, who spoke to the *Daily Express* last week.

"The magistrate made the right decision. Peter definitely needs help. He must have given away tens of thousands. He would help the whole world if he had the money. He lives in an Alice-In-Wonderland world of his own."

Close associates of the guitarist have intimated to *Thrills*, however, that they believe relations between Green and his father are not perhaps as perfect as they might be.

The stories that have filtered out into the media about Green's existence since he left Mac have been appropriately colourful: Green going to work as a grave-digger; Green playing in a pub band in Southend; Green flying out to JA with only a one-way ticket, getting sent back, buying another ticket (return this time) in London, and going back again.

The reality, as might be expected, is less romantic. As old associates of Green's who have still remained in touch with him tell it, a picture of the man emerges that is considerably different from the legend. Apart from the odd days when he'd return to stay at the home near Southend he bought his former postman father, his life has been one of dossing around London sleeping on music business acquaintances' floors.

Always penniless — he apparently considers his royalty money to be "unclean" — he is apparently well into passing off demands that he should run up large phone bills and ask friends to buy larger homes so that he may live there as part of his "hippy" philosophy. Tales emerge of Peter Green standing around in people's pads in the nude, uttering strange noises.

OF LATE, in addition to having declared that a coalman's life was the one for him, Green has been becoming even more obsessed with his "Jewishness" than he was in the years immediately after leaving the band. It was then that he changed his name back to Greenbaum and visited Israel.

Lately, as well as being more insistent than ever that his money should go to Jewish charities, Green has apparently been engaged on something of a desperate search for the perfect Jewish wife. He has also been particularly anxious to maintain links with other Jewish musicians.

For a while he stayed with Marc Bolan. Bolan, presumably in an attempt to help Peter get himself back together, gave him a guitar. Green left it in the boot of Peter Bardens' car.

At the time that he was arrested at his accountant's, a warrant was also out for his arrest for various petty motoring offences. Only the other week he was so impecunious that a journalist from *Sounds* lent him ten pounds.

"People," comments one person with whom he's been staying recently, say "that Peter's just suffering from San Francisco-itis — that he just did too much dope — but that's not true at all. He doesn't smoke anything or drink at all."

CARELESS TALK

"The Fleetwood Mac pop group was never exactly a household name, and it has been nearly six years since Peter Greenbaum stopped being the group's lead guitarist.

"Yet a court is told that even today, Greenbaum is receiving £30,000 a year on royalites for past recordings.

"Greenbaum seems to be an eccentric. He didn't want any money from his past. He tried to have it stopped. He had a row with his accountant and brandished a gun, which was why he appeared in court.

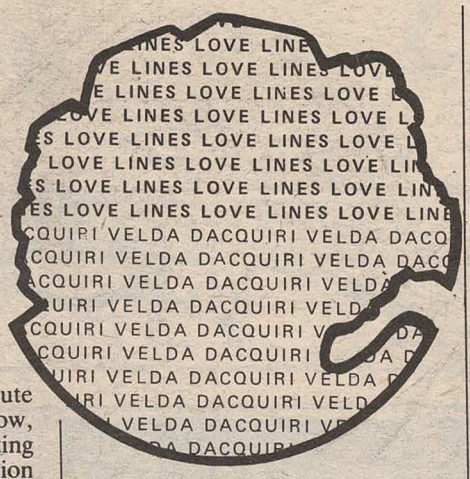
"The court's decision was that he should be admitted for treatment to a mental hospital.

"But when the economy of our country is so balanced that a minor pop guitarist can earn £30,000 a year for recordings he did six years ago, isn't it the rest of us who should be in a nuthouse?"
John Junor, *Sunday Express*, January 30 1977.

"Great! The new Chris Spedding single!" — Steve Jones of the Sex Pistols on hearing "Anarchy In The U.K." played at Dingwalls January 28 1977.

"Because of the artificial popularity that they (the music press) have created out of punk rock, they have broken the backs of young people for the next two or three years who really have got some genuine artistry to offer. They will have the label 'punk' stuck to them no matter what they try to do".
Ian Anderson, *Daily Mirror*, January 31 1977.

"Jack The Lad have extended their March concert, college and university tour until the end of February".
Publicity handout from Keith Goodwin's office, January 26 1977.



I AM indebted this week to cute **Dave Skinner,** from Hounslow, who sent Velda a very interesting clipping from the current edition of *Airport* magazine. It concerns that beautiful couple **Rod 'n' Britt.**

Seems Britt (isn't she just *adorable?)* and Rod (he's not quite *so* adorable) recently gate crashed the British Airways Executive Club at Terminal 1, Heathrow Airport, while awaiting a flight to Scotland.

Well, where *else* would you expect them to wait? The cafeteria my angels? Doesn't sound like *Britt* to me.

Anyway, some of the staff on duty in the lounge decided, famous though the woosome twosome were, they were not exactly *executive* material, and firmly, but politely, pointed out that the lounge was reserved for those possessing executive cards only.

Yes, my lambie pies, they were *ejected* from the VIP lounge!

ROD 'N' BRITT: shocking humiliation.

Oh I wish I'd been there. I also wish (oh how I wish) I'd been in the lounge the moment after, when according to my source, their departure was greeted with a round of *applause* by the bona fide executive present.

I WAS *thrilled,* my angels, when **David Byron,** ex lead singer with **Uriah Heep,** finally made an honest woman of his *live-in* girlfriend of six years, German model, **Gaby Liehamn.**

Such a *divine* reception, held at Rags in Mayfair (of course) where the lovely Gaby, 22, looked an absolute picture in a *cream* dress she had so cleverly designed herself.

David, it would appear, is a *man* of his word. He proposed to pretty Gaby last October, and promised they would *marry* before the end of '77.

"And we've *done* it just a matter of weeks into the new year," he smiled.

Anyway, champagne flowed all evening —**John Wetton** (also ex-Uriah Heep) was on hand, I noticed, chatting *earnestly* to the bridegroom; and the best man, a *diminutive* comedy actor named **Dick Emery,** was sweet to *everyone.*

Just one question — Is Gaby aware that young David also made a promise to himself that he would get married before he reached the age of *30*?

The wedding you see, took place on January 28, the day before his 30th birthday.

I HEAR lovely **Elvis Presley** still has a soft spot for his first love **Priscilla** despite his hot romance with 20-year-old beauty queen **Ginger Walden.**

Ginger, you may recall, has already received gifts (including a diamond ring and a Lincoln car) worth $60,000 from the cute pelvis over the past few months.

Priscilla was dining with her new steady, handsome **Elie Ezerzer** (lovely word *steady,* don't you think?) when a bottle of wine was sent to their table courtesy of The King.

Elvis also flew them both to Vegas so that they could catch his nightclub act.

Possibly Elie is just an ageing fan of the *ageing* pelvis?

I HEARD a lovely **Bianca Jagger** story this week, my *angels,* that I feel duty bound to pass on to you . . .

Seems young Bianca, who is now 31 (and looking well on it my dear), once went to a night club in London sans Mick. Arriving at the premises, she must have noticed the large queue formed in the foyer, for those wishing to gain access.

Nevertheless, she completely *ignored* the queue (well I doubt if she's caught a bus *in years,* my dears) and rushed to the front, flashed that famous Nicaraguan smile and obviously expected *instant* attention.

Sad to say, my angels, she was *firmly* but *politely* instructed that everyone, no matter who, had to *queue.*

The smile vanished, but amazingly Bianca didn't.

Strangely she did not use her fiery Latin temperament and storm off. Instead, patiently, along with lots of *unrecognisable* faces she waited her turn to gain access.

Bet she didn't tell Mick when she got home.

I HEAR **Helen** (I am all woman) **Reddy** and her husband / Manager, **Jeff Wald** recently celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary in an extremely yukky manner.

Several "happily married couples" were invited to a special party and instructed to wear something romantic.

Some, my dears, even had the bad taste to wear their *original* wedding clothes.

The colour for the evening of course was *white* — so while waiters were tarted up in white gloves and tails, the bannisters in the establishment were decorated with white flowers.

And to crown the whole occasion, Governor **Jerry Brown** (groupie of the year, according to *Rolling Stone*) re-married each and every couple.

POLICE TAKE WONDER'S STUN GUNS

STEVIE WONDER flew off to Nigeria on Friday minus his Taser guns. Police confiscated three of the illegal stun weapons after finding them in Stevie's 175,000 dollar Brownstone residence off Stuyvesant Square while he was packing for the Black African Festival of Arts and Culture in Festac Village, Nigeria.

Acting on a tip-off, the heat stopped by and asked for the weapons — which look like torches and fire two darts attached to copper wires carrying an electric charge which can stun victims with a 50,000 volt shock.

The guns have been declared dangerous weapons in most of the United States, and possession can be punishable by a year inside.

A spokesman for Stevie said he bought the guns, but the police voucher listed the property as belonging to a Damian Smith of Philadelphia. Police said that Mr Smith might be an employee of Wonder's.

A search for all such weapons was initiated after they were outlawed recently, with customers' lists being confiscated from Taser manufacturers after the weapons were used in a rash of robberies.

Smith's name came up on the lists, but he told police that Wonder now possessed three of the guns. Stevie's contacts here claim they were purchased by him legally in California where, being legally registered as "guns," they bear a serial number.

The spokesman said Wonder brought the guns to New York to protect his wife and daughter, and had voluntarily surrenderd them to the police on discovering that they were illegal.

□ JOE STEVENS

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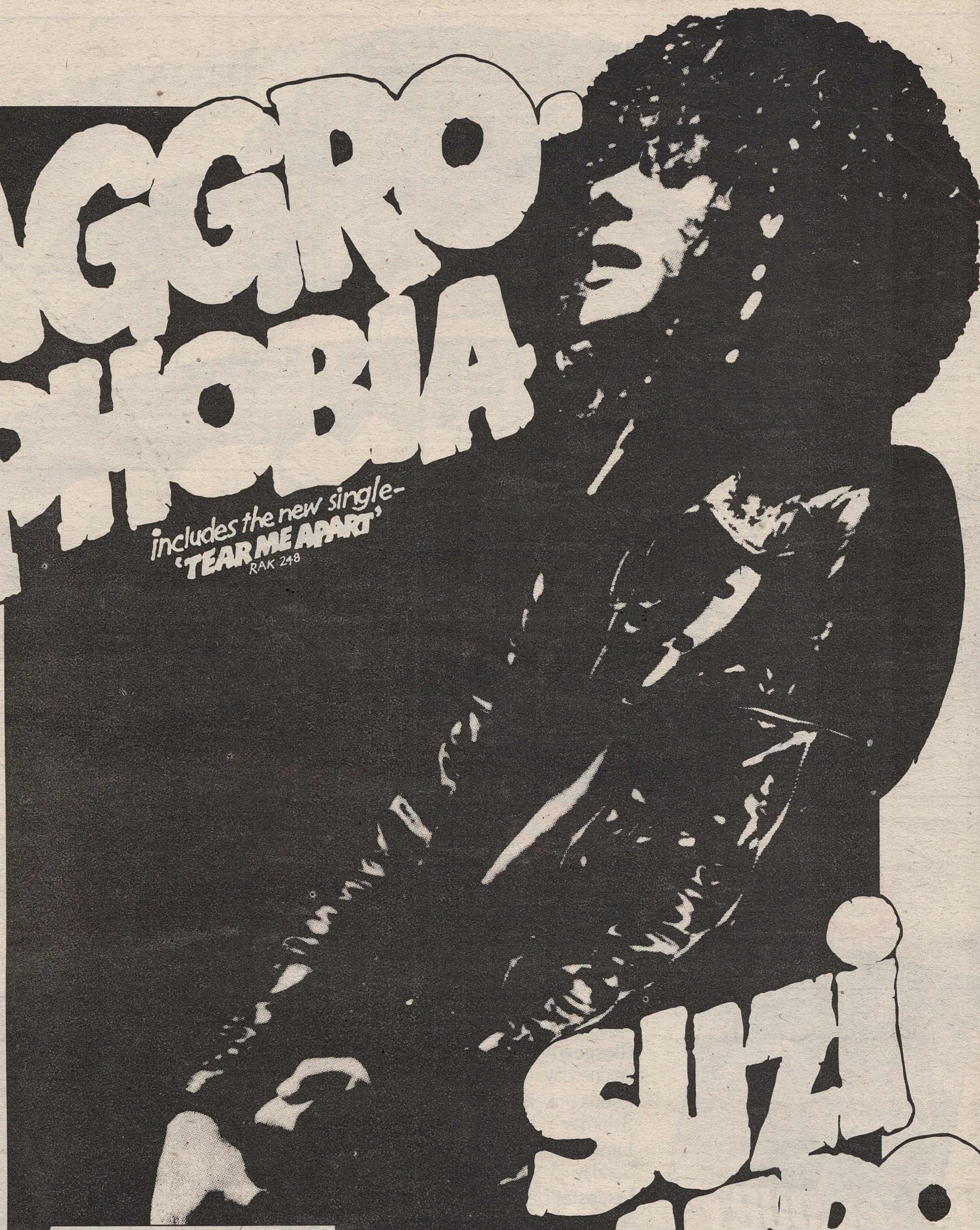

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BILL NELSON practising environmental guitar. Pic: JOE STEVENS

BE BOP? CLOSE SECRET REVEALED

THE LATEST news from the Be Bop Deluxe camp has been kept very quiet, but here at *NME* we refuse to hide the truth. At last it can be told: BE BOP DELUXE'S GUITARIST HAS LEFT!

Immediately after the completion of their recent three-month United States tour, he left the band. Just like that.

His name was Mick Close.

Like their other, more famous guitarist, Bill Nelson, he was a Yorkshireman. Unlike Nelson, he was a temporary fixture, imported specially to play rhythm on the band's September UK tour to promote the "Modern Music" album, then thrown straight into a U.S. slog — and straight out at the other end.

Actually, that's a rather harsh version of the story. I recently visited chez Nelson at Bill's Marble Arch Holiday Inn apartment — well, room — where he was quartered while Be Bop rehearsed for their current UK tour.

Feeling, despite Bill's typically warm welcome, very much an intruder — Nelson and his wife Jan gazed at the mute mid-morning colour TV throughout the interview, hypnotised by its irresistible flicker — I put it to Bill that it was a shame Mick Close had not gotten more publicity from his stay with Be Bop.

"For him it was a total experience," Bill replied, his soft accent barely registering on the tape machine. "He'd done nothing up to then except play in local clubs round Yorkshire — and we took him straight out of that and put him straight in at the deep end. On a personal level he adapted very well, but he didn't add as much as we'd expected.

"So it's back to a four-piece for this tour. But I think it's gonna do Mick a lot of good, because his own music is bound to develop and change a lot through that experience."

As ever with Bill Nelson, it's music first. He doesn't think about whether Close is better off financially as presumably he is, but whether the experience helped his music.

Nelson is a musical seeker, which is part of the reason why on the one hand he can do things with that guitar that almost nobody else on earth can do, yet on the other hand he has failed to produce a consistent album. Always over-reaching, his music is destined to remain permanently flawed and permanently changing.

When I spoke to Bill he was bemusedly trying to work off the lethargy of four weeks off. What does he do in his free time?

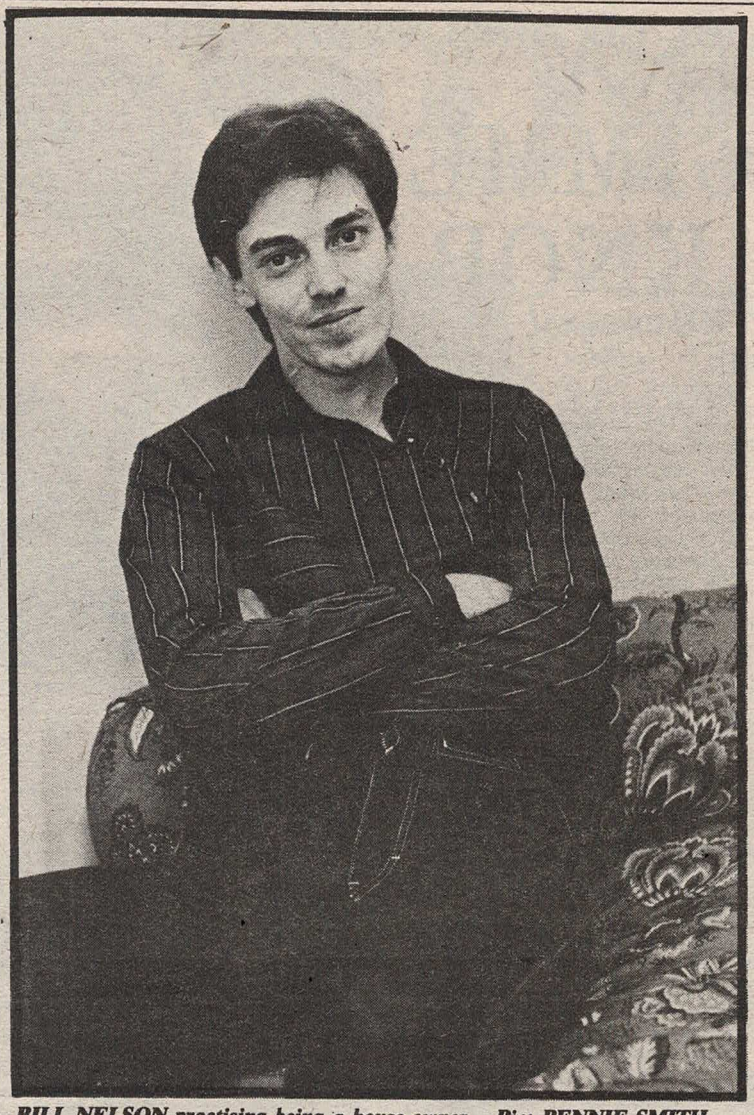
"It's been that long since I've had time at home," he smiled. "We've been working the last year solid without a break. We got a new house before we went to the United States," (Jan had followed the band over there after five "terrible" weeks apart), "and we've hardly spent any time in it. So we went there and just took it completely easy, sitting around the house and trying to adjust to normal living."

(Nelson, of course, is famous for living in Selby. Either it's a clever PR scam or the music biz really does find people who live outside London strange, it's mentioned so much.)

"Since I turned professional I've not had a holiday at all," Nelson admitted. "I had time at home when I wrote the last album, but I set myself a rigid schedule, getting up at nine o'clock and working through till late in the evening without a break. Just writing and recording stuff on our machine at home, listening to it back and re-writing it.

"Writing that last album took just two weeks of working every single day, working solid without even a break for dinner. I'd sit down and have a think about something I'd done for ten minutes, then pick the guitar up and. . ."

Surely working so fast, and never having time to stop for any kind of perspective, must affect your music.



BILL NELSON practising being a house owner. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"Yeah, definitely," Bill sighed. "I was saying to Jan the other day, if I wasn't a professional musician, obviously I wouldn't have the house I have now, I wouldn't be comfortable financially, but I think my music would be five years in front of what I am now.

"I made a heck of a lot of strides two years before I turned professoinal — I was changing the band every couple of months, not because the musicians weren't good, but I just wanted to put myself in different situations so I could develop.

"And the one thing with this band, now we are established to some degree, we're almost — not quite — but we're almost in the syndrome of the local bands of being a human jukebox. Where they have to reproduce Top 40 hits, we have to reproduce our first three albums.

"You get trapped by your own success, no matter how meagre it might be, it traps you."

Be Bop Deluxe's success in the past year has not been as great as might have been expected. A year ago they were set up, with the overpraised hit album, "Sunburst Finish", their first headline tour, and a hit single, "Ships In The Night", to become major UK stars. So why didn't the follow-up single and superior album, "Kiss Of Light" and "Modern Music", take them further up the ladder? Well, the Radio One playlist may have had something to do with it. . .

"It's unbelievable," Bill groaned. " 'Kiss Of Light' didn't get on the playlist even though 'Ships In The Night' got in the charts!"

The same thing happened with "Maid In Heaven," (the leading track on the recent "Hot Valves" Be Bop sampler EP, their commercial theme tune ever since the 1975 "Futurama" LP).

"The judges on the panel, these faceless Norman Normals who sit there listening to it all, put three seconds of it on and there's a time change, something they can't figure out, and take it off.

"John Peel was telling me they have something called 'the Acceptability Theshold'. . ."

EMI didn't seem to push "Modern Music" remotely as hard as its predecessor, and Be Bop could only manage those eight dates themselves to promote it here, so. . . it looks like their UK career progress had been sacrificed to the great god USA of late.

Bill based the "Modern Music" suite on American experience, the feeling of isolation and alienation the rock'n'roll circus had given him on previous visits. A space freak since childhood and *Flash Gordon* on TV, America got metamorphosed into an alien planet and Americans, as he laughingly confessed, into "bizarre creatures from another world".

"But they're five years behind the times," Nelson shrugged ruefully. "It's so strange. There's bands over there making a real killing that nobody would even listen to over here.

"Like we played with Angel: if you can imagine five people dressed exactly like Freddie Mercury, with wind machines in the wings to blow their hair back and five-inch platform heel shoes, legs wide apart, leaning back as far as you can go, and totally meaningless solos. And lyrics I'm sure even they don't relate to; they've just heard so many other people singing about ogre battles or something like that. . ."

Aha, you had Be Bop down as part of the EMI techno-glam master race with Queen and Cockney Rebel, didn't you? Well, Bill's always been very frustrated with the struggle for control over his own life and — while enthusing about how he's wrung permission from above to make the next album a double set on which he can go at least some of the way towards his "environmental guitar" concept by taking the band to unexpected locations and recording "live" without an audience — he's also pleased to see a self-reliant "new wave" springing up.

"I think the ethic's great," he remarked. "The business of doing it for yourself. We came through that, fighting against that situation where you had to do other people's material, and in a way the business has got like that today. Record companies will only sign you if they feel that you are similar to something else that's already happened.

"Now bands like the Pistols kind of embody that ethic of being in complete control for yourself. But I think the media's fed on it to such a degree that it makes a lot of people cynical: I don't think they believe that it *is* real."

True, Mr. Nelson, true. We *are* parasites, but we try to keep the faith too. It's just awfully hard to strike the balance between exposure and over exposure.

After all, consider my problem here: if printing this interview turns one more person on to Be Bop Deluxe, that's another notch by which the trap of success closes on a great musician. And I'd hate to do that to such a good person.

□ PHIL McNEILL

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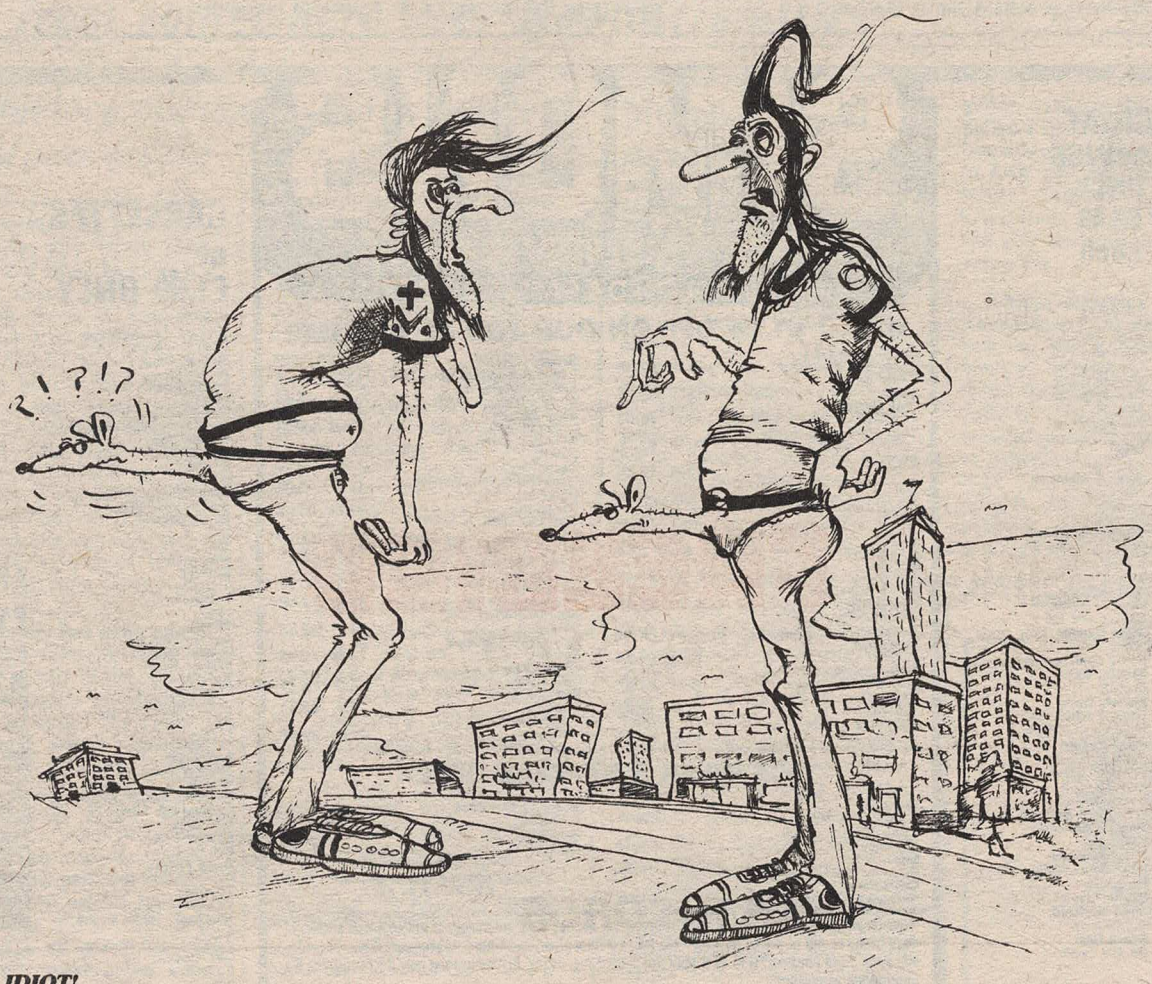

IDIOT!

Monkee scores big mathematics gig

IF YOU'VE ever struggled to envisage the poignant scene as Peter Tork took his leave of The Monkees (eh, what . . . you haven't??) we can at last give full details.

"The last official get-together I had with them was when they gave me a six dollar watch upon my retirement from the group," Tork, 34, revealed in an interview recently.

You will recall that he was the first to leave the TV supergroup, back in 1968.

"They all chipped in, and even had it engraved. It read, 'To Peter from the guys at work'," Tork added.

Recalling the presentation, he felt it was the best way of summing up his days with The Monkees.

Since then Tork has retaken his old name, Thorkelson, and is teaching music, maths, French, and politics at the Pacific Hills School in Santa Monica, California — a loosely structured experimental academy for children.

How does an ex-teen heart-throb land an academic job with no qualifications . . . something he's now returning to school for? "It was just like the Monkees thing," he confides. "I auditioned and got the job."

□ BARRY DILLON

I WANNA SING — GIMME A DOOR KNOB

*Guitarist **LEO KOTTKE** on vocal techniques . . .*

AS AN interviewee, Leo Kottke is widely noted for his qualities of charm, affability and good humour, but under certain circumstances these can become strained, if the questions are dumb enough.

And they were.

Not mine, he added defensively. They belonged to a girl from a local magazine, just ahead of me in the interview queue in Hamburg last week. She revealed immediately that Kottke's name had recently been prominently perched at the head of her paper's black-list, and then found herself threatening to arouse Kottke's normally even temper by describing his brand new album, "Leo Kottke", as neurotic.

Admittedly, his songs do sometimes shift without warning from *adagio* to *allegro* and back again, but even so, neurotic was not the adjective he'd have chosen.

He became moderately alarmed, and slightly aggressive in tone, before resuming his quiet placidity. He's in the middle of a European tour which will conclude with his concerts in Britain at the end of the week; supporting him is 1977's most definitively charismatic rock star, Leon Redbone (see page 8).

Kottke discovered that the reason he had been black-listed was that he'd pulled out of a European tour scheduled for late summer when it had not only been extensively advertised, but also — in Germany at least — near enough sold out. The reason for his withdrawal was that the album, his first for Chrysalis, was not then ready for release.

"With this one, I really wanted to have all the kinks ironed out."

Kottke's manager, Denny Bruce, accordingly nixed the tour at the eleventh hour.

Kottke is abstractedly sympathetic with his accuser, and agrees in principle with the idea of a black-list for performers who fail to meet their public commitments. While he says, "It's a decision I place squarely on the shoulders of my manager, because I was ready to do it," he also points out that the public is never in a position to understand fully why things happen in the way that they do, and opines that the person to whom he really owes an apology is Pete Atkin, who would have been the support act, and was instead left out in the cold, gigless in Islington.

As a guitarist, Kottke is widely noted as one of the great individual stylists of contemporary music; both his short impressionistic pieces and his more lengthy and complex compositions are quite distinctive. Black-listed or not, he was undeniably accounted a success at the Musikhalle in Hamburg, as not only his guitar skills, but also a particularly complex anecdote (related in English but understood perfectly), were richly savoured by the SRO audience.

There are probably few guitarists who can, unaccompanied, claim the rapt attention of an audience of 2,000 for almost 90 minutes.

As well as nimble fingers, Kottke, a sort of cross between Roger Moore and a young Richard Ingrams, has the good looks of a conventional Hollywood leading male.

He has been playing professionally in clubs since 1965, though since a vocation as solo guitarist is rarely one which provides overnight acclaim (Mike Oldfield notwithstanding), he spent the early years treading the boards with little financial gain. In 1970 he sent tapes of his songs to several companies, while with a friend, Mike Justin, he made an album himself called "Circle Round The Sun", of which 1,000 copies were pressed; some were distributed to friends, and others sold locally.

He enjoyed no immediate response from the tapes. John Hammond at

KOTTKE: "I take the blame fairly and squarely on my shoulders." Pic: ALAN BALLARD

CBS was one of the few who bothered to reply. "He said it was too bad I hadn't run into Bob Dylan, because he felt that I could have played with him — but as I hadn't, no thank you."

Strange, perhaps, but maybe not altogether unlikely. Dylan is supposedly one of the 1,000 who possess a copy of "Circle Round The Sun"; and certainly Kottke was offered — and declined — the invitation to be a Rolling Thunderer.

Some six months after the despatch of his tapes, Kottke received a mildly encouraging reply from the enigmatic John Fahey. (On the subject of Fahey himself, Kottke is, for once, reticent. "John is a well-spring of gifted eccentricity, but I know that he considers that if myths are going to be propagated about him, then he feels he should do the propagating himself.")

Six months later Kottke recorded "Six And Twelve-String Guitars" for Fahey's own Takoma label. "I didn't know it at the time, but that was my most fortunate record, as we'd had all those years to prepare for it. It took three hours, and none of them have been that easy since."

The album however solved none of the pressing problems. "I really needed a manager — someone who could get me a deal. By this time, my guitar had been stolen, I was broke, my wife was very sick and very pregnant, and we were spending eight hours a day in the Free Clinic." (The U.S. has no National Health as such; just Free Clinics with long queues.)

Fahey introduced Kottke to Denny Bruce, who had been one of two original drummers in Frank Zappa's Mothers, but had had a breakdown just before the band recorded "Freak Out!" and had spent six months on a psychiatrist's couch.

Bruce duly became both Kottke's manager and producer and was also able to provide an introduction to Jack Nitzsche, at that time working with Crazy Horse. Nitzsche has provided the arrangement for "Leo Kottke".

A contract with Capitol Records was arranged by Bruce on Kottke's behalf, as a result of which they both managed to leave behind straightened circumstances. Kottke made six albums for the company, the last of which, "Chewing Pine", was issued at the end of 1975. He has recently signed for Chrysalis, thus becoming the first US artist on the company's roster.

"I remember meeting Chris Wright (co-founder of the company with Terry Ellis) in Germany when I was over with Procul Harum; he was the first record executive I'd got along with, and felt comfortable with — though maybe that was because I didn't know at the time that he *was* a record executive.

"Another reason I moved was that with Capitol I was required to turn in a record every six months — and twice a year is going to the well once too often. Chrysalis are happy with the knowledge that I'll give them one when I've got one."

Though Kottke was happy to make any kind of debut album, he was asked to provide an instrumental album. "They said that they weren't sure exactly how they would promote it if it had vocals on it. I'm not sure exactly what they meant by that. Of course, after we'd finished recording Terry Ellis came to a concert in Los Angeles, and said he loved my vocals — would it be possible to get any on the first album?"

Maybe next time around.

"My throat shall return at some future date", promises Kottke, though in truth he used to be an indifferent vocalist, and has only rarely added vocals to his songs.

"For a long time I tried to figure out how to sing. I met a singing sergeant from the air force who told me either to lie on my back and sing, or grab both sides of a round door-knob (which I find doesn't exist very much over here. Sometimes I yearn for a round door-knob).

"Anyway, I tried it, but you just feel plain silly. My first real clues came on a Linda Ronstadt tour, when I got to hear her during a sound-check. There's a little valve in your throat that you have to tilt, and for years I hadn't known what to do with it. If you close it off, you tend to tear yourself a new asshole; if you open it up, frightening things start resonating in your head and nose, and you feel this breeze over your upper-lip. I knew you had to have wind, but my biggest discovery was that you must not take a gulp of air to get your wind, you must treat it like speech."

As well as the possibility of an entire vocal album, Kottke is working on a collaboration with Nitzsche. "The way I imagine it is like Paganini, whom I've been learning about from Leon."

At the present time, he says "Six and Twelve String Guitars" is his best-selling album, though that's mainly because it's been out the longest.

"My albums sell almost identically from one to the next, though in general it looks as though each one sells a little bit more than the last. It's a very dull but dependable product for a record company."

While Kottke mulls over the possibilities of issuing either "Buckeroo" or "Uptempo" to help stimulate sales of the new album, he suddenly recalls previous interviews given to British journalists. In 1975 he was interviewed by Fred Dellar for *NME* and also by *Zigzag*. "I got the impression they just wanted to know all about me. So I was just spieling it out by the ton. I just brimmed over with bullshit.

"I guess overall it should have been like this interview — brief, to the point, witty and conclusive," he concluded, with his first brief and to-the-point statements of the evening.

□ BOB WOFFINDEN

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE MATCHES

WHEN JERRY Lee Lewis warbled wickedly about great balls of fire, he could well have had evangelist Billy Lane on his mind. Young Billy, of Cathage, Mo., really lights up when he gets rapping on Hell.

In fact, he's been ending his fiery sermons in the past four years by setting himself alight — and he's done it more than 200 times!

"But I've only been burned real bad once. So I guess somebody up there likes what I'm doing."

Billy, a former ironworker, says the Guy Fawkes imitations are his way of getting across the reality of the fiery furnace waiting for us all Down There, but that man can escape the Big Fry-Up if he behaves himself.

"I've preached all over the country, and used up a shirt a sermon, near enough. Once in a while I'll get two or three fires out of one shirt, but not often. I've a wife and two little girls and they're real proud of what I'm doing."

I expect Billy's old flames feel the same way.

"The Lord came to me to be His preacher, and He put it into my mind that this would be a good way to get my message over about eternal Hell-fire.

"I really don't know what I could do to follow it. Setting yourself on fire for your beliefs is about as far as you can go."

I don't know. He could always sacrifice himself.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

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John Lodge

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BUZZCOCKS are : Howard Devoto, lyricist (rock lyrics are poetry ... maybe), singer, 21, maybe 22, even ... 40; Pete Shelley, guitarist (he plays a faded cherry red Woolworth Audition, with only half the body; a rock-'n'roll guitar!!!), 19; Steve Diggle, electric bass, 18; John Maher, sweet 16 but subtly murderous behind the traps.

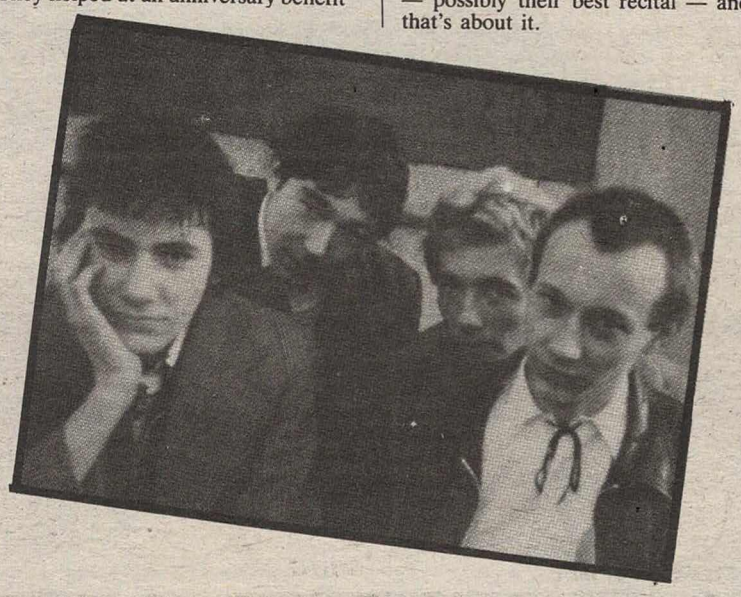
That line-up was finalised only a few days before their debut public performance, last June, at the Lesser Free Trade Hall, Manchester, third on the bill to Slaughter And The Dogs and The Sex Pistols. It was a legendary performance; audacious, spontaneous, a whalloping kick in the gut to the majority of experienced rock bands continuously, insipidly gigging.

The gig more than justified Buzzcocks reason for existing: "There's nothing like being ground into the dirt of your braincells by some clever flashy group who are essentially just dull, when you know that with half their equipment and a tenth of their technique you could be ten times as exciting".

Buzzcocks entertained without blushing that night, as they've done every time they've managed to grab a gig. Finding a place to play is difficult. The band themselves have staged some do's with the help of co-appearers (The Dogs — Pistols concert; one with Chelsea, now Generation X; another with Eater).

Other times they've happened to be in the right place at the right time. They replaced The Rat Scabies Affair in the first Manchester appearence of The Clash / Heartbreakers / Pistols package, and they went down great. They also replaced Chelsea, who in turn had replaced The Scabies Affair, again supporting Slaughter And The Dogs — a definite case of last resort.

They've played a couple of times in London, almost got a residency at a local 'in' disco, but were 'misunderstood' after their first appearence and the arrangement was terminated. They helped at an anniversary benefit for Manchester's strained 'what's on doo dah', *The new Manchester Review* — possibly their best recital — and that's about it.



BUZZCOCKS provoking reactions — like drooling, laughter . . . walk-outs . . .

When they do grab a gig they rarely fail. On stage they play games with a casual intensity. They provoke reactions: laughter, straight walk-outs, drooling, comparisons (from Beefheart's "Lick My Decals Off Baby" right through to "a provincial (huh-?) Sex Pistols"). Their tunes, and they've a lot, are short, brutal, vigorous, boasting melody, attack, variation, shifts in temperature, danceability — they're fun not dull; a breathless fun, they're relentless.

The set Buzzcocks worked with last year is now largely redundant, courtesy of in-group reluctance to fall into the trap of stereotype and predictability, and honest recognition that new material needs to be constantly introduced to keep both Buzzcocks and listeners interested.

New material under preparation right now promises looser structures, springboard arrangements, and hopefully, heady steps into battling formless passages.

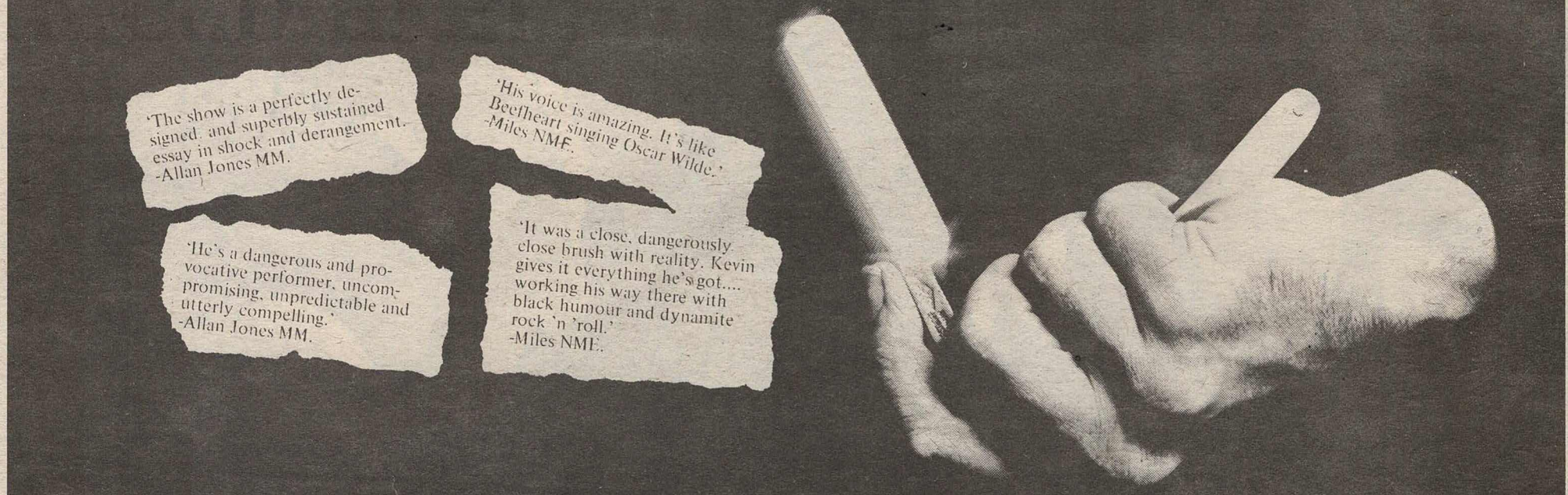
The old set contained two non-originals: "I Can't Control Myself," the Troggs tune, done straight but faster, and a thick, rolling, total rework of "I Love You Big Dummy", based only loosely on the Beefheart knockup. Apart from that, there were numerous Shelley-Devoto tunes, with young Shelley providing most of the music and Howard the majority of the words.

Shelley is a truly bizarre bundle of eccentricty. His head seems too big for his body, covered with hair the colour of Anchor butter stained with brown (natural?). He cuts a nice line in off-the-peg tramp's clothes, and talks with a totally incongruous Oldham accent. He's thoughtful, talkative and proud of Buzzcocks' involvement in the New Wave thing.

His approach to guitar playing is interesting and refreshing. For a start, he plays a cheap Woolworth's instrument because he's happy with the sound and he sees no reason to peel pounds just for a guitar with a name.

His favourite guitarist is Michael Karoli, of Can; his favourite solo is Lennon's piece de abstraction, "Why", off the Plastic Ono Band album. Shelley's own solos are them-

There was never a performance like it.


'The show is a perfectly designed, and superbly sustained essay in shock and derangement.'
-Allan Jones MM.
'His voice is amazing. It's like Beefheart singing Oscar Wilde.'
-Miles NME.
'He's a dangerous and provocative performer, uncompromising, unpredictable and utterly compelling.'
-Allan Jones MM.
'It was a close, dangerously close brush with reality. Kevin gives it everything he's got.... working his way there with black humour and dynamite rock 'n 'roll.'
-Miles NME.

Now it's on record.

Kevin Coyne.

In Living Black And White.

Give your heart to Kevin Coyne.
Or he may just tear it out.

Double live album out now on Virgin Records VD2505.

selves abstract, frenetic flurries devoid of any obvious careful construction, often very funny, often not working; when they do work they're delightfully exciting.

Even if you find him unlistenable there must be admiration for his approach. "It's necessary to know what to you yourself can do with a guitar, to experiment. Someone new coming along would find it difficult to get the kind of solos I get. I mean, I can play so called ordinary rock riffs, Status Quo riffs, like any one else.

"In my modest way I can handle a guitar. But to play like a host of other people, well, it bores me. I might as well listen to someone else rather than do it myself."

Maybe that's what Lenny Kaye should've said to Steve Lake.

Devoto's words are pessimistic and claustrophobic — often pleas for freedom, relief, participation. They concern dispassionate sexuality (one song, "Orgasm Addict," has the line,"*It's a labour of love fucking yourself to death"),* tedium, love and nothing much in particular.

I can make these remarks about Devoto's words because I have them printed out in front of me; a casual listener to Buzzcocks (if such a thing can exist) is able to discern very little. Devoto's taut, human at 78 vocals fall as well as any into Buzzcocks' turbulance, but the words are almost totally drowned by the noise.

Occasionally glimpes or clues are offered as a word or phrase juts out of the surge, but in performance the words are most definitely and unfortunately secondary.

Because of this, plus the fact that an attempt to interview Devoto met with a 'I have nothing to say. It's all in my songs", may I present the lyrics to Buzzcocks' theme tune, 'Boredom':

'Well I say what I mean / I say what comes to mind / I never get round to things / I'm living a straight straight line / (You know me I'm acting dumb / You know the scene — very humdrum) / Boredom — Boredom — Boredom / Now I'm living in a movie / Which doesn't move me / I'm the man waiting for the phone to ring / Ring-a-ring-a-fucking-ding / Now there's nothing behind me / And I'm already a has been / My future ain't what it was / I think I know the words that I mean / I've taken this extravagant journey / So it seems to me / To arrive from nowhere / And to go straight back there.

Better than any mundane interview eh? Lyrics, by the way, come courtesy of New Hormones, Copyright 1976.

"Boredom" is one of the four tracks on an E.P., "Spiral Scratch", which is released as a New Hormones product at the end of this month. A £250 loan from Pete Shelley's dad financed the platter. The other tracks are "Times Up", "Breakdown"m "Friends Of Mine".

Now it's time to introduce Buzzcocks' manager, genial Richard Boon, a shrewd observer of the pop scene who stumbled on the group at that first gig. A self-confessed fan he describes the motive for his dutiful ringing, writing and worrying as being just to get the group on stage.

He reckons the E.P. consolidates a certain amount of the band's initial territory — what Boon calls the "overdrive raunch meets pop melody": Certainly it's great to get some of the early tunes on disc before any new developments knocks them irrevocably ancient, and the rough mix I've heard suggests that fans who feared a smooth production job, turbulence sucking, need worry no more. It's active and assorted.

"Breakdown" is the track to be plugged when Radio 1 automatically chucks it on its playlist; fast, catchy ... Devoto performs wanders squeezing the words in.

"Time's Up" has a great vocal from Devoto. "Boredom"'s two-note guitar break, which I'm convinced should last well over ten minutes on stage, is just the right length on the disc, plus just there are some fancy if obvious bass runs to cause further wrinkles.

"Friends Of Mine" has a couple of guitar solos which, though not quite as funny-ridiculous as when done live in front of an audience are still preetee decadent.

It's great pop E.P. (Took six hours to make, mixing and all, done 'live') A distribution deal is being negotiated — rush out and buy a copy.

And, when Buzzcocks have interfered fully with the muzak spirit, and the thing's a hit ... Well, as Sandie Shaw once said, "It's so fabulous being young and being a girl and you can have nice clothes and can dress up, and that's the nicest part about it, being famous and people admiring you." □ PAUL MORLEY

PISTOLS: WAS IT VOMIT?..

USA Lisa Robinson

WHAT AMERICA IS saying about the Sex Pistols and P*nk In The U.K. '77:

"So, tell me about these English punk rock bands. Is the *music* any good?"— **Bette Midler.**

"Punk rock? Oh, I've been in it for years dear ... Actually I saw the Sex Pistols at the 100 Club and thought they were pretty good. Well, not *good* really, but you know, they could be. This scene has been going on in the streets for three years, the press just picked up on it now ..."— **Mick Jagger.**

"Lisa, I'm telling you as a friend, you shouldn't become too closely identified with punk rock ..."— **Clive Davis.**

"Malcolm's smart, he really is. What do those kids there think about me?"— **David Johansen.**

"I wanted to see the Sex Pistols, but they were in Rotterdam when I was in London."— **Ahmet Ertegun.**

"I like the music, but already ... it's a business. It's like what John Osborne said years ago, all the things he rebelled against and now he's part of it. All those things we heard in the 60s about the working classes ... It's just that in the end you become a part of everything you hate, basically, if you mean it. Because if you become successful, you're using the same machinery to do it. I think if you really want to do it, you have to create a new form, Unless you decide that all the money you make you'll give away."— **Ray Davies.**

"I searched all over for the single, and finally found it in an import shop. What a great record."— **James Wolcott, Village Voice.**

"The guitar player probably blew his nose at the airport and they had him pukin'..."— **Unidentified fan.**

JAGGER: I was there...

SMITH: green socks debt . . .

"The Sex Pistols are a *great* band." **Seymour Stein, Sire Records**

"The Sex Pistols sent me these great day-glo lime green ankle socks. I'm wearin' them now."— **Patti Smith.**

"Do you have any photos of this English punk rock band, you know, the Sex Pistols? Any of The Clash?"— **Features Editor, Chicago Sun-Times.**

"Do you have any photos of any of the English punk rock bands?"— **Photo Editor, Village Voice.**

"Oh, I've heard about them, They're really disgusting, aren't they?"— **Production Director, Hit Parader Magazine.**

"Boy, this scene sounds *really* weird."— **Editor, Field Newspaper Syndicate.**

"I love the Sex Pistols and everything they stand for."— **Danny Fields.**

"You know, the MC5 used to have a clause in their contract that said they couldn't say 'fuck'."— **Jon Landau.**

"I play the single all the time at Max's, people really love it."— **Wayne County.**

STAY TUNED, there's bound to be more. At the moment, America is on the brink of a deluge of press about the Sex Pistols. Articles in *Rolling Stone, The Village Voice,* and a variety of family-oriented newspapers have been set in type or are in progress.

Employees of Capitol Records here (who cannot be identified) are extremely disappointed that they will not be able to release "Anarchy In The U.K.", and that EMI has dropped the band.

NBC-TV is in the process of filming the Pistols in London for a nationwide U.S. TV broadcast sometime in March. Record company presidents have been made aware of the situation here and there is strong interest.

□ LISA ROBINSON

TIPPED BY THE MUSIC PRESS TO BE THE SENSATION IN '77. NOW ON RELEASE FROM ISLAND RECORDS.

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ISLAND

Pictrickery: CHALKIE DAVIES

IN SEARCH OF THE REAL ELVIS

Otherwise known as an interview with FELTON JARVIS (Felton who???)

NOT ALL that long ago someone remarked — I can't quite remember who — that Mao Tse Tung and Elvis Presley were the most widely known men in the world, in that order. Now Chairman Mao has gone, where does that leave Elvis Presley?

I doubt that magazines like this would stay in business if a great many of us didn't share an idle fascination about the concealed lives and personalities of the very, very famous. This kind of fascination is particularly acute in the case of someone like Elvis Presley, not only because he has ascended to such astronomical heights of fame, but also because he has, as far as possible, shut himself away from the world.

A measure of Presley's isolation is that out of all his card-carrying fans, only one has spoken to him in recent years, and that conversation only lasted for a matter of minutes.

Presley's isolation is a further cause of speculation and interest. What exactly happens to a human mind when it withdraws in pampered seclusion in the way Presley's has done?

Of course, we aren't going to get direct insights into any of this. Presley doesn't socialise in a context where he might be directly observed by mere mortals. He doesn't give press or TV interviews. Even his circle of acquaintances is strictly proscribed.

About the closest anyone can get is to talk to one of his close associates, one of the so-called Memphis Mafia. Felton Jarvis is one of this inner circle. He produces Presley's records and appears to form a link between Presley the singer and the production end of the music industry.

When you listen to him talk you get the feeling that despite his guileless, good old boy southern accent, the man is careful not to give anything away. Before he starts giving the interview, he knows the limitations on what can be revealed. You also get a feeling that his life is now totally bound up with Presley's career.

Jarvis first met Elvis Presley during the 50s. He was in the Marine Corps and Elvis was still recording for Sun Records in Memphis. After that there was a long break. Jarvis went to work for RCA Records as a staff producer, while Presley turned into a superstar.

The two men met again when Jarvis was sent by RCA country overlord Chet Atkins to supervise the second Presley gospel album, "How Great Thou Art". During these sessions a sound working relationship was formed between the two and Jarvis was retained as a full time producer and key member of the tight knit Presley entourage.

Today, as far as Elvis Presley's recorded output is concerned, Felton Jarvis has virtually total control. Only Colonel Tom Parker and Presley himself are able to override his decisions.

As he describes the way he manages Elvis' recording career, it at first sounds all very down home and cosy. You almost forget that the conversation is about one of the greatest entertainers the world has ever seen.

"I listen to the songs first. I don't like to take songs direct from writers. I get all the songs from bona fide publishers. I only deal with publishing companies.

By MICK FARREN

"I pick out all the songs I think merit taking to Elvis."

Doesn't Elvis have any part in selecting his own songs?

"Elvis doesn't like to listen to the songs before he records them."

At this point it starts to get a bit chilling. It begins to emerge between the lines of the simple country monologue that Jarvis not only has control over Presley's musical output, but he also controls his intake.

You suddenly realise that if Presley decided he wanted to record a McCartney song, a Dylan song, a Springsteen song or even, for that matter, a Wilko Johnson song, the mechanism doesn't exist for him to do it. Ol' Felton comer around with his bundle of tracks and if that track ain't among them, Elvis can forget it.

In the next breath, however, Jarvis tells us that it is in fact Elvis who's in charge.

"Elvis has final approval of everything. He has complete control over everything he does."

That seems pretty dandy, Presley is, after all, the one up there doing the singing, right? The trouble is, how much control can Elvis Presley have if all his material is pre-selected by Felton Jarvis? Felton explains that Elvis's area of choice is after a track has been picked and it's being laid down in the studio. He gives us an example.

"Elvis likes to come in and sing with just a rhythm section. After that, he leaves me to put on horns, strings, extra voices, whatever I think the song needs. Once I've done this I send the tape round to Elvis for him to listen to and give his approval."

So Elvis just rubber stamps the productions? Not so, apparently.

"Elvis takes a keen interest in everything that goes into his music."

(I can hardly believe that statement, but let's press on for the moment.)

"Take 'In The Ghetto' as an example. Elvis came into the studio and sang 'In The Ghetto'. Elvis left and we got in these funky girl singers to do the chorus. When Elvis heard the tape he called me up and said, 'Felton, those voices are terrible. Take them off. They're really bad.'

"Anyway I kept on working on the track and as it happened I never quite got around to wiping the girls' voices off the master. Two days later Elvis called back and said, 'Leave 'em on there. The more I listen to 'em, the more I like 'em.'

"I guess it was lucky I never wiped off those voices. I guess you could say that Elvis knows what's best for Elvis."

At this point we start to digress into Elvis's phone habits for a while. It begins to look as though Elvis is a phone freak.

"Elvis likes to call up at night. He'll call you at three, four, five in the morning. It never seems to occur to him that the rest of the world is supposed to be asleep. He just calls up when he wants something.

"Elvis is a night person. He likes to live at night. He gets up when the sun goes down and goes to bed when the sun rises."

Another bizarre image flashes up. Dracula in sideburns and a white spangled suit. Already we seem to be coasting towards the unreal edge.

Nor this, really

He's not like this

Let's get back on course for a while with an obvious question.

How come Elvis Presley doesn't write songs?

"He doesn't have the time."

Either this is an obvious answer or you have to shout WHAAT? WHAAT?

"Elvis doesn't write songs. He doesn't have the time. He used to write some things, years ago, but these days I guess he has other things that take up his time."

Don't think that Elvis is no dumb slubbo, though.

"He does have some good ideas, He'll take a line of a song and make changes to it so it comes out better."

An idea starts to filter through. At first it's kind of preposterous, but Jarvis's next statement seems partially to confirm it. Maybe Elvis has got to the point where he simply doesn't give a damn.

"We like to get Elvis into the studio at least twice in a year. Sometimes, though, he'll only come in one time in a whole year. We try and get him to do as many sides as we can when he does come in. Enough to keep putting out records until the next time.

"You never know when Elvis is going to take off."

Another image. Suddenly there is a picture of an Elvis Presley who has to be coaxed or conned into the studio, an overgrown child who's even bored with the thing that made him a superstar.

Elvis is not the only problem however, that presents itself when attempting to produce an Elvis Presley record. There is also the relationship of other musicians to Presley.

"You have to get people who are used to Elvis. You can pick really good musicians but when Elvis is around them they just freeze if they're not used to playing with him.

"A few years ago we were going to record in the Stax studio in Memphis. I'd planned to use really good people, people who'd played with Booker T and Otis Redding, People like Hal Jackson and Duck Dunn.

"When Elvis came into the studio they just froze up. They couldn't play, I said to them, 'Hell, the man's only waiting to hear you pick.' But they couldn't. They kept saying things like, 'That's Elvis Presley standing over there. My mind's a complete blank.'

"That's the kind of effect that Elvis has on people. They get spooked and freeze."

The problems that seem to stand between Elvis Presley and the final production of a worthwhile musical product don't only come from the sidemen. A good few stem from Presley himself. By 1970s standards Presley seems to insist on working in kind of primitive conditions.

"Elvis doesn't like to overdub. He figures it loses a whole lot of the spontaneity of the thing."

It would be churlish to ask when Elvis last made a record that sounded truly spontaneous. Felton goes straight on.

"He likes to sing right along with the band. Usually he does all his part with the rhythm section. He likes to move around and get those little extra accents and things. He'll move, and the drummer will add something. That's the way Elvis likes to work on a song."

Although this sort of studio practice must make life hell for a producer, Jarvis talks about it with an attitude of almost uncanny calm. It's the same kind of calm that seems to permeate high-powered religion. Elvis can do no wrong. You feel that maybe people close to the Pope or the guru Maharaji talk the same way.

As though asserting his faith, Jarvis, with what amounts to quiet

pride, tells a story of how Presley's capriciousness in the studio can result in a better product than that which was originally intended.

There's little doubt that "Promised Land" was one of Presley's better recordings of recent years. The original schedule for the sessions that turned out the track was for yet another gospel album. Colonel Tom and RCA Records had, in their wisdom, decided that what the world really needed was another Elvis Presley gospel album.

When Jarvis arrived at the studio, Presley and the rhythm section were amusing themselves by playing all the Chuck Berry songs they knew. They weren't about to break it up and start getting sacred. The Berry songs went on and on until Jarvis abandoned all hope of working to plan and, instead, just let the tape machines run. After a comparatively short length of time, "Promised Land" was in the can. In the world of Elvis Presley, that, it would appear, is how hits are born.

The next obvious question is, how come Presley doesn't do the "Promised Land" kind of thing more often? The answer comes with what sounds like genuine regret.

"I'd like to get him to do more rock stuff, things like 'Burning Love'. For a while back there it looked as though Elvis really wanted to get back into rock and roll. For the last couple of years, all he's really wanted to do have been ballads. I guess he was down over his divorce or something, and ballads were closer to what he was feeling."

This seems to be as far as Felton is prepared to go on the subject of Presley in the studio. Similarly he doesn't go much further about either Presley's live work or his private life.

"If I started telling stories about what went on around Elvis, particularly when he's on tour, everyone would either be divorced or locked up."

What does emerge is a shadowy picture of the nocturnal Presley, constantly surrounded by the same hired entourage. constantly moving between his homes in Memphis, Beverley Hills and Palm Springs.

"He just kind of rotates."

The man has to be guarded from thrill seekers, souvenir hunters and supplicants with ready stories of incurable diseases, 12 hours to live, and a fixed belief that proximity to Elvis Presley will be the answer to all their problems.

An idea of life inside this luxury menagerie comes when Felton lists a few of Presley's favourite pastimes.

"Karate, movies, girls. Girls come pretty high on the list."

It all starts to sound like a massive exercise in self-induced, stage managed paranoia. It sounds like that until Jarvis relates what happened the last time Presley took it into his head to go out and mingle with the plain folks in the big outside world. Briefly, the plain folks went ape.

"Elvis went to this shopping centre in Las Vegas. It was around nine in the morning. As usual, Elvis had been up all night.

"I got to tell you, it was just unreal. Directly people spotted him, there was chaos, total chaos. There were people all over the place trying to look at him, trying to touch him, talk to him.

"Then to make things worse, Elvis started acting crazy. He started giving money away. He asked this little kid what the time was. The kid told Elvis he didn't have a watch, so Elvis gave him the money to buy a watch.

"This is the kind of effect that Elvis has on people."

It becomes increasingly clear that there is something about Elvis Presley that sets him apart even from other superstars. Lennon, Dylan and even Jagger can walk the streets, go to bars, visit stores, without stopping traffic or producing total chaos. They may be pestered and stared at, but it rarely grows to riot proportions.

I still can't put my finger on what it is that makes Presley so different. I know that in every sense of the word he had a radical effect on my life. He brought rock and roll storming in to close the book on what had been a uniformly unpromising childhood.

Maybe the aura of that first impact still lingers, surviving the bad records and the cringingly awful movies.

(Even Felton Jarvis disowns those 60s films — "I didn't want to get involved in those movies. He was singing with dogs and chickens and what have you . . . ")

The fact does remain that despite any absurdities and disappointments, people seem to become a little unbalanced when confronted with Elvis Presley. Perhaps the day we find out beyond doubt, why, it'll stop happening.

RAGING PRESLEY IN STUDIO SHOTGUN INCIDENT

AND HERE's the latest scam from the States: while in a foaming rage, Elvis Presley is said to have grabbed a shotgun and threatened to blow away the recording equipment in his private Memphis studio.

The incident occurred because El was frustrated over the sound he was getting. He bounded into the 200,000 dollar studio at his Graceland Mansion waving the gun, bellowing that he'd blow out the speakers.

It is claimed he had to be physically restrained by the frightened musicians, who managed to stop him before he sprayed the joint with buckshot.

His outburst was just one of the series of tantrums Presley has been throwing in recent months. Violence seems to be the mode of the day around old Graceland, one incident that comes to mind being the Jerry Lee Lewis opus — still a conversation piece in Memphis and elsewhere.

It took place on Elvis's lawn, and ended with Jerry Lee being busted with a gun while full of booze and screaming about the good press Elvis gets.

Jerry was lucky that old Elvis didn't come out and burn his ass up with that shotgun . . .

As one of the musicians put it: "Elvis is really getting hard to work with."

Presley has apparently decided that he no longer likes his recording studio, his musicians — and most of all the way his records are selling. He pines for the Nashville sound— Nashville musicians and the RCA Nashville studio where he recorded many of his earlier hits.

Recently he tried importing a group of Nashville cats, to Memphis for a session, apparently thinking it would change his luck. But it didn't work that way.

"I filled out 15 time cards and never played a note," one of the session guys reported afterwards.

On another occasion he tried New York musicians, but in the end ordered everybody out, snarling, "Send those horn-rimmed sons-a-bitches back to New York!!"

"Elvis really needs a hit record", a Presley associate in New York told this *Thrills* reporter. "His last album was cut at his place, and it didn't sell near what was expected".

"Oh, sure, there were some songs on it that hit the charts — but not anything like what he wanted".

The album — "From Elvis Presley Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn." — sold 400,000 copies. And for him that's not good enough. He's still thinking about the million-copy solid gold days back in '71.

"One of the problems is he doesn't like fast songs anymore," said one of the New York session guys. "He's doing love ballads".

As previously reported, Presley's work style is strictly nocturnal. He sleeps days, hence the fact that the bedroom windows at the mansion are covered with tinfoil. Then he shows up at 10 pm and likes to work till dawn.

Whatever the case, the Presley sessions are going back to Nashville. He's booked the old RCA studios there for January. And he's so down on his *own* equipment that he freaks out whenever someone mentions the words "private studio".

"I don't know what's going to happen to the Graceland studio," says an RCA engineer. "It was installed last February. Maybe he'll turn it into a McDonald's. Elvis likes his cheeseburgers, you know."

□ AL CAPONE

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from ZZ TOP (pronounced ZEE ZEE Top)
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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Vambo's wee sister aids Harvey quest

COULD YOU list all the Alex Harvey singles — both 'A' and 'B' sides?

KEVIN RANCE, Northwood, Middx.

● Thanks to the efforts of such readers as Vambo's Wee Sister (Glasgow) and Cliff Gater (HMV Record Shop, London W1), I've managed to compile the following list of *British* singles released by Harvey. I've got a feeling there may be more — but this is the best I could come up with.

I Just Wanna Make Love To You/Let The Good Times Roll (Polydor NH 52.264 — Feb 1964): I Ain't Worried, Baby/Got My Mojo Working (Polydor NH52 907 — May 1964): Agent OO Soul/Go Away, Baby (Fontana TF610 — Sept 1965): Work Song/I Can Do Without Your Love (Fontana TF764 — Nov 1966): The Sunday Song/Horizon (Decca F12640 — July 1967): Maybe Someday/Curtains For My Baby (Decca F12660 — Sept 1967): Midnight Moses/Roman Wall Blues (Fontana F1063 — Dec 1969): There's No Lights On The Christmas Tree, Mother/Harp (Vertigo 6059-070 — Dec 1972): Jungle Jenny/Butts Bar Blues (Vertigo 6059-075 — March 1973): Faith Healer/St Anthony (Vertigo 6059-098 — Nov 1973): Sergeant Fury/Gang Bang (Vertigo 6059-106 — Sept 1974): Anthem — two version (Vertigo 6059-112) — Nov 1974): Delilah/Soul In Chains (Vertigo ALEX 001 — July 1975): Gambling Bar Room Blues/Shake That Thing (Vertigo ALEX 002 — Nov 1975): Runaway/Snake Bite (Vertigo ALEX 003 — Feb 1976): Boston Tea Party/Sultan's Choice (Mountain TOP12 — May 1976): Amos Moses/Satchel And The Scalp Hunter (Mountain TOP19 — Sept 1976).

WHERE CAN I HIRE 16mm or 35mm rock films? — **G. BYRNE, Dublin 14, Ireland.**

● Scores of 16mm rock films are available for hire, the main companies dealing in these being Fair Enterprises, 5 Park Village, London NW1, and Columbia-Warner Distributors (16mm Division), 135 Wardour Street, London W1. Others worth checking out include Harris Film, Glenbuck Road, Surbiton, Surrey, who have *James Dean — The First American Teenager* on their catalogue, and TCB Releasing, The Mail House, Brockham End, Bath, whose list includes items by Don McLean, Cecil Taylor etc, plus *Blues Like Showers Of Rain* featuring BB King, Sonny Boy Williamson and Roosevelt Sykes.

Worth buying is "Films On Offer 1976" (price £1.25, plus postage) which Nigel Algar and Stephen Jenkins compiled for the British Film Institute. This is a listing of all the major films currently available for hire through the Central Booking Agency of the BFI, 81 Dean Street, London W.1. It quotes hiring fees, renters, terms of booking etc. and checking quickly through, I see that it includes such movies as *Zabriskie Point* (£23), *Woodstock* (£25), *Jazz On A Summer's Day* (£20), *American Graffiti* (£15), *Zachariah* (£15), *Gimme Shelter* (£15), *Glastonbury Fayre* (£30), *Nashville* (£20) and *Reggae* (£15). The fees quoted are just the basic ones, of course. To these you have to add a booking fee (£3 for any movie costing over £15) plus the cost of your projection equipment, if needed.

RECENTLY I heard an old recording of "Hurry On Down", sung by a singer named Nellie Lutcher. Is this record still available? And just *who* is Nellie Lutcher anyway? — **PETE SHEENE, Banbury, Oxon.**

● Nellie's a 60-year-old, black R&B singer/pianist who hails from Lake Charles, Louisiana. Originally she played in a big band, along with her bass-playing father, later joining the Southern Rhythm Boys. During the late 30s and early 40s, she worked with small groups at various West Coast clubs, eventually becoming signed to Capitol Records and gaining a million-seller with "Hurry On On", cut at Nellie's first recording session in 1947.

With her unusual vocal style and her habit of scat singing an octave or so up on her piano part, she became a world-wide favourite, establishing herself with British fans when Capitol discs were belatedly released in this country. But her career faded as rock'n'roll moved in and Nellie opted for a staff job with the Hollywood local of the Musicians' Union, where she was employed until the beginning of the '70s.

By 1973, she was back in New York playing at clubs again but I haven't heard of her since that time and virtually none of her discs are available anymore — though "Hurry On Down" can be found on a compilation called "Capitol Presents Those Classic Years 1948-56" (Capitol E-ST23368).

COULD YOU tell me why we're not allowed to take photographs at concerts? Also — what would happen if someone's caught doing so? — **LESLIE MILLER, Thornhill, Southampton.**

● Lord Leica himself, Chalkie "Say Camembert" Davies, was dragged from a heavy darkroom session in order to answer this one.

He said: "The reason you can't take pics at a gig is fairly simple — there is limited access. And the record companies and the bands themselves feel that this access should be given to bona fide piccy-takers.

"Personally, I don't see why people should be stopped from

YUD BETTER not be hidin' onythin', Alex . . .

taking a shot or two as long as they don't obstruct anyone's view; get in the way of the photographers who are officially there; or — worst of all — use flash, as this annoys everyone. But, if you do decide to take a chance, *don't* climb over the orchestra pit — just stay on the audience side. And if you do get caught, the possibility is that you'll have your camera confiscated for the duration of the gig.

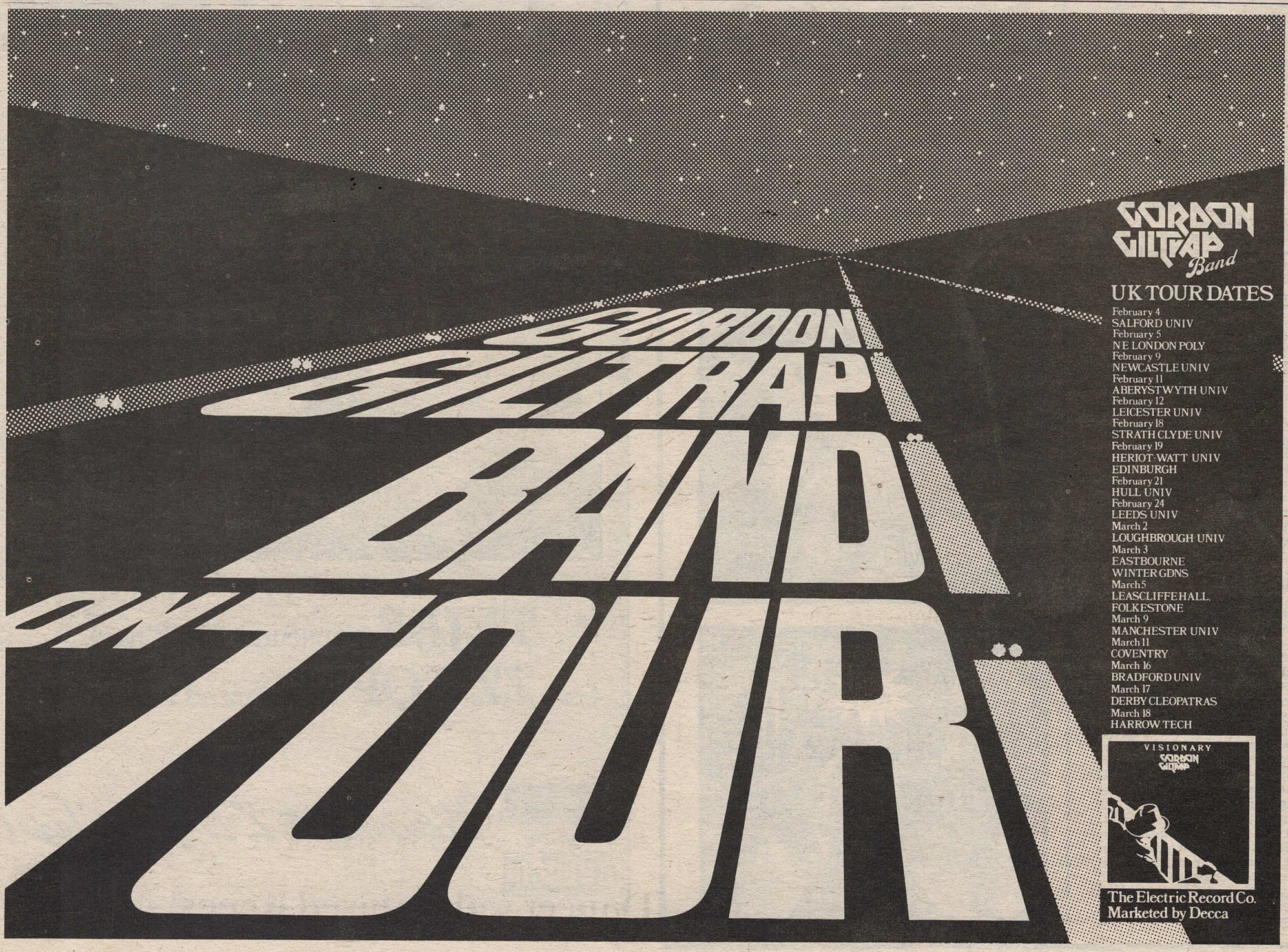
COULD YOU supply me with any info on American band Blue Cheer — I believe this group to be the innovators of today's heavy music. — **ANTHONY XUEREB, Gozo, Malta.**

● The late Lillian Roxon disagrees with you. In her 1971 *Rock Encyclopedia* she says that the band were fairly unpopular on American's East Coast . . . "Where they were put down for coming on like carbon copies of two other trios — Cream and the Jimi Hendrix Experience."

Originally comprised of Paul Whaley (drums), Randy Holden (guitar) and Dick Peterson (bass), Blue Cheer had a huge hit with their version of "Summertime Blues" in early '68 (released in March, it stayed in the charts for 13 weeks), following this with a minor one in "Just A Little Bit", later the same year. Their albums (on American Philips) included: "Vincebus Eruptum", "Outsideinside"; "New! Improved Blue Cheer", "Blue Cheer", "Oh! Pleasant Hope" and "Original Human Being". And that's all I have on Cheer. Pathetic, ain't it?

I HAVE been totally unsuccessful in obtaining a copy of Norman Greenbaum's all-time classic, "Spirit In The Sky", and I wondered if it was still available, either as a single or as part of a compilation album? I would appreciate *any* info you have on the subject, as I cannot find any albums by Greenbaum and this kinda leaves a great gap in my record collection. — **KEVIN DANN, Eastbourne, E. Sussex.**

● "Spirit In The Sky" is one of the tracks that forms "Discotrax" (Warner Bros. K56207), a fine compilation that also includes items by Todd Rundgren, Ides Of March, Van Morrison, Major Lance and 15 other artists. Funny thing though, both Greenbaum's "Spirit" album and the later "Back Home Again" elpee — which features Norm's only other hit, "Canned Ham" — have been turning up in the London cheapo boxes recently. In fact, I saw a whole stack of 'em in a three-for-a-quid box only a couple of weeks back.



"Brilliant." *Melody Maker*

"An evening of rare delight." *Daily Telegraph*

"Compelling...A rare evening's entertainment." *NME*

"The most exciting debut this year." *Guardian*

When your last appearance got such acclaim, what do you do for an encore?

An encore.

Kate & Anna McGARRIGLE

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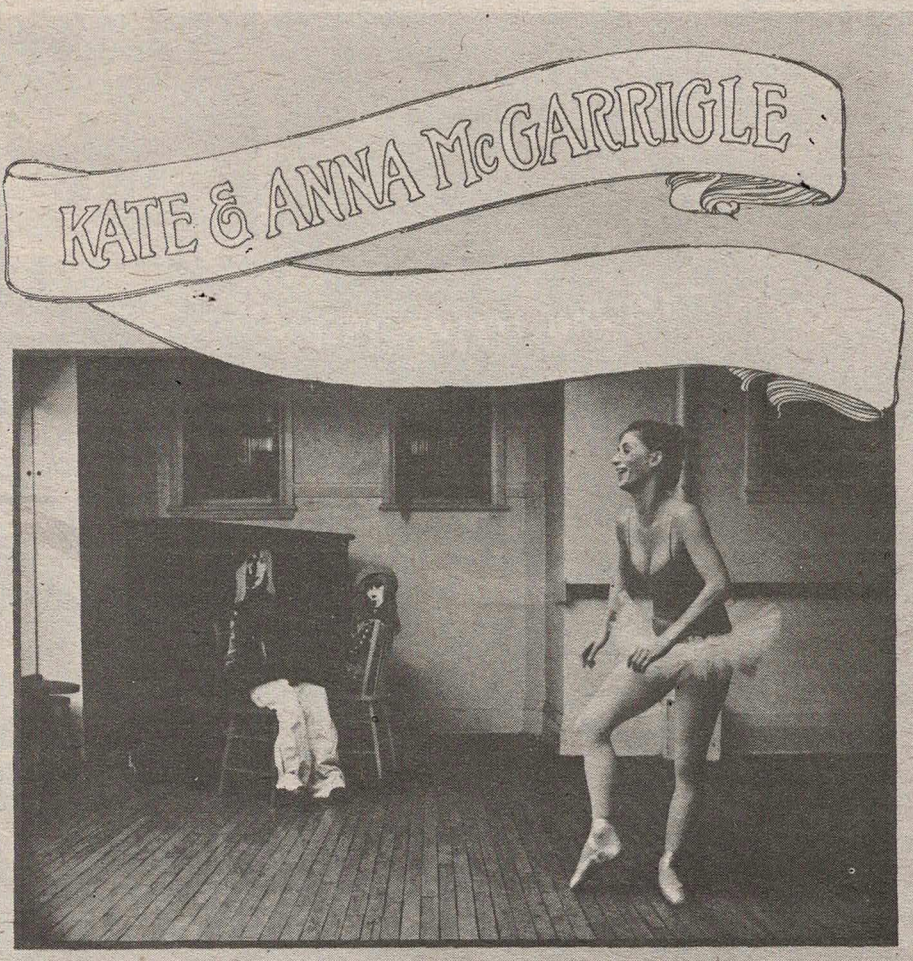
FEBRUARY 8TH
BELFAST, QUEENS UNIVERSITY
FEBRUARY 10TH
GALWAY, LEISURELAND
FEBRUARY 11TH
CORK, JAMES CONNALLY HALL
FEBRUARY 12TH
DUBLIN, STADIUM
FEBRUARY 16TH
MANCHESTER, OPERA HOUSE
FEBRUARY 17TH
LEEDS, UNIVERSITY
FEBRUARY 18TH
LIVERPOOL, PHILHARMONIC
FEBRUARY 19TH
LONDON, NEW VICTORIA
FEBRUARY 21ST
BOURNEMOUTH, WINTER GARDENS
FEBRUARY 22ND
BIRMINGHAM, TOWN HALL
FEBRUARY 23RD
AYLESBURY, FRIARS
FEBRUARY 25TH
CROYDON, FAIRFIELD HALL
FEBRUARY 27TH
BRISTOL, COLSTON HALL



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SINGLES

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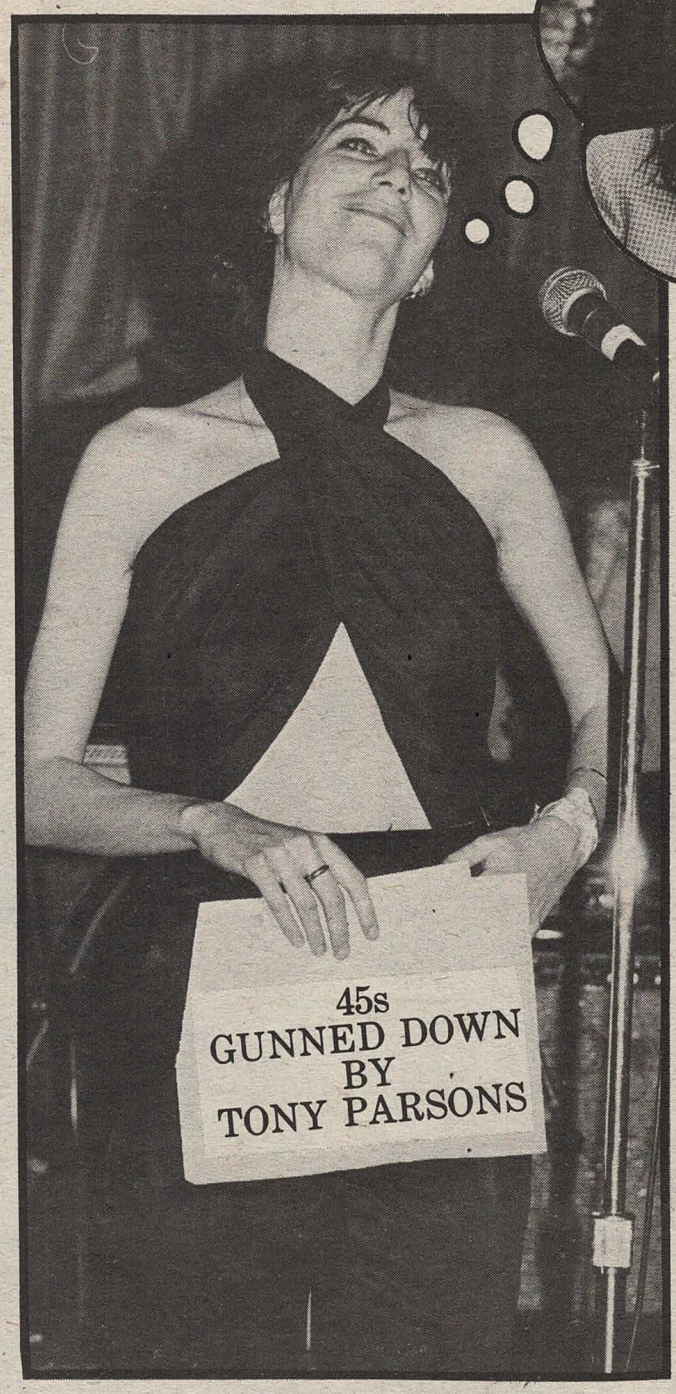
'Depressed, deprived, misunderstood — suffering for the cause of True Art. Ah yes, I remember it well . . .'



SINGLE OF THE WEEK — EIN

PATTI SMITH: Piss Factory (Mer Import) The Zelda Fitzgerald of rock-'n'roll stops working out to Arthur Rimbaud's Greatest Hits for long enough to lay down maybe the best song ever written about what it's like to leave school at sixteen and start work in some dead-end, boring, stinking, lousy nowhere job. (The only song about the same subject that's in the same class as "Piss Factory" is the as-yet-unrecorded "Career Opportunities" by The Clash . . .)

"Piss Factory" ain't a song that you could call pleasant, pretty, melodic or nice . . . in fact the lyrics are blunt, crude, bitter; perfect for a song about teenage factory fodder. "I had to *earn* my dough."

Richard Sohl's simple-but-effective piano playing running over Lenny Kaye's guitar work is the main feature of the sparse musical backing to Patti's chant, and if she's not singing out of gut-level personal experience then she's the greatest con-man that ever lived . . . *"Sixteen and time to pay off . . . these bitches are just too lame to understand, too goddamn grateful to get this job to know they're getting screwed up the ass . . ."* The new kid figures she's speed on a motor-cycle, gotta earn her pay check, but she's working too fast, filling up the quota too quick and a few of the workers in the piss factory tell her that unless she slows down she'll lose a few teeth . . . *"The way they smell . . . it's monotony that's got to me, every day like the last one, every day like a re-run . . . and I* will . . . *get out of here . . ."*

This is the most important song Patti Smith ever wrote and confirms her status as one of the most original song-writers of this or any other decade. Ain't no one damn song that can make you break down and cry? Try "Piss Factory". Or maybe you're too goddamn lame to understand . . .

By the way, it's the B-side, the A-side being Patti's version of "Hey Joe" with Tom Verlaine on lead guitar. At the moment the single is only available as a bootleg.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK — ZWEI

NANKER PHELGE: Cocksucker Blues (Bootleg) If ever there was a juke box gem, a legendary slice of mysterious vinyl, a collector's item of the highest merit . . . then it's this one. Was a time when neither love nor money could get you a copy, but right at this moment there seems to be a few of them on the black market and you can pick up a copy for a quid plus fifty pence. It is, of course, the last recording that the Stones did for Decca when they had but one more record to cut before they were free to leave the company. Jagger strums an acoustic guitar and sings the sad story about what happens to young boys who come to the big city, while on the B-side is an absolute killer version of "Brown Sugar" with, rumour has it, Eric Clapton on slide.

STRANGLERS: Get A Grip Of Yourself/London Lady (United Artists) The Phil McNeill Fan Club make their recording debut with a stunning double-sided single of distinctive, intelligent, contemporary rock'n'roll that sounds like Roxy Music would have if that old capped-tooth smoothie Ferry had been influenced by The Doors (as opposed to Humphrey Bogart at the start of his male menopause). The B-side, "London Lady", is perhaps more like the noise you would have expected from a squad of elder punksters — Hugh Cornwell's slashed-out riffing more up front on this two minute twenty-five song than on the A where the main feature is Dave Greenfield's swirling keyboards backing up the hookline chorus (which is maybe strong enough to get them some "chart action").

HAWKWIND: Back On The Street (Charisma) Unlike the majority of dandruff-encrusted hippies, this lot have never been adverse to knocking out a decent single once in a while. "Silver Machine" was okay and the sunk-without-trace "Kings Of Speed" was great. This single sounds more like the stuff you hear coming from the stage of the Roxy than does The Stranglers' — which just goes to prove once more how meaningless labelling anything punk-rock is. Here you get cranked-out basic chords designed to make your eardrums bleed, lyrics that are unintelligable apart from the chanted title-chorus, and the rhythm section playing like they *enjoy* feeling those blisters squish against their instruments . . .

TALKING HEADS: Love Goes To Building On Fire (Sire Import) Beautiful psychotic weirdness from some of New York's finest, who only recently signed their recording deal with Sire and this single will not be out over here for a couple of months. However, the sound they make is so damn infectious, refreshing and original that you'll find it hard not to resist purchasing the import single and miss out buying the album you were gonna get this month. David Byrne sings in a high whine about his love being a building on fire and chants animal noises over the backing track of bells, guitars, pianos, tambourines and lots of Motown-type saxes . . . Sparks tried for years to make a single like this and Talking Heads make it look easy. It's a pity they didn't have their song "Psycho Killer (Qu'est-que c'est?)" on the B-side, though.

MUD: Mud Giants — Tiger Feet/Oh Boy/Dyna-Mite (Rak) At their peak (during The Era Of The Platform Boot) Mud understood the trash aesthetic better than anyone — apart from maybe the mincing hod-carriers in Sweet. Great to hear "Tiger Feet" again, you can almost see the boys acting like buffoons on TOTP — falling over their feet, bumping into each other and grinning pointlessly. It's too bad they changed direction and got earnest because everybody *knows* that Mike Chapman and Nicky Chinn are the Lennon and McCartney of the Seventies.

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD: Pass It Around/Don't Let 'Em Take Your Gun (EMI) Even produced by Frank Zappa, this mob remain the masters of gross Assembly-Line Raunch suitable for Stateside youth to get wrecked on quaaludes and red wine while getting nostalgic about Idiot Dancing and line-ups in the back of the van. The B is a celebration of the individuality of the American citizen, the right to defend a man's property from the drug-crazed sexual degenerates who haunt the home of the brave: *"Son, don't let 'em take your gun, won't be nobody taking over our land, if everybody's brother got a gun in his hand . . . you got to understand, we are American men!"* Dirty Harry will love it.

ANDMOREAGAIN: the pics just keep on comin' — this week (clockwise from top) THE SHADOWS, TALKING HEADS, DEAF SCHOOL, FLEETWOOD MAC, THE STRANGLERS . . .

DEAF SCHOOL: Taxi! (Warner Brothers) A camp lost-love song with painful chord changes that grate on the earbuds and spoken parts that sound like a rip-off from the Kursaal Flyers plus a chorus highly derivative of that of "Gotta See Jane".

SUPERCHARGE: Get Up And Dance (Virgin) It always makes me vomit over my blue suede shoes when I hear disco fodder muzak singing about rock 'n' roll, while those mass-production funk symphony orchestras chase the ghost of Isaac Hayes over the gilded landscape of the fun fifty. Is this what Eddie Cochran died at twenty-one for?

MANHATTAN TRANSFER: Chanson D'Amour (Atlantic) Sounds like a plodding Charles Aznavour song done by a troupe of out-of-work tapdancers and a sax player who has done too many downers.

SPLIT ENZ: Another Great Divide (Chrysalis) A combo of painted pierrots hung up on intentional overkill, if you go merely by their grotesque visual. However, below the repulsive surface there's a melodic imagination and inventiveness all too rare these days. Trouble is, they change their musical theme so often in the course of just one song that the whole thing lacks direction and ends up leaving not too much of a lasting impression. More than anything, it reminds me of why I never got into Genesis. Still, they write some good lines like — *"Neurotic, psychotic, you name it, she got it."*

KIKI DEE: First Thing In The Morning (Rocket) Without the aid of the Little Bob Piazza of MOR, Kiki is just another goodlooking girl singer with a strong set of pipes who nevertheless relies heavily on the strength of somebody else's song to keep her in royalty cheques and the charts. It's sure too bad for her that this song's not even good enough to keep her name in the mind of a fickle record public for very long — unless she pulls something stronger out of the bag next time round. Don't matter how many times you warble the title of the song, if the song itself sucks then it's not gonna be the one thing a hit single should be: addictive.

THE SHADOWS: Apache, Wonderful Land, FBI (EMI) Lucky for the Shads that they showed up around Rue Morgue 1960 when Clean Cut Cliff still thought he was Elvis and English rock was dead as a dingbat. If they'd arrived on the scene a few years later they woulda been trashed for sure. As it is, they rate up there amongst such Old Masters as Bert Weedon and Lonnie Donegan — yes, the men who blazed the primal trail of British rock 'n' roll. It must have been lousy having Hank Marvin as your idol. This re-release of their golden greats will no doubt please all their ageing fans as they sit at home smoking dope and watching TV when the kids have been put to bed.

JUNIOR CAMPBELL: Baby Hold On (Rocket) A very *ordinaire* ballad aimed in the direction of the charts by a man who used to write excellent Motown-influenced songs almost in the same league as the real thing. Sadly, it seems Junior has decided the time has come to cross to the other side of the tracks (to where TV cops have number ones and Swiss bank accounts). This record got buried under the deluge of release just before the birthday of Little Lord Jesus Light And Mild, and so the record company have decided to try pushing it again. Thanks, fellas, but really you needn't have bothered.

SISTER SLEDGE: Cream Of The Crop (Cotillion) When they were a few years younger I thought that these ladies were gonna be as great as The Jackson Five should have been. "Mamma Never Told Me" was an instant classic if you were young, in love and had nowhere to go apart from the local discomat. However, they too have got caught up on the Grim Reaper of the soul city assembly line and nowadays are on the strings-and-bouncy-rhythm-section level of Gloria Gaynor. File under "Fag Bar Fodder." Tom Robinson will love it.

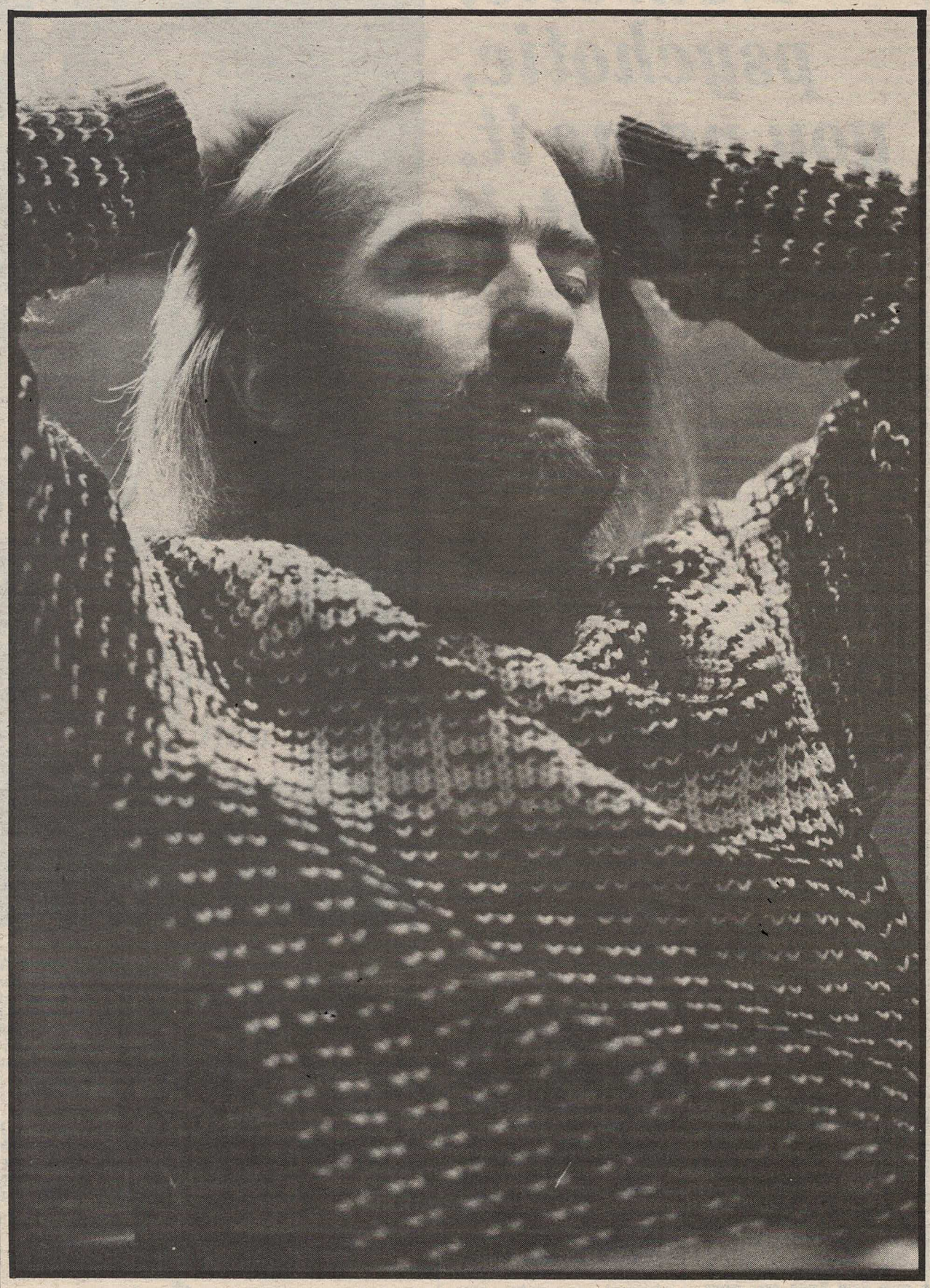
FLEETWOOD MAC: Go Your Own Way (Warner Brothers) No, it's not *another* single taken from the solid platinum (Stateside, that is) Fleetwood Mac white album which did next to nothing over here while moving millions in the USA. This cut, and the B side "Silver Springs", are both taken from the longawaited "Rumours" album and would seem to indicate, if they're representive of the rest of the album, that Fleetwood Mac are getting better than they've ever been. The A is a superb hard-but-still-melodic rocker soaked in LA sunshine and the flip side is a beautiful Stevie Nicks love song with tight surfs-up harmonies that Brian Wilson would have been proud of — *"You'll never get away from the sound of the woman that loves you . . ."* I just hope that Fleetwood Mac get their collective fingers out and start doing some touring over here to back up their quality vinyl and get it the recognition that it deserves.

BEN E. KING: Supernatural Thing (Atlantic) A couple of years old now but sounding as good, cool and supernaturally funky as it ever did. And Lord knows I ain't lying. *This* is the kind of stuff that should be coming out of the discotheques. Disco Fodder is *not* the only answer.

LAST WEEK'S singles included two on the Dynamo label, (by The Snakes and Sean Tyla). These are imports, and are only available from specialists like Bizarre, Rock On and Rough Trade.

Art is no longer in art. It's in living.

—A semi-retired sheep breeding popstar, Herefordshire, UK



ROY HARPER
An open letter

AVON CALLING:
I have decided, from the sincere depths of my oft-misguided wisdom, not to give another interview to the even more misguided music press, as this invariably involves talking to some degree or other about us all, which degree is later bent, stretched and shuffled onto two pages — sometimes — of, more often than not, stultifying shit (that could have come off a bog wall 15 years ago).

Sometimes I am driven into becoming a spokesman for the mysterious recluses we all are, which is all right until I realise that my answers come more often than not out of defending us all.

I wish I knew you all that well. Maybe I do. As one of you once said, there's got to be something else.

Well, there *has* got to be something else, and it's up to the old boys like me who need a bit of promo now and then to find it and sort it out.

If there is a way: (b) it must be a direct line to the grass roots, if we haven't devoured them, and (a) I'll let you know, cause I'm sure we could all do with something in an upward direction.

I have had great help from all of you in the past. I think of you all with great warmth . You are the people I love. But there is a point beyond which it is impossible to help someone's career or whatever. And that point has been overreached.

I was very hurt by that last article. If you were, just try for a moment to imagine what I felt.

I love you,
Roy

P.S. I'm still here, and I guess I'd like to feel one or two hands stretched out across the darkness now and then.

Words ANGIE ERRIGO

"I THINK the most important thing I should say right now is that the last three or four times I've come into contact with the music press I've made a fool of myself. The habit's got to stop."

Thus spake a calm, open and self-chastened Harper last week as we sat over tea in the front room of his Herefordshire farm house.

Outside, a flock of very pregnant sheep, newly delivered ewes and their pretty baa-lambs were requiring his vigilance and constituting one of the uppermost of his contemporary concerns. A virus infection has just killed some of his animal family, and it's clearly heavy going giving birth to a new album and embarking on a tour in lambing season.

An artist who is also taking sheep raising seriously (they aren't for sweaters or chops, by the way, but breeding) has a lot on his hands.

Which could be the explanation for having exposed his Achilles heel — the Past.

"It's been a bit unlucky in that when I've given an interview the last three or four times it's always been on a day when I've been attacked on all sides and I'm on the floor. But I have made a fool of myself, I really have.

"It's easy for me to own up. It wouldn't be easy for the Prime Minister or any of those stupid politicians to own up to making mistakes — cause they don't make them, you know. But I haven't got a face I'm trying to preserve in that way.

"I think actually they'd be much better off if they did admit once in a while that they make mistakes — then people would relate to them being human.

"But that doesn't excuse me.

"The fact remains that the last times I've come into contact with the press have been *disastrous*. I feel that I must say that. I've tried to once or twice, but people don't believe you."

I LIKE HARPER a whole lot. I believe him, because he's a good man. He writes great songs, too.

I guess I don't believe that most people give a flying one about the search for truth or efforts at communicating or struggles in becoming a self-actualised human being. I

think most people want to know how a record or performer appeals to them on sensual levels — whether you can dance to it, jerk off to it or fantasize to it.

Maybe, *maybe* it also matters sometimes that you can dig what someone's saying to the beat because you've been there too and can appreciate it being verbalised well. Because that, basically, is what Harper does.

The title of Harper's new album, "Bull In A Ming Vase", is a joke on himself, an allusion to his Gemini sensibilities beseiged by Taurus Rising. Taurus Overflowing might be more accurate.

In fact, the recent teeth-grinding and genuine distress over press episodes are a side issue to the work he's been doing and where he is now.

So: a few Ming vases get knocked over in the anarchist's straining to get out. Big deal.

Screw the compilation of by-now-truly-tiresome Famous Friends factoids, the lives and lost loves of, and mental case history of, R. Harper. We are a direct line to the grass roots, and the word is that Harper is doing things, he's mellowed out and being highly positive.

The thing to do, taking an upward direction, is to see what he's up to now.

OKAY, 18 MONTHS AGO Harper's tour with Trigger (the excellent, if temporary, teaming with Chris Spedding, Bill Bruford and Dave Cochran) concluded with Harper up to here in business and personal conflicts. He thought of turning solely to writing, occasionally performing solo to the regular army of cultist fans — then he split to the States for a long while, wrote, played some and came home.

What's made him take up with Andy Roberts, Dave Cochran, John Halsey, Henry McCullough and Dave Lawson and hit the trail again? For money, he can breed sheep.

"I came upon them in what I thought was the twilight of my career. I thought it's a shame that the only band I've ever had that I could call a band had to come to grief, and that it was worth one more chance back home.

"The devotion that Andy Roberts put in and the good vibes and advice that John Halsey put in were worth a try in England. And Dave Cochran is not that old, but he was always a hundred per cent — unlike most of the other musicians I've ever had playing on records and gigs who were literally 'here for the beer'."

Back on Albion's shores Dave Lawson and Henry McCullough also joined, completing the ensemble that played together on the whole of the new album and will appear next month as Harper and Chips.

"Henry has very good ideas. We needed a bona fide lead guitarist because my lead guitar is capable of raising the odd eyebrow on stage - like 'where's he gone to *now?*' Avant garde, you know.

"And there's a lot for Dave Lawson to do on synthesizer, he's going to make it sound a lot bigger.

"This time I really want to play the acoustic guitar. I'm a killer on the electric guitar. It just gets hold of me and I get carried away. You realise you're makin' noises that you're not makin'; what you're doing is influencing 'that out there' over the PA.

"Hendrix had that one down, how to influence the PA — how to win friends and influence the PA.

"I do tend to be like a bulldozer. I tend to get on a stage and, not having been a member of a group for very long, not take them into consideration sometimes.

"I'm attempting to melt in a bit more. I have sometimes taken more ground than I deserved or than was artistically necessary."

THAT'S BECAUSE he's always thought he had to get the lyrics across if it killed him.

In view of that, "Bull In A Ming Vase" is less pushy than the powerful "HQ". Considering this is the first album Harper's produced for himself, it has a surprisingly etheral quality.

While the lyrics are largely romantic and rich in imagery, the music is substantial but fun.

"It's not as electric as the last one, yet it's a bit more rock-and-roll because I'm getting more and more into the medium — not just the way songs are written but the general feel. I'm more like 1977 in 1977 than I sounded like 1970 in 1970."

"These Last Days" is the simple haunting - melody - shot - through - with - elegaic - lyrics at which Harper excels. The rhythm section ticks over almost imperceptibly under lavish harmonies and synthesizer and Harper's floating vocals.

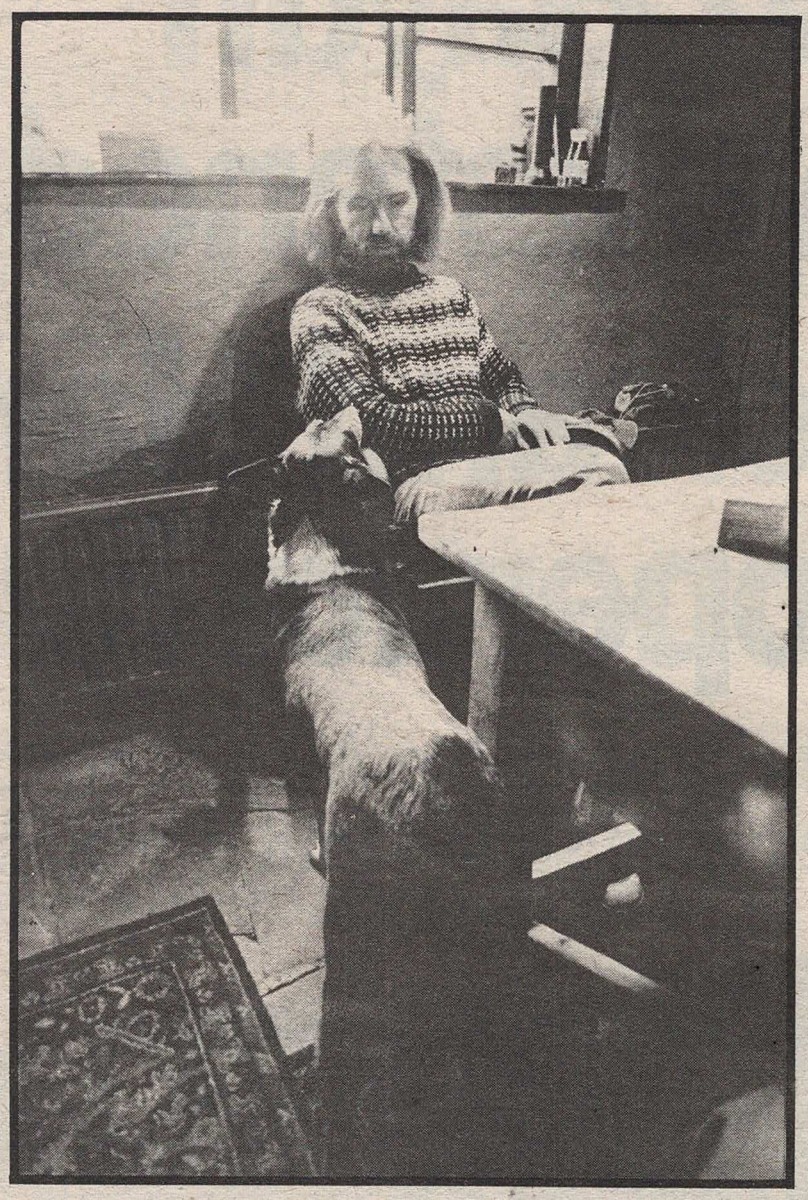
"Cherishing The Lonesome" sets out as a faintly psychedelic, romantic acoustic piece which sails in the break into an elegant but punchy McCullough solo prefacing a stinging vocal attack, the band coming up to full power before the re-entry into the acoustic treatment.

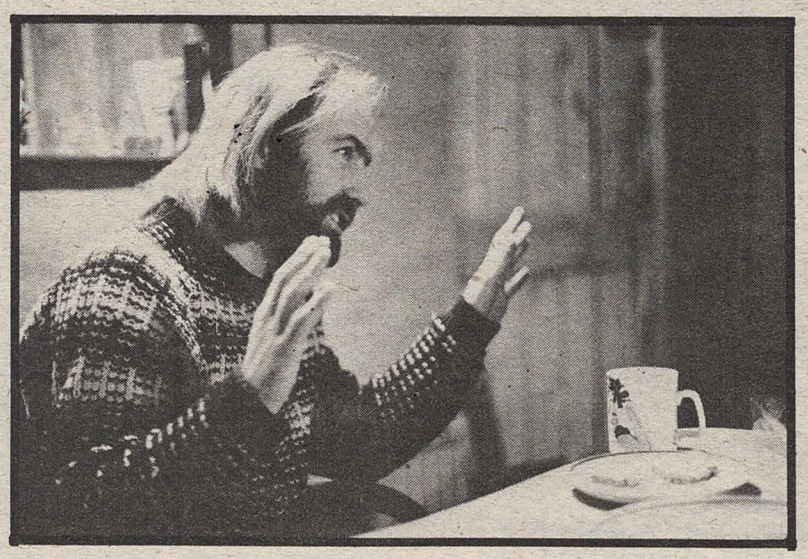
To be completely different, there's a loony bluegrass offering in "Watford Gap", the ultimate statement on Roadside Services amenities, with a Jew's Harp, maniacal drunken choruses and a stomping bass line fit to shoe a mule by.

The inclusion of "The Naked Flame", a song written a few years ago about a relationship that is long since over, but reached some bitter moments, rather surprised me.

"It stood the test of time as a poem, so it was worth putting on," says Harper.

It works well as a depiction of an all-too-common situation, saved from being an awful re-opening of wounds by the heady, almost ruthlessly bouyant delivery of lines such as *"I can't believe we just exist as figments of each other's past. Where is it at to get to this, when lawyers lurk where lovers kissed?"*





Pictures PENNIE SMITH

"I ONLY PUT things on that are general things, that everbody's different, but generally speaking we're all humans of the same race. We're all prone to the same emotions when something like that happens.

"That's why good songs appeal across the board to others. As many times I've had somebody come up to me and say 'I wish I'd written that song'. That's the one justification, really, that I've got for carrying on

"It's always nice to hear that because then you realise that you are actually doing a job for people, that you're not just wanking into the wind.

"The one neurosis I have, if I have any, is that I want to be useful. I suppose everybody's like that."

I don't know, I told him — me, I just want to be praised and loved.

He knows that one, but he's gotten over it for the most part.

"I'm totally, absolutely disturbed that 'HQ' didn't do better than it did. That's probably the most disturbing thing that's happened to me. After that, it didn't matter any more because I knew there was something basically wrong altogether — about either my approach or the approach all the promotion had had with me.

"It comes out looking like 'Harper craves success' and I think that's being too heavy on me. I'm not going to cry in a corner and chew my teddy bear. When you're making records that you think are as good as anything around, you want to know out of interest alone why they never do anything.

"I've gone over the top on the success thing. I've had as much success in music as I probably deserve. I think the art is no longer in art, it's in living.

"I am the one who writes the songs. I'm the one who writes the music and who sings on the record and produces the record too. So what more do I want?

"Now, somebody who gets his songs written for him, his clothes made for him and his record produced for him is likely to really love his gold records.

"When you do the whole number that is the achievement. It doesn't matter about anything else.

"If I had somebody more cynical than you here, he'd say I'm only saying that, I'd really love a gold record. It would be nice to have one.

"But I don't *need* one because I have a lot of good friends who do give me a pat on the back and say 'never mind, we know'. So I have got my just deserts, my reward for doing what I do. I don't wish to either seem greedy or *be* greedy."

"BULL IN A Ming Vase" is certainly mellower that "HQ", reflecting the mood of the man. While as he says, it's "just as wordy", the words are perhaps more up front and accessible.

"I think 'HQ' was a brilliant whole piece that went from the inaccessible, really overbearing 'The Spirit Lives' into 'The Game', which for me is one of the best pieces I've ever done and ended with 'Grown-Ups Are Just Silly Children' at the end of all the heavy statements.

"This is more kind of 'Take me or leave me. I'm over here if you want to say hello'.

"Maybe the time is right for me now. I've never felt is so much as I have in the last few weeks. This record has been a stepping stone from one medium to the next, labyrinthine as the others but more spontaneous."

The tour de force of the new album is "One Of Those Days In England", a "little astral projection" that unfolds aspects of England, past, present and future, from the sword in the pond of Albion's lore to the wireless living room, ration books, soccer, the dole queue and an upward glance into space.

The introduction is characteristically cheeky:

". . . I give the Queen my autograph,
she gives me the yen.
Just another day down on the dole queue.
But the government must love me
cause they keep me out of work,
Must be keeping me for something special.
Maybe it's the job of rolling spliffs for Captain Kirk,
Or giving Miss Lovelace a pubic hairdo."

THE BODY of the song cycle incorporates four parts. The first, repeated at the end, has been re-done in shorter, more concise form for a single, which also appears on Side One.

Beaty and reminiscent of "Abbey Road" in its ascending runs and soaring harmonies, it's "silly romantic" and joyful. Gee, you can even dance to it. I can *even* imagine it getting played on the *radio.*

Parts one to four run from dream-like historical glimpses to sober reflections on recent changes *("You and me brother . . . seeing ideals we were one time a part of rip us apart in our holiest places.")* to laments for times past (and *"the farthing in the change")* to a very "up" concluding look to the future.

Musically it's a delight, running from the mock blues intro through balladry to get-up-and-boogie. And Harper has coined some effective characters and expressions therein as a bridge between the eras and emotions in play, like *"the Time Lords of the Slowly Revolution".*

"I'm trying to get further into my own mind. Work's a great help towards that. I'm trying more and more to realise the majority of the things that I think all at once. It's very hard to explain it.

"I've just found in this last few months that I've gone a step deeper into myself than I thought was possible, so there are obviously a few more steps yet. I shall probably end up in old age being very wierd indeed.

"I don't think I'm capable of astral projection actually, but I'm trying, and 'One Of Those Days In England' is in that cause. It's situated in a lot of places all at once."

I wonder if an artist's appeal to others is enhanced when he becomes more in tune with himself? Could be, if what we're looking at is something or has something we'd like to cop hold of too.

Because, funnily enough, that's when it doesn't really matter so much any more.

"I'm getting somewhere, but it's hard to say where. My whole being is less of a splintered entity."

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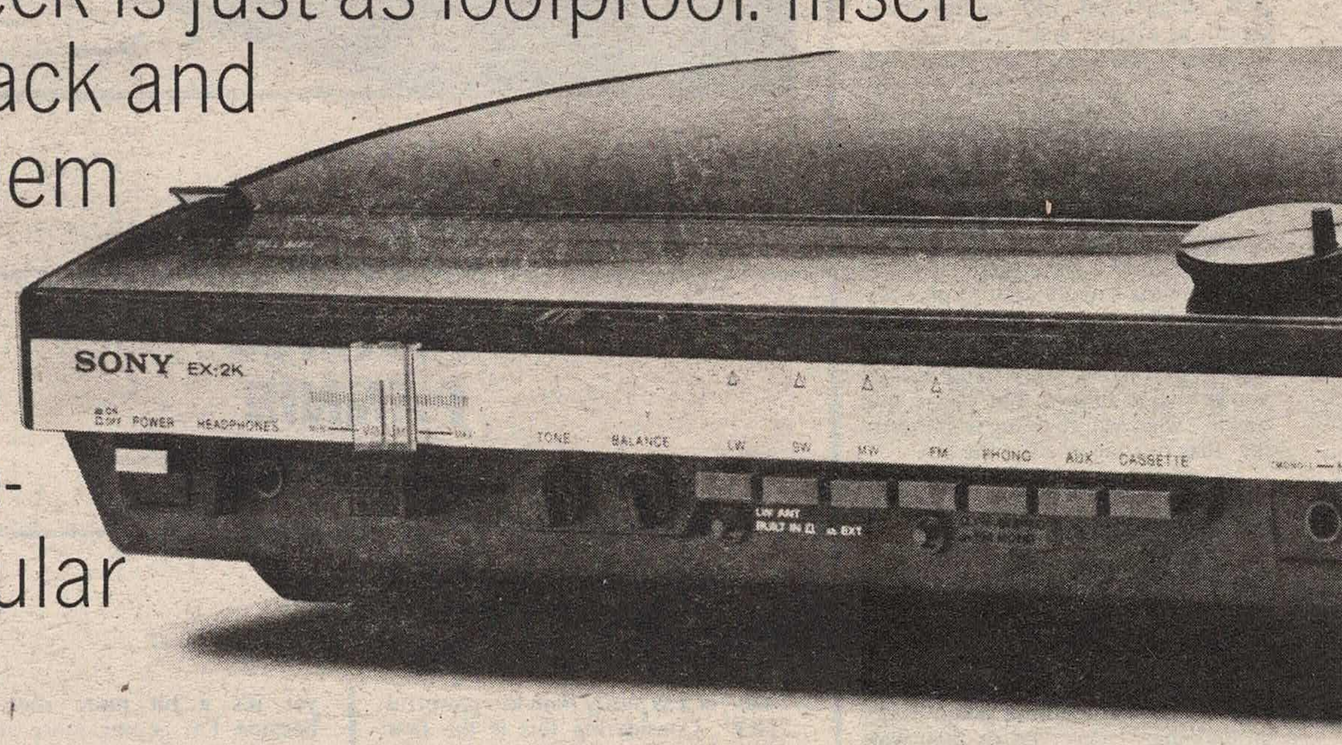

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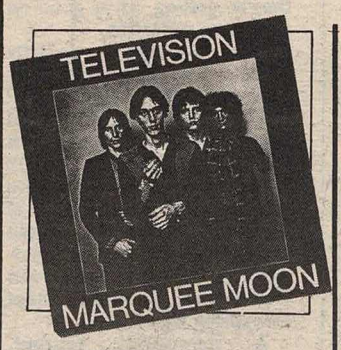

TELEVISION
Marquee Moon
(Elektra/Asylum)

CUT THE crap, junior, he sez and put the hyperbole on ice.

I concur thus.

Sometimes it takes but one record — one cocksure magical statement — to cold-cock all the crapola and all-purpose wheatchaff mix 'n' match, to set the whole schmear straight and get the current state of play down down down to stand or fall in one dignified granite-hard focus.

Such statements, are precious indeed.

"Marquee Moon", the first legitimate album release from Manhattan combo Television however is one: a 24-carat inspired and totally individualist creation which calls the shots on all the glib media pidgeon-holing that's taken place predating its appearance; a work that at once makes a laughing stock of those ignorant clowns who have filed the band's work under the cretinous banner of "Punk-rock" or "Velvet Underground offshoot freneticism" or even (closer to home, maybe, but still way off the bulls-eye) "teeth-grinding psychotic rock" (Sister Ray and assorted sonic in-laws).

First things first.

This, Television's first album, is a record most adamantly not fashioned merely for the N.Y. avant-garde rock cognoscenti. It is a record for everyone who boasts a taste for a new exciting music expertly executed, finely in tune, sublimely arranged with a whole new slant on dynamics, chord structures centred around a totally invigorating passionate application to the vision of centre-pin mastermind Tom Verlaine.

Two years have now elapsed since the first rave notices drifted over the hot-line from down in the Bowery. Photos, principally those snapped when the mighty Richard Hell was in the band, backed up the gobbledegook but the music — well, somehow no-one really got to grips with defining that side of things so that each report carried with it a thumbnail sketch of what the listener could divine from the maelstrom.

Influences were flung at the reader, most omni-touted being guitarist / mastermind Verlaine's supposed immense debt to one Louis Reed circa "White Heat / White Light" — which meant teeth-gnashing ostrich gee-tar glissando and whining hyena vocals. You get the picture.

Above all, one presumed Television to be the aural epitome of junk-sick boys straight off the E.S.T. funny farm — psychotic reactions / narcotic contractions.

Hell split the scene mid-75 taking his black widow spider physique and blue-print anthem for the Blank Generation, leaving ex-buddy-boy Tom Verlaine to call all dem shots, abetted by fellow guitarist and all purpose West Coast pin-up boy Richard Lloyd, a most unconventional new wave jazz-orientated drummer, name of Billy Ficca — plus Hell's replacement, the less visually imposing but more musically adept Fred Smith.

It's been a good two years now since Television got those first drooling raves — two long years which led one at times to believe that Verlaine's musical visions would never truly find solace encased within the glinting sheen of black vinyl.

The situation wasn't helped in the slightest by Island Records sending over Brian Eno and Richard Williams to invigilate over a premature session back in '75, the combination of the band's possible immaturity and Eno and Williams' understanding of what was needed to flesh out the songs recorded, resulting in the taping of four or five horrendously flat skeletal performances which gave absolutely no indication regarding the band's potential.

Following that snafu, Verlaine became, how you say, more than a little high-handed and downright eccentric in his dealings with other record companies and potential middle-man adversaries to the point where even those who quite desperately wished to sign him threw up their arms in despair of ever achieving such an end.

REPORTS filtering through the grapevine made Verlaine's behavious seem like that of a madman. Even when the ink had dried on the contract Joe Smith signed with the band for Elektra Records late last year, Verlaine was apparently still so overwhelmed with paranoia that he activated a policy of never properly enunciating the lyrics to unrecorded songs in performance for fear that plagiarists might steal his lyrics before they'd been set to wax.

The only number he dared to sing close to the microphone at this point was "Little Johnny Jewel", the one-off cult single of '76, a bizarre morsel of highly sinister nonsense verse shaped around a quite remarkably lop-sided riff/dynamic which set off visions (at least to this listener's ears) of an aural equivalent to the visuals used in the German impressionist cinema meisterwerk "Dr Caligari's Cabinet", spliced in half (the track took up both sides of a 45 — labelled Parts 1 and 2) by a guitar solo which bore a distinct resemblance to, well, yes, to Country Joe and The Fish. Their first album, you know. The guitar pitch was exactly the same as that utilized by Barry Melton — fluid, mercury-like.

That's the thing about Television you've first got to come to terms with. Forget all that "New York sound" stuff. For starters, this music is the total antithesis of the Ramones, say, and all those minimalist aggragates. To call it Punk Rock is rather like describing Dostoevsky as a short-story writer.

This music itself is remarkably sophisticated, unworthy of even being paralleled to that of the original Velvet Underground whose combined instrumental finesse was practically a joke compared to what Verlaine and co. are cooking up here.

Each song is tirelessly conceived and arranged for maximum impact — the point where decent parallels really need to be made with the best West Coast groups. Early Love spring to mind, The Byrds' cataclysmic "Eight Miles High" period, a soupcon even of the Doors' mondo predilitions plus the very cream of a whole plethora of those psychedelic-punk bands that only Lenny Kaye knows about.

Above all though the sound belongs most indubitably to Television, and the appearance of "Marquee Moon" at a time when rock is so hopelessly lost within the labyrith of its own basic inconsequentiality that actual *musical content* has come to take a firm back-seat to "attitude" and all that word is *supposed* to signify is to these ears little short of revolutionary.

MY OPENING gambit about the album providing a real focus for the current state of rock bears a relevance simply because here at last is a band whose vision is centred quite rigidly within their music — not, say, in some half-baked notion of political manifesto-mongery with that trusty, thoroughly reactionary three chord back-drop to keep the whole scam buoyant.

Verlaine's appearance is simply as exciting as any other major innovator's to the sphere of rock — like Hendrix, Barrett, Dylan — and yeah, Christ knows I'm tossing up some true-blue heavies here but Goddammit I refuse to repent right now because this record just damn excites me so much.

To the facts then — recorded in A & R Studios, New York, produced by Verlaine himself, with engineer Andy Johns keeping a watchful eye on the board and gaining co-production credits, the album lasts roughly three quarters of an hour and contains eight songs, most of which have been recorded in demo form at least twice (the Eno debacle to begin with, followed a year later by a reported superbly produced demo tape courtesy of the Blue Oyster Cult's Alan Lanier, which, at a guess, clinched the band's Elektra deal) and have been performed live innumerable times.

The wait was been worthwhile because the refining process instigated by those hesitant years has sculpted the songs into the masterpieces that are here present for all to peruse.

Side one makes no bones about making its presence felt, kicking off with the full-bodied thrust of "See No Evil". Guitars, bass and drums are strung together fitting tight as a glove clenched into a fist punching metal rivets of sound with the same manic abandon that typified the elegant ferocity of Love's early drive.

There is a real passion here — no half-baked metal cut and thrust — each beat reverberates to the base of the skull with Verlaine's voice — a unique ostrich—like pitch that *might* just start to grate on the senses (a la his ex-sweetheart one P. Smith) were it not so perfectly mixed into the grain of the rhythm. The chorus / climax is irresistible anyway — Verlaine crooning — "I understand destructive urges / They seem so imperfect . . . I see . . . I see no e-v-i-i-l-l."

The next song is truly something else. "(The arms of) Venus De Milo" is already a classic among those who've heard it even though it has only now been recorded. It's simply one of the most beautiful songs I've ever heard: the only other known work I can think of to parallel it with is Dylan's "Mr Tambourine Man" — yup, it's *that* exceptional.

Only with Television's twin guitar filigree weaving around the melody it sounds like some dream synthesis of Dylan himself backed by the Byrds' circa '65. It's really damn hard to convey just how gorgeous this song is — the performance, all these incredible touches like the call-and-response Lou Reed parody.

The song itself is like Dylan's "Tambourine," a vignette of a sort dealing with a dream-like quasi-hallucigenic state of ephiphany.

"You know it's all like some new kind of drug / My senses are not and my hands are like gloves! . . . Broadway looks so medieval like a flap from so many pages . . . As I fell sideways laughing with a friend from many stages."

"Friction" is probably the most readily accessible track from this album simply because, with its fairly anarchic, quasi-Velvets feel plus (all important) Verlaine's most pungent methredrine guitar fret-board slaughter, here it'll represent the kind of thing all those weaned on the hype and legend without hearing one note from Television will be expecting.

It's good, no more, no less — bearing distinct cross-breeding with the manic slant sited on "Johnny Jewel" without the latter's insidiousness. "Friction" is just that — throwaway lyrics — *"diction / friction" etc.* — those kind of thowaway rhymes, vicious instrumentation and a perfect climax which has Verlaine vengefrully spelling out the title "F-R-I-C-T-I-O-N" slashing his guitar for punctuation.

IT'S DOWN to the album's title track to provide the side's twin feat with "Venus De Milo". Conceived at a time when rock tracks lasting over ten minutes are somewhere sunk deep below the subterranean depths of contempt, "Marquee Moon" is as rivetting a piece of music as I've heard since the halcyon days of . . . oh, God knows too many years have elapsed.

Eveything about this piece is startling, from what can only be described as a kind of futuristic on-beat (i.e. reggae though you'd have to listen damn hard to catch it) built on Verlaine's steely rhythm chopping against Lloyd's intoxicating counterpoint.

Slowly a story unfurls — a typically surreal Verlaine ghost story — involving Cadillacs pulling up in graveyards and disembodied arms beckoning the singer to get in while *"lightning struck itself"* and various twilight loony rejects from "King Lear" (that last bit's my own fight of fancy, by the way) babbling crazy retorts to equally crazy questions.

The lyrics mean little, I would guess, by themselves, but as a scenario for the music here they become utterly compelling. The song's structure is practically unlike anything I've ever heard before. It transforms from a strident two chord construction to a breathtakingly beautiful chord progression which acts as a motif / climax for the narrative until the music takes over altogether.

The band build on some wierd Eastern modal scales not unlike those used in the extended improvised break of Fairport Convention's "A Sailor's Life" on "Unhalfbrick-

Continues over page

Television's Tom Verlaine

JUST WATCH THIS SCREEN

NICK KENT raves about a New Wave New York Boob Tube.

From over page

ing". The guitar solo — either Lloyd or Verlaine — even bears exactly the same tone as Richard Thompson's. The instrumentation reaches a dazzling frenzied peak before dispersing into tiny droplets of electricity and Verlaine concludes his ghostly narrative as the song ends with that majestic minor chord motif.

"Marquee Moon" is the perfect place to draw attention to the band's musical assets. Individually each player is superb — not in the stereotyped sense of one who has spent hour upon hour over the record player dutifully apeing solo, riffs, embellishments but in that of only a precious few units — Can is the only band that spring to mind here at the moment.

Each player has striven to create his own style. Verlaine's guitar solos take the feed-back sonic 'accidents' that Lou Reed fell upon in his most fruitful period and has fashioned a whole style utilizing also, if I'm not mistaken, the staggeringly innovative Jim McGuinn staccato free-form runs spotlit on the hideously underrated "Fifth Dimension" album (which no one, McGuinn included, has ever bothered to develop).

He takes these potentially cataclysmic ideas and rigorously shapes them into a potential total redefinition of the *electric guitar.* As far as I'm concerned, as of this moment, Verlaine is probably the most exciting electric lead guitar player barring only Neil Young

As it is, Verlaine's solo constructions are always unconventional, forever delving into new areas, never satisfied with referring back to formulas. Patti Smith once told me, by the way, that Verlaine religiously spends 12 hours a day practising his guitar playing in his room to Pablo Casals records.

Richard Lloyd is the perfect foil for Verlaine. Another fine musician, his more fluid conventional pitching and manic rhythm work is the perfect complimentary force and his contribution demands to be recognised for the power it possesses.

Bassist Smith is always in there holding down the undertow of the music. He emerges only when his presence is required — yet again, a superb player but next to Verlaine, it's drummer Billy Ficca, visually the least impressive of all members standing aside the likes of cherub-faced Lloyd and super-aesthetic Verlaine, who truly astonishes.

Basically a jazz drummer, Ficca's adoption of Television's majestic musical mutations as flesh-to-be-pulsed-out makes his pyrotechnics quite unique. Delicate but firm, he seems to be using every portion of his kit most of the time without ever being overbearing. As one who knows little or nothing about drumming, I can only express a quiet awe at the inventiveness behind his technique.

Individual accolades apart, the band's main clout lays in their ability to function as one and perhaps the best demonstration of this can be found in "Elevation", side two's opening gambit and, with "Venus", probably this record's most immediately suitable choice for a single.

Layer upon layer of gentle boulevard guitar makes itself manifest until Lloyd holds the finger-picked melody together and Verlaine sings in that by now well accustomed hyena croon.

The song again is beautiful, proudly contagious with a chorus that lodges itself in your subconscious like a bullet in the skull — *"Elevation come go to my head"* repeated thrice until on the third line a latent ghost — like voice transmutes "Elevation" into "Television". Guitars cascade in and out of the mix so perfectly.

"Guiding Light" is reflective, stridently poetic — a hymn for aesthetes — which, complete with piano, reminds me slightly of Procol Harum *in excelsis.*

"Prove It", the following track, is another potential single. Verlaine as an asthmatic ostrich-voice Sam Spade — *"This case . . . this case I've been working on so long".* And of course that chorus which I still can't hesitate quoting — *"Prove it / Just the facts / Confidential".*

From Chandler, Television move to Hitchcock — at least for the title of the last song on this album. "Torn Curtain" is one of Verlaine's most recent creations — a most melancholy composition again reminiscent in part of a Procol Harum song although the timbre of Verlaine's voice is the very antithesis of Gary Booker's world weary tones.

A song of grievous circumstances (as with so many of Verlaine's lyrics), the facts — cause and effect — remain enigmatically sheltered from the listener. The structure is indeed strange, like some Bavarian funeral march — with Verlaine's vocals at their most yearning. The song is compelling though I couldn't think of a single number written in the rock idiom I could possibly compare it to.

SO THAT'S it. "Marquee Moon", released mid-February in America and probably the beginning of March here. I think it's a work of genius and had Charlie Murray not done that whole number about "first albums this good being pretty damn hard to come across" with Patti Smith's "Horses" last year then I would have pulled the same stunt for this one.

Suffice to say — oh listen, it's released on Elektra, right, and it reminded me, just how great that label used to be. I mean, this is Elektra's best record since . . . "Strange Day". And *(apres moi, le deluge, kiddo)* I reckon Tom Verlaine's probably the single most important rock singer / songwriter / guitarist of his kind since Syd Barrett, which is my credibility probably blown for the rest of the year. But still . . .

If this review needs to state anything in big bold, black type it's simply this. "Marquee Moon" is an album for *everyone* whatever their musical creeds and/or quirks. Don't let any other critic put you off with jive turkey terms like 'avant-garde' or 'New York psycho-rock'.

This music is passionate, full-blooded, dazzlingly well-crafted, brilliantly conceived and totally accessible to anyone who (like myself) has been yearning for a band with the vision to break on through into new dimensions of sonic overdrive and the sheer ability to back it up.

Listening to this album reminds me of the ecstatic passion I received when I first heard "Eight Miles High" and "Happenings Ten Years Ago" — before terms like progressive / art rock became synonymous with baulking pretentions and clumsy, crude syntheses of opposite forms.

In a year's time, when all the current three-chord golden boys have fallen from grace right into the pit to become a parody of *"Private Eye's"* apeing of moron rock bands — Spiggy Topes and The Turds Live at the Roxy — Tom Verlaine and Television will be out there hanging fire, cruising meteorite-like with their fretboards pointed directly at the music of the spheres.

Prove it? They've already done it right here with this their first album. All you've got to do is listen and levitate along with it.

Nick Kent

NIK COHN in *"Awopbopaloobop"* described "The Doors" as "dire". In the same pages he portrays P. J. Proby as "magnificent", so you can tell where his head was at.

As chroniclers of the perplexed Human Empire in decline, The Doors say more than some Texan with a ponytail. As rock and rollers they're better to dance to. As heroes they won't let you down.

Jim Morrison especially won't let you down. One of nature's aristocrats, physically perfect and essentially malevolent, he dominates the first album's sinisterly simple sleeve. John Densmore and Robby Krieger and Ray Manzarek were never more hollow-eyed and unappetizing, but Morrison is already the dream of which delusions are made.

"I'm interested in anything about revolt, chaos, disorder, especially activity that has no meaning. It seems to me to be the road to freedom".

So said Jim, conscious of the Kleig lights monitoring his every move, to the choreography of Paul A. Rothchild carving out anew the cliched niche of Celine in blue jeans that Kerouac and Dean sculpted before him.

Listening to Jim Morrison, always the showman supreme; was already akin to gazing into the eyes of the one you love, only to comprehend that the reason they're returning your besotted stare is because they're getting off so good on their own reflection.

The Doors initially barnstormed the consciousness of a generation with the first legally recorded statement of the philosophy. "Break On Through (To The Other Side)" Morrison tore down barricades with a voice like curtains of thunder, Manzarek's organ stamped everything as indelibly as blood and John Densmore's drumming kept everything tight.

A deceptively reticent, catchy, shifting acid samba of satcheting riffs building up to a ripple of icy crescendos —"*Everybody loves my baby!***"— it was tinged with hints of hidden shallows yet to come.**

Helter-skelter treasure-trove pleasure-seekers in the process of being driven ecstatically insane by the flowers of their own psyche, The Doors were still essentially romantic —"*I found an island in you arms, country in your eyes***"— even in the bone-crunching throes of transcendental alienation.**

The port after the storm, "Soul Kitchen", was an uptight cool excercise in spiralling incendiary persistence. The time-bomb scenario was Sunset Strip capsizing into a moonlit nightmare, the streets seen as wise-guy minefields ready to self-destruct at the merest hostile nuance.

"The cars crawl past all stuffed with eyes ... still one place to go" **Pictures seen through the wreaths of gold-**

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The Doors' Debut — After Such Knowledge What Forgiveness?

filter black Russian cigarette smoke of Morrison the kerb-crawling snake-charmer at half-throttle, backed by the numb neon drum beat of Densmore.

The glacial passion of "The Crystal Ship" saw Morrison as the voyageur exploring the hollowness of the only possible escape route, Manzarek's organ as sedate for the Wedding March yet with added harem sensuality. Morrison was Sinatra beneath a white Etruscan balcony *"Oh tell me where your freedom lies, the streets are fields that never die. Deliver me from reasons why you'd rather cry --- I'd rather fly"* Everyone's epitaph of too many girls, too many thrills, too many journeys on the crystal ship to no man's land, in which day becomes night and night becomes an alibi.

"The days are bright, and filled with pain ..." Morrison said in eight words what Rimbaud failed to say in all the Alexandrine glory of "The Drunken Boat".

"20th Century Fox" was s shrewed, not untender underview of a lean, lame American minx to the taunts of timeless, tireless guitars like nerves plucked with a plectrum.

"She's a 20th Century Fox — got the world locked up inside a plastic box"— Miss Modern America in all her head-tossing, butt-switching, tail-chasing, dust-raising mortality.

Weill-Brecht's "Alabama Song (Whiskey Bar)", which started life as a satire of sinful Western society, a high-kicking rouged and corsetted burlesque line reminiscent of Christoper Isherwood's Berlin, became on Morrison's lips a hymn of hedonism — or maybe we're the suckers and Jim knew more than everyone reckoned.

To the ambience of a fair-ground ferris wheel and a deceptively harmless honky tonk organ, Morrison rang every last histrionic nuance from the nursery rhyme chimes hiding the hell-for-leather psychological addiction of girls and whiskey or an unearthly mutation of the two. The Doors examined humanity's touching faith in anaesthetic as the only means of existence. *"O show me the way to the next little girl, O don't ask why, for if we don't find the next little girl, I tell you we must die"* Morrison as ringmaster with top hat and whip, the comforts of capitalism writhing under the lash of his tongue.

"Light My Fire" was the killer that seduced an American generation into a million apocalyptic orgasms. Sexy black leather animal Jim, acceptable as long as he used metaphors and didn't flash anything. *"The time to hesitate is through, no time to wallow in the mire ..."* Morrison's innocently cajoling vocals made you an offer you couldn't refuse while hoding a gun to your head. It worked, and young America was sold.

"Light My Fire" became *the* Number One of July '67, edited for public consumption, and later bastardised countless times by grossly imcompetent cabaret singers.

Morrison and Manzarek duel relentlessly for the laurels of Cool and exploding comet ricochet chords echo the self-destructive quality of The Doors themselves.

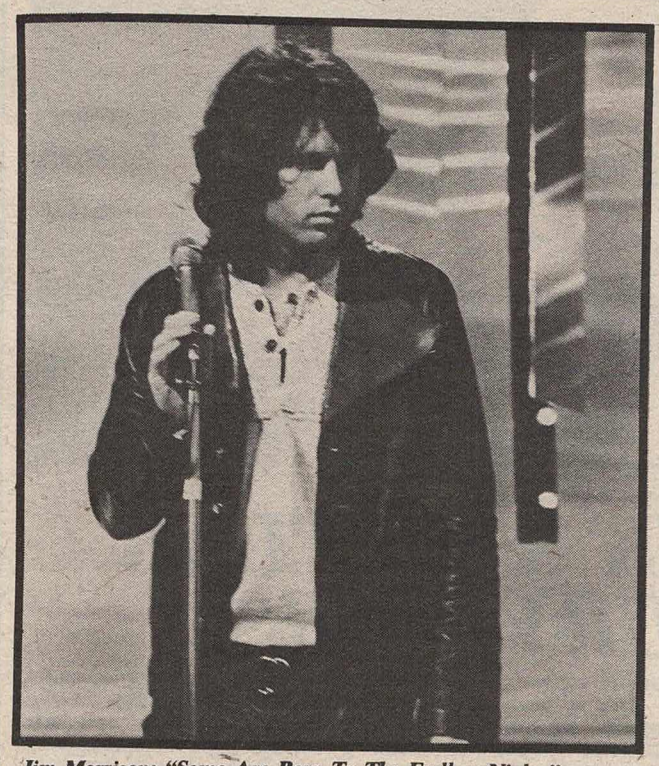
Love me or I'll kill myself? Love me *and* I'll kill myself. Death and love go hand in glove. Jim gave you the long instrumental improvisation in which to make your decision, running the gauntlet of guitars, organs and drums to the eventual relief of his voice waiting on the other side — confirmation in 6.50 minutes of suicide pact rendezvous extravaganza that sex and death were the only things life ever had to offer.

No time to wallow in the mire as America the Beautiful came to rest on a funeral pyre.

Side two opened with Willie Dixon's "Back Door Man", Morrison becoming the evil nigger feared by white men and yearned for against their better judgement by white women.

"The men don't know, but the little girls understand" The Doors sound totally unlike themselves, dragging their feet through hot swamps, tasting the sawdust on bar-room floors, Morrison wailing like a voodoo werewolf. *"You men eat your dinner, eat your pork and beans ... I eat more chicken any man ever seen ..."*— They were right to fear him.

"I Looked At You" could have been taken as 2.18 minutes of cryptic trivia, were it not that The Doors cryptic trivia ran rings around



Jim Morrison: "Some Are Born To The Endless Night."

everyone else's profound meisterwerks. Even in such a flirtatious mood the apocalypse snaps at their heels. *"And we're on our way, no we can't turn back ... 'cos it's too late, too late. to late to turn back"*— The galloping bass on the one-way dirt track to suicidal adoration sounds like a wing-heeled freight train flying down to Hades.

Morrison was innocent and vain, casual as assassination, and the melody whirled like a carousel, false stops like cold logic. You didn't give Morrison you fraternity pin, you sold him your soul. All or nothing.

Morrison was the dream date, the dry ice silent drive along the freeway to park at the end of the dark in "End Of The Night". The guitars like vibrato stalagmites conjured up visions of damned and transitory bliss, of hot desperate trysts up countless flights of cold metal Tennessee Williams tenement stairs.

"Some are born to sweet delight ... Some are born to the endless night ...", No one born to sweet delight could ever really dig The Doors. Morrison knew where the kids who loved him were at. They loved him as voyeurs, because he took their thrills and spills for them while they sat safely in their rooms or auditoriums. After such knowledge, what forgiveness?

Sleaze's answer tp "Turn, Turn, Turn", Morrison seemed to be subscribing to T. S. Eliot's theory that there was "time to murder and create" in "Take It As It Comes".

"Take it easy, baby!" warned Jim, smiling sadly for a law he could not obey, the barely restrained anticipation in his voice and his wildly sybaritic persona at odds with his all-things-in -moderation lyrics. Nevertheless it worked, probably struck a chord in the frenetic psychedelic quagmire of 1967.

"Go real slow, you like it more and more, take it as it comes, specialize in having fun!"

"The Doors" closed with "The End", ostensibly the piece-de-resistance which got them fired from the Los Angeles Whiskey A GoGo club. Morrison was now an angel-faced leather Oedipus in a Roman wilderness of pain, with a voice as desolate as the twilight ruins of the Parthenon reflecting the half-hearted melancholy anarchy of the insane children of the Love Generation, everything torn down and nothing at hand to replace it with; *"This is The End, beautiful friend, This is The End, my only friend, The End."*

Maybe a serenade to Nico," "The End" was redolent of "Venus In Furs" in its serenity through chaos, signified by a sob like pain yet more tortuous. Morrison's screams cut the night like the razor-edge between pain and pleasure in a journey to the wrong side of the tracks and a subterranean danger zone, chilled delirium and dicks on Route 66.

"It hurts to set you free, but you'll never follow me ..."

"The Doors" is widely thought to be The Doors definitive album. In many ways it's also the definitive album of the era which still malingers on. Jim Morrison, the rebel in the pauper's grave with no cross or headstone or cold marble angels, epitomized the nervous malaise of America.

"The Doors" was so sublime that down was the only unconquered territory.

It hurts, and you can dance to it.

Julie Burchill

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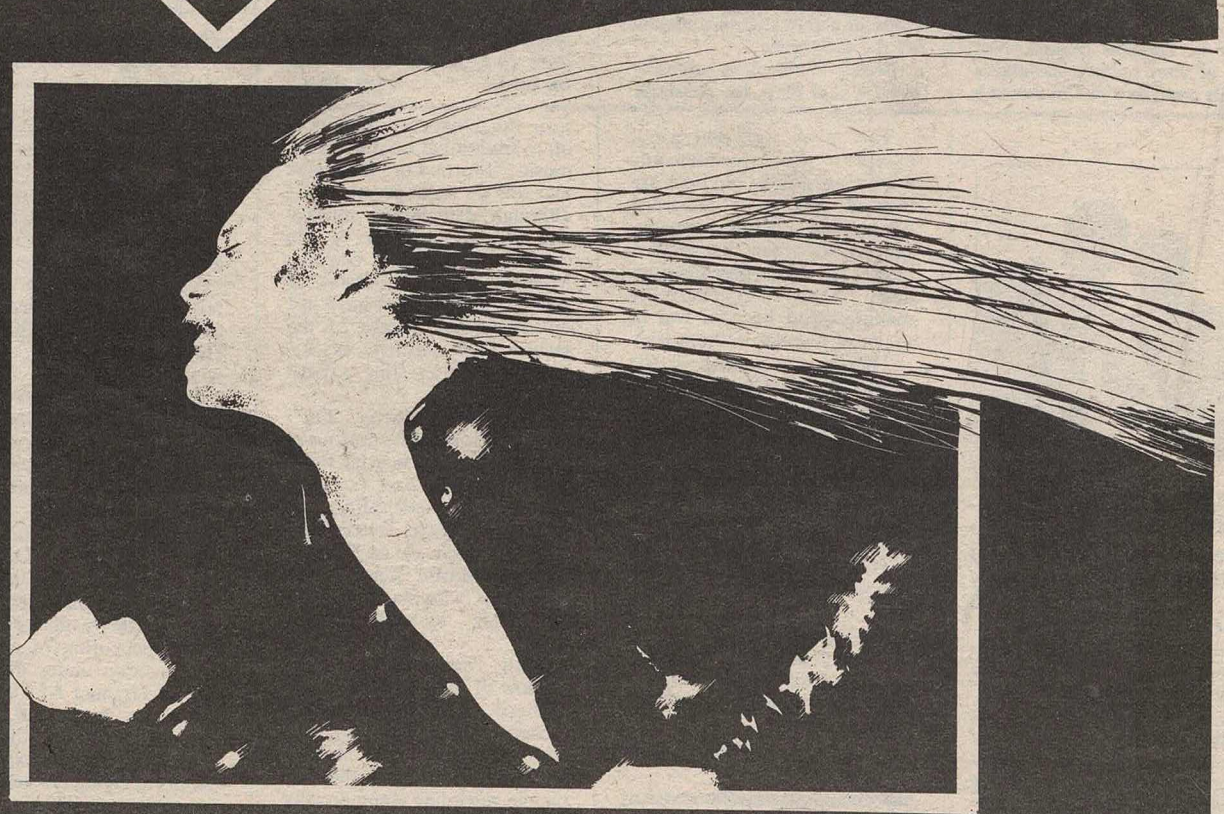

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Bobby Womack: They expect me to sing and read?

WOMACK & BUTLER SOUL SURVIVORS

BOBBY WOMACK:
Home Is Where The Heart Is (CBS)
JERRY BUTLER:
Suite For The Single Girl (Motown)

BOTH THESE men are soul veterans who have survived about 20 years in the dodgiest business in Christendom, beginning in gospel-styled R&B groups and emerging through their writing and vocal skill as solo stars.

They are members of that rare breed who not only entertain the public but give pleasure to their peers; singers' singers who are coincidentally recognised as all-round nice guys.

Finally, throughout all the twists and turns of their respective careers they've retained their integrity and individuality — no mean feat, particularly in these dreary days of anonymous disco slaves.

Both men are basically romantics, but there's more to it than that.

Womack generally sounds like he's hot to trot, though he also frequently sounds zonked. Probably a bit of a stud on the quiet he gets impassioned in the emotional heat of the moment and likes to wrap his throaty notes around a vibrant scream now and again. He's given to ignoring the established rules of the record biz by introducing or interrupting his songs with stumbling monologues. For all of his blatant ostentation (his own Rolls Royce pictured on an album sleeve for instance) he's still a street brother at heart.

Butler is more refined, carries himself with the air of a real gent. Not for nothing was he nicknamed The Ice Man. But don't take that to mean he's frigid. On the contrary, he's real sensual — just cool with it. Upfront though. Not one of your pseudo-smoothies is this man, he's pukka through and through.

This is his second album under his contract with Motown and has been totally supervised by Butler to create a much more satisfactory whole.

It's that dubious animal, a concept album, but don't let that put you off. Within the overall picture of the Modern Miss (who's the subject), lie a pleasing and cohesive variety of moods, each deftly handled by Butler who is singing better than ever.

The opening title track is a smokey ballad that introduces the girl and describes her situation, a narrative if you like, as is the disco-styled "Ms. Fine", which contrasts the reality of her life with what she'd like to be doing.

"I Wanna Do It To You" and "What A Pleasant Surprise" are respectively another ballad and a subtle reggae sound sung directly to the girl as though by a couple of lovers, and when she's been shucked off again, it's a big brother figure who sympathetically advises: "Chalk It Up To Experience".

On side two, the girl's fantasies of stardom as a singer and actress are dreamily explored and destroyed in "Music In Her Dreams" and "Only Pretty Girls Are In The Movies" (far too syrupy these) before the final two tracks introduce an optimistic note, telling her to get away from the daily grind and start believing in herself.

Yes, it *is* straight out of *Woman's Own* and if it hadn't been performed by Jerry Butler, I wouldn't give it house-room. However, he's sounding so good that he remains one of the few easy listening singers who's truly easy to enjoy. It's that elusive element called soul that makes all the difference.

Bobby Womack is undoubtedly a soul man, for although he too occasionally interprets MOR material (like "We've Only Just Begun" on this album) his undisciplined technique, or lack of technique, always makes him sound like he's expressing his own emotions.

For this, his first on CBS, he's returned to Muscle Shoals Sound Studios — source of most of his finest recordings — and produced what is arguably his most consistent album to date.

It's all delivered with that husky intimacy which makes the listener feel a part of the session, like you're tucked somewhere in the corner of the studio watching a bunch of friends celebrate their musical and spiritual empathy with spontaneous accord. At least, that's my fantasy.

On the rugged side, "Standing In The Safety Zone" (the unused title track of a previous, UA, album) employs The Ohio Players' "Skin Tight" bass pattern and Mac Rice's "I Could Never Be Satisfied" is driven by a similar riff to Johnnie Taylor's "Who's Making Love" and "I Could Never Be President". But even if derivative they're still great.

Phillip Mitchell — an underpublicised talent who's composed a lot for amongst others Millie Jackson — contributes the title track and "Something For My Head". These are both better than average songs which, with "How Long", are arranged to approximate disco rhythms while retaining the overall feel of Womack's familiar brand of southern rock 'n' soul.

In gentler mood, Womack once again remembers the late Sam Cooke with a poignant version of "A Change Is Gonna Come."

If you were disheartened by the man's last couple of UA releases, now is the time to perk up again. He's right back on form.

Cliff White

CHET ATKINS AND LES PAUL
Chester And Lester (RCA)

WELL NOW, this isn't exactly the kind of record that you hear every day of the week.

Just imagine these two gentlemanly, polite, good old boys sitting out on the front porch, The heat of the day is just mellowing down to the cool of the evening, and they've taken their axes out and are getting down to some relaxed cracker-barrel picking.

It may not make you want to jump up and beat your feet, but it's a pleasant enough kind of thing to hear drifting across the still, heavy air.

This is all well and good, except the gentlemanly middle-aged good old boys are two of the great historical figures of guitar playing. Indeed so great that guitars made to their specifications and then commercially manufactured became two of the most popular in the world.

They're not sitting in the front porch either. They're actually in Nashville's most sophisticated recording studio, and every note, fluff, joke, comment, cough and good-natured verbal exchange is being preserved with a production of crystalline clarity.

The approach is as laid back as you can get without nodding off.

I suppose the record is a slice of history but, like I said, it's not a record you hear every day of the week or, I'm afraid, really want to.

Mick Farren

SON OF MORRIS ON ASHLEY HUTCHINGS & FRIENDS
(Harvest Heritage)

Almost alone, Ashley Hutchings has been trying to turn contemporary audiences on to traditional English dance music. "Morris On" five years ago was the most popular, and although Hutchings' musical and verbal histories of the dance — "Compleat Dancing Master" and "Rattlebone & Ploughjack" — must have lost out on sales because of the inclusion of narrative tracks, they were interesting experiments.

"Son Of Morris On", although not as adventurous as its predecessors, is a far more straightforward and commercial album, celebrating the undeniably catchy dance tunes with a bunch of ex-Fairport players, Martin Carthy and Hutchings' wife Shirley Collins wassailling for all they're worth.

With Fairport a mere shadow of their former selves, Richard Thompson a Muslim recluse and Steeleye an out and out rock band, Ashley Hutchings is one of the few people recording commercially today trying to interest people in traditional music.

"Son Of Morris On" is a testament that he is willing to stand firm by his decision to play indigenous English dance tunes, directed as much at a rock as folk audience.

The electricity throughout the album is muted with only Hutchings' bass and Simon Nicol's guitar high-lighting the natural rhythms of the songs, as opposed to the overkill approach frequently adopted.

The songs on this new album have been lovingly collected over the years, and what they lack in freeform atonal playing or innovatory time changes, they make up for with a naive charm and undeniable rural simplicity.

The highest praise I can give "Son Of Morris On" is that whenever I play it, I can imagine myself watching a troupe of Wiltshire Morris Men outside a Wadworth's pub, a glass of 6X in hand, dancing their clogs off all on a summer evening, and I can't say that about Bowie's "Low".

Patrick Humphries

LEON REDBONE
Double Time
(Warner Bros.)

THIS RECORD is the work of a devout traditionalist and walking, talking, yodelling anachronism. Leon Redbone is less concerned with cooking old time ingredients in a contemporary stew than with presenting the raw matter as it was before the internal combustion engine.

He's already carved himself a comfortable niche across the water by purveying a brand of singing and playing considered to be dying out with its origianl practitioners. It's easy to see why.

It's an intoxicating dream and should you take "Double Time" to your heart you're running the risk of developing disconcerting habits like cakewalking from room to room and drawing on long cigars while bemoaning the outrageous price of snuff.

The skeletal facts. Bob Dylan reckons that if he owned a record company, Redbone would be his first signing. Nobody knows where he comes from or who he really is. His age has been estimated at somewhere between 20 and 60 and he encourages mystique, covering his visage with sunglasses and exotic headgear. His idolatry of the late Jimmie Rodgers has been carried through to the extent of dressing up in full Singing Brakeman garb for the sleeve of "On The Track", his first album. Not a lot, is it?

The songs that he chooses to exercise his ridiculously dark brown croon on are nothing but purest corn; hokey sing-along, New Orleans second line steppers, hearts-on-sleeves Broadway romances and Delta Blues laments.

The lack of aggression is disarming in itself. He even cut "Polly Wolly Doodle" on his last and follows it undeterred this time with "Shine On Harvest Moon". He pulls it off near perfectly and "Double Time" is one of those records for which the word charm was invented.

At its best his laconic delivery exudes Deep South atmosphere, assuredly tripping through things like Blind Blake's "Diddy Wa Didde" or the traditional "Mr Jelly Roll Baker". His innate respect for swing perfectly offsets the delicate syncopation of a superb horn section under the direction of jazzman Al Cohn.

Not that an artist of his kind can resist playing the occasional game at the expense of his work, laying on the lugubrious scat too thick at times, notably on a stupid zip through "Sheik of Araby"; he caricatures himself into the ground. It's a tighter and more satisfactory set than the first.

David Hepworth

GONG
Gazeuse! (Virgin)
ALLAN HOLDSWORTH
Velvet Darkness (CTI) (import)

THE PRESENT Gong lineup includes only three of the members of the line up on the last album "Shamal". They are Didier Malherbe, Mireille Bauer and Pierre Moerlen.

The strength of Shamal" came in part from the space created by producer Nick Mason and from the restricted use of guitars. Gong always seem to get swamped by guitars and this new album is a case in point.

Allan Holdsworth dominates, except when they are playing charted material, and inadvertently turns the rest of Gong into backing musicians. This happens during Pierre Moerlen's opening track "Expresso" but is really apparent on the Holdsworth number "Night Illusion".

He is a fine guitarist with a very characteristic sound: wandering progressions which abruptly change direction — notes which are sometimes sustained for seconds and lines which frequently end in a dizzy cascade.

This track can't help sounding similar to Soft Machine who Holdsworth was once with, playing on their "Bundles" album for which he wrote a couple of numbers. With Gong his numbers sound too cerebral. I'm not asking for a return of the flying T-pots, anything but that, but a tongue-in-cheek humour and lightness of touch which I associate with their music.

"Perculations" Parts 1 and 2 seemed to me to be the most satisfactory tracks because here Gong's subtle combination of rhythmic and melodic elements using percussion are presented at their best. Mireille plays marimba and with Beniot and Pierre Moerlen on vibra; they make an extraordinary rhythmic repeating fabric from a haunting endless melody which underpins Pierre's drum solos.

Side two begins with "Shadows Of", another eight minutes of extended Holdsworth soloing but with breaks now and then to let Mireille play some vibes. Didier's flute is too mixed down to be be fully appreciated.

"Eshuria" is a friendly exercise in building up a time structure then playing round , in and out of it and includes some fine bass playing from Francis Moze with Mireille playing beautiful marimba — who knows, the Baha Marimba Band might break in Europe' yet . . . Moze also authored "Mireille" on which he plays some moody piano.

Despite the psychedelic sleeve and free poster, the album represents a shift into a more cerebral realm — closer to jazz rock that I'd like to see them go, caused in part by lack of vocals. This is an already crowded field and I doubt if they would find much grazing space if they opt for it.

It's a pleasant album and gets better the more you play it but after the magnificent "Shamal" I can't help feeling a tinge of disappointment.

I'm not laying the blame on Allan Holdsworth — much of his playing is brilliant and very enjoyable. If they were all that strong there would be no problem.

Allan's solo album, on the other hand, does present problems. Its title track, "Velvet Darkness" is "Night Illusion"on the Gong album under another name (or maybe vice versa), except that here it is some how pompous.

The album has serious flaws, the main one being that Holdsworth is just not ready for a solo album.

He hasn't enough good material to last out the time. The album is padded with inconsequential acoustic numbers which, though mildly pleasant, just go to prove that Holdsworth is not Julian Bream, Paco de Lucia or Ry Cooder.

Miles

FROM THE WOOD TO THE WORLD.

February

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3rd
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Odeon
Birmingham

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Leftover
LEO KOTTKE
Leo Kottke
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KATE AND ANNA McGARRIGLE
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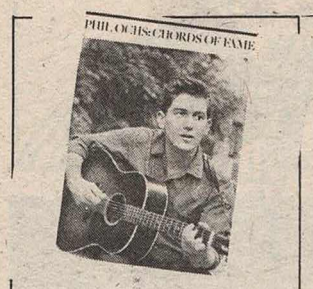


PHIL OCHS
Chords Of Fame (A & M)

SINCE I knew Phil there is no way in which I can review this album objectively. In fact the damn thing brought tears to my eyes the first time I played it.

If you didn't buy Phil's albums when he was alive, then it won't do him much good for you to buy one now — you might do yourself some good though because much of what Phil said is still valid and true.

I recall once sitting outside with Phil, looking out over the necklace strands of lights of Hollywood and the distant Santa Monica Freeway. The air was clear and warm and still.

"How can those people *feel* what its like to be napalmed? How can we get them to understand what America's really doing in Vietnam?". The balmy air of Hollywood in no way detracted from his central understanding of today's reality.

Michael Ochs, Phil's brother, has made a superb compilation. It is not only the story of a man, but also of a movement and even a country. Elektra have made all their recordings available, and so it is an accurate history.

It begins with his early Greenwich Village 'protest' songs, written from the cafe environment and a friendship circle which included Dylan, Dave Van Ronk, Judy Collins and the other folk 'revivalists'.

Ochs' songs reflect his social concerns, at first with miners and civil rights and then, as the war grew, he concentrated more and more on anti-war work. The 'anthem' of the movement "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" is included here, very appropriately in a live version.

In the end the horrors of living in NYC finally got to him and he moved to California where his brother was already resident. He described his reasons for moving in "Tape From California". Many of his songs were like this — open letters to friends and strangers explaining his actions and thoughts.

California caused a change in his musical direction. His music always had a purpose — of informing people — but the direct statements of fact which characterize his early journalistic folk material gave way to a more introspective approach, dealing with personal matters as well as political.

He never lost his wry humour though — it runs like a thread through all four sides of this album from "Draft Dodger Rag" and "Love Me I'm A Liberal" to the very last recording he made: "Here's To The State Of Richard Nixon."

What happened in California was that he fell under the influence of such crazed producers as Andy Wickham and Van Dyke Parks. He recorded songs such as his James Dean record "Jim Dean Of Indiana" and the lovely "Flower Lady".

His attempt to reach people through the mass media superstructure of the record bizz resulted in him wearing a gold lame Elvis Presley suit.

It was the height of the Los Angeles country sound and so Phil sang C & W like all the others. He was never really happy with the big arrangements though — quintessential Ochs needed to be performed live, with no barriers between him and the audience.

Phil probably played more benefit gigs than paying ones. If there was an anti-war rally in Washington, Phil would be there on the great lawn in front of the White House. A benefit for Tim Leary? Phil was right there, up on stage with Allen Ginsberg and the Yippies. Wounded Knee, the Kentucky Miners.

His clear, high, slightly wavering voice, was instantly recognisable. It was a little too melodic maybe for his protest songs where people expected something more like the rough, tuneless drawl affected by the early Dylan. When he did 'go commercial' he was already tagged as a folk singer.

Many of these songs are beautiful, some are lasting, one at least has entered public consciousness as a folk song. I have heard "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" sung at demonstrations of thousands of people.

And Phil? Just as eminent Victorians always had their presence on this planet recorded in two fat volumes of biography, so Phil, in the modern age, leaves behind his double album — a lifetime's work.

Miles

JANIS IAN
Miracle Row
(Columbia Import)

POOR JANIS Ian. Not only did she have feet like fiddle cases, and a complexion that made the Rocky Mountains look like chiffon velvet, she was also blessed with the ignonimous handle of Fink, which, needless to say, she swopped for Ian at the first available opportunity.

See Janis now! *Carrie* has nothing on this babe. From weedy wallflower weirdo to Belle of the White Liberal's Ball, Janis perches enticingly on a wall, her glistening blue eye shadow echoing the bright blue sky which serves as her backdrop, a jaunty cap sitting perkily on her bubbling black curls, Janis's immaculately maquillaged visage presents a picture of hope for all you ugly little adolescents biting your nails (and your pillows) out there!

The dilemma of the ugly duckling was best explored in the three-minute "At Seventeen", which came from Janis Ian's last - but - one album "Between The Lines". Though hers can hardly have been a typically miserable puberty (first album in the charts when she was sixteen, Murray the K filling the FM airways with tracks nightly), she captured the essence of teenage anguish more succinctly than any solo Americano wimpo since Paul Anka.

Unfortunately, having escaped unscathed the clutches of the Teen Demon, young Janis (a spry 26) seems to be wallowing. The piano sound is cute, but the songs are weak and the overall plastic Latin effect is one of an unsuccessfully submitted score to "West Side Story".

When you're a wimp, you're a wimp. In all of the ten self-composed compositions on this album, Miss Ian reveals an admirable inclination for making muzak for Clean, Sensitive graduates in English Literature.

The soft "Party Lights" is a lachrymose little sonnet about the evils of this Wicked World with an indifferent tune and slightly wet lyrics, like; *"Don't lose your head / remember all the thing your mama said / but every vampire here appears well fed / you look half dead / they like you, kid". And then there's; "Champagne and Caviar Cocaine and Shalimar"*, lines which are presumably intended to make one snuggle closer to the Everglo with a smug sigh of pity for all the drug-infested wrecks out there, but which only serve to make me think wistfully; Gee that sounds like fun.

In a similar slippery soft vein we have "I Want To Make You Love Me", which is really a long luxurious exercise in emotional masochism — not even the fun kind. A woman's place is in the washing machine, Janis?

Janis pokes a cautious toe into jazz territory for "Sunset Of Your Life" which is the type of thing sung by elegant chicks is smokey nightclubs. The cascading drums and guitars add to the aura of transience. The lyrics seem to be about getting old (lousy subject for a song) and are predictably maudlin.

"Candle Light" is another cry from the iron lung; *"I'm begging you, pleading / I like you best / when night runs a shadow on the soul / no more empty hands to hold"*. Let's just say Andy Williams will record it on his next album.

"Let Me Be Lonely", which opens Side two, is Mexicano so crass that only a gringo could be responsible. The congo drums and cymbals are nice, but the words are just cliches by another name.

"Slow Dance Romance" finds Janis reliving her adolescence and exploring the intricacies of popcorn and fumbling at a drive-in movie. Yet some how she's too far away from it now to capture the taste under the tongue, the essence of forbidden delicacies.

Despite her occasionally searing insight into the female psyche — and despite the fact that Miss Ian left her closet in a recent *Playboy* interview — for the most part Janis Ian displays women as little more than life-size vinyl Venuses obsessed with men and tears (though not necessarily in that order).

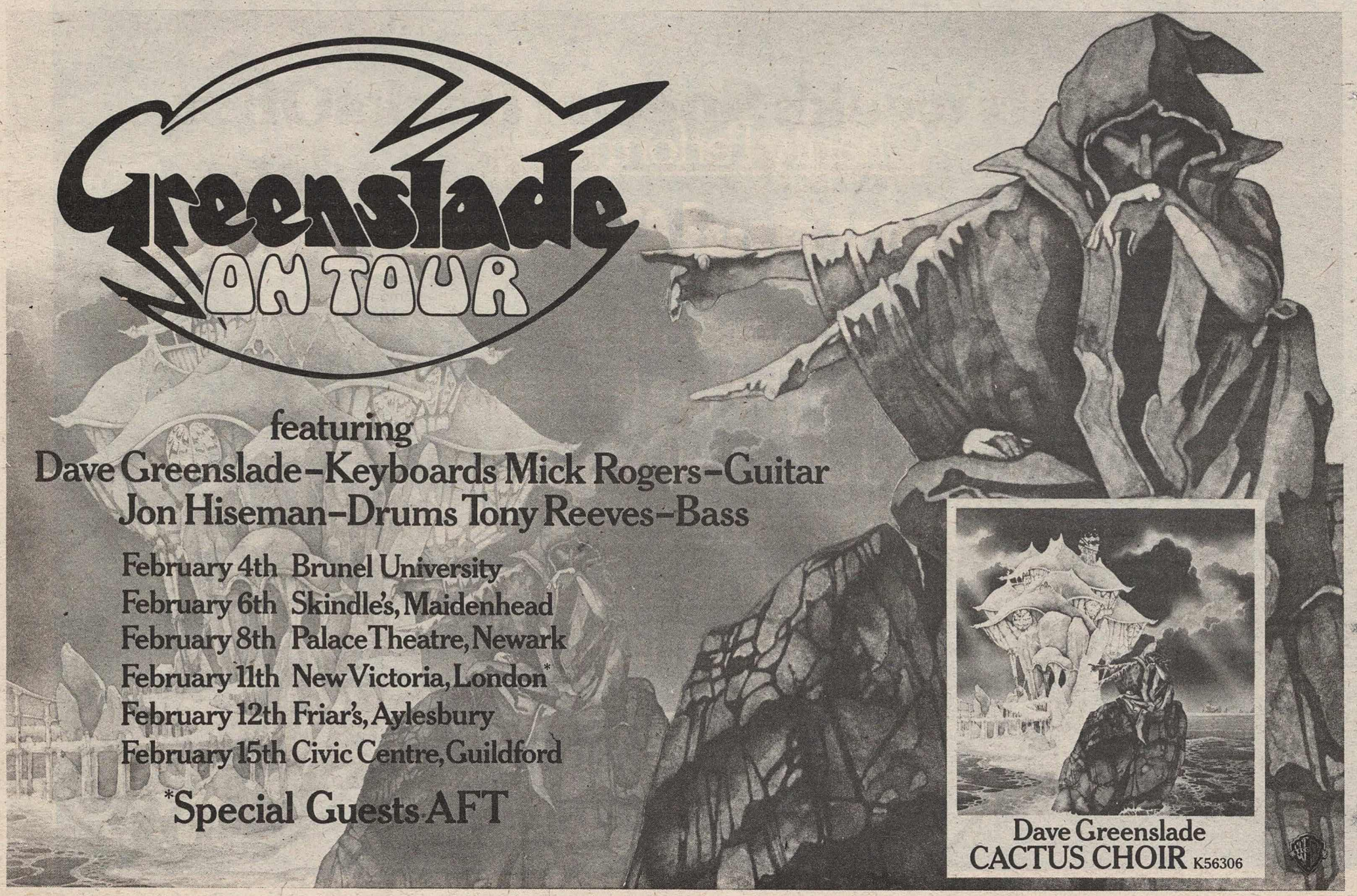
"Will You Dance?" is typical of this mentality, a prissy, fussy little tune with nothing to recomend it at all.

"I'll Cry Tonight" is maybe the best track, with something dangerously near quiet dignity, yet a little too weepy to get worked up over.

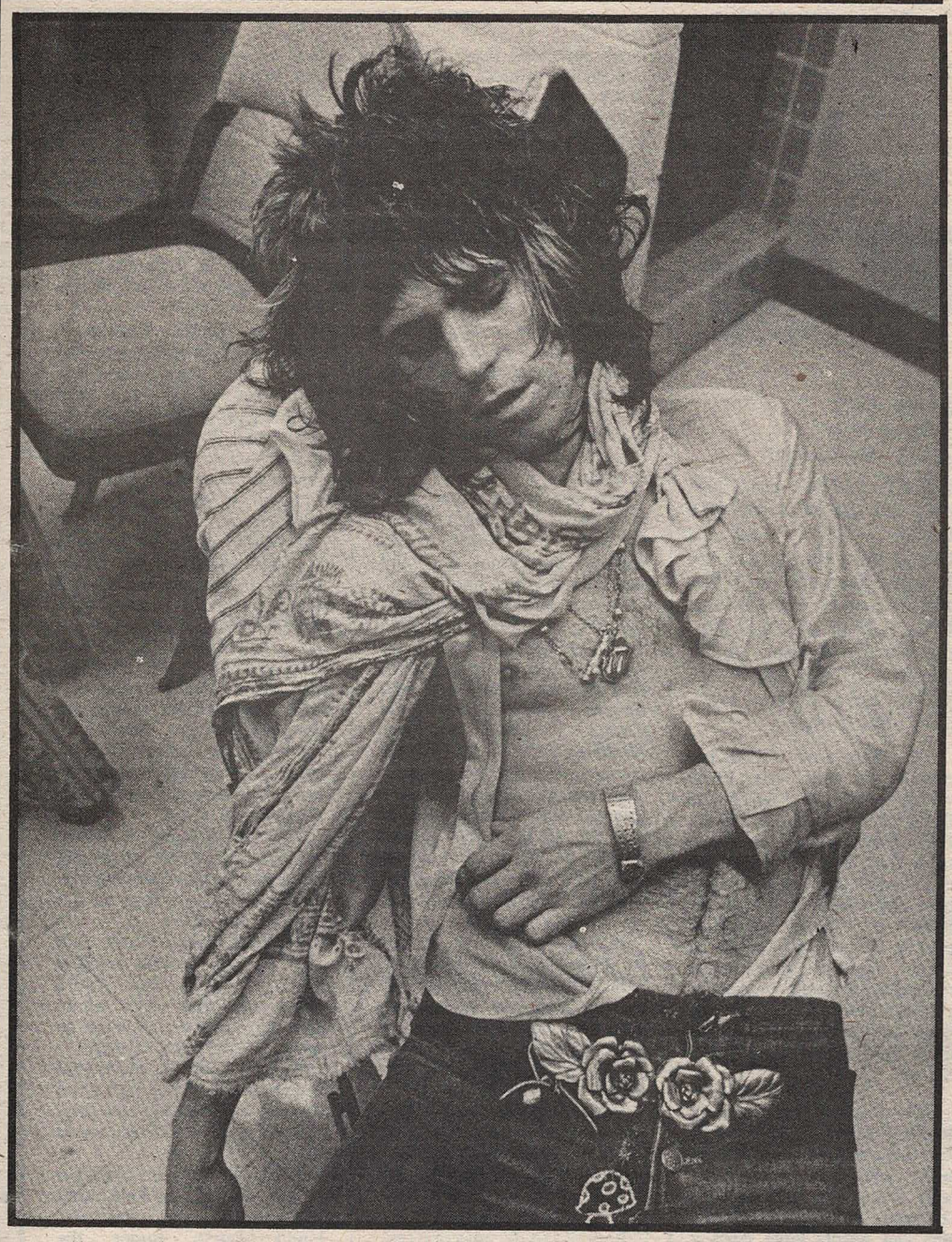
"Miracle Row / Maria" will raise a few tasteful middle-class eyebrows. But Laura Nyro explored this whole Catholic Lesbian obsession so much better in "Desiree", leaving "Maria" somewhat redundant. It really isn't good enough to stand up as a song without a *cause celebre* behind it.

In the past women could get away with wearing long skirts and mouthing soppy platitudes about Lurve under the pretence that they were too delicate to face the real life realities of Sex and Death. There's no excuse for this kind of shmuckery anymore.

Julie Burchill



ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY'S GREATEST HITS



(Above). Annie Leibovitz is the staff photographer on Rolling Stone. Her shot of Keef flaked out after a gig on the '72 American tour has to be one of the greatest rock pictures ever taken.

(Above). Although the majority of Jim Marshall's pics in this book are offstage, as a live photographer he really excels. Hendrix is onstage at Monterey and this pic sums up both the agony and the ecstasy. It also shows the difficulty of working at an outdoor gig; you're way under the stage and you have to use a long telephoto lens against a messy background.

(Left). Thomas Weir's shot of the Grateful Dead was taken on a camera he made himself. The unusual effect was produced by a variation on a process called solarisation. Weir does not submit to magazines but sells prints in art galleries. Wish I could make a living like that!

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SIDESWIPE

POP PICS ARE ART?

Chalkie Davies thinks so and he's taken a couple

WHILE ROCK has always been intensely visual, it's only recently that rock photography has been recognised as an art form in itself.

Early rock photographs were usually posed publicity pix, or corny show biz 'everyone smile' news photos. Most were taken with flash, and were fuzzy and flat.

Then younger photographers, who had grown up with the music, and the more artistic and aware established photographers, started paying attention to the subject's character, finding suitable locations, and so on. Album covers like the Beatles' "Please Please Me" and "With The Beatles" were typical of the new approach. Most memorable rock pictures were taken for album covers, or were high class prestige shots for the top magazines. Average weekly rock punters didn't do so well.

With the advent of *Rolling Stone* in the late sixties, Rock and Roll pics were at last given decent magazine exposure, and rock photographers started to get respect with people like Jim Marshall and Michael Cooper being spoken of in the same breath as great war photographers like Terry Fincher or fashion photographers like David Bailey and James Wedge.

Three years ago *Rolling Stone* compiled *Shooting Stars* from the black and white pics they had published featuring the work of America's best rock photographers. It is difficult to talk about the book in anything other than superlatives but I do have two criticisms.

Firstly, although the quality of the paper is first class, the binding is virtually non-existant so by the time you and a few friends have looked through it you are left with about one hundred and fifty loose pages and a cardboard cover.

Secondly, although I respect Annie Leibovitz greatly as a photographer, I think that as an editor she is restricting. There are a great many posed and candid shots, very few live pics, and there is no shot that shows real creative use of a studio.

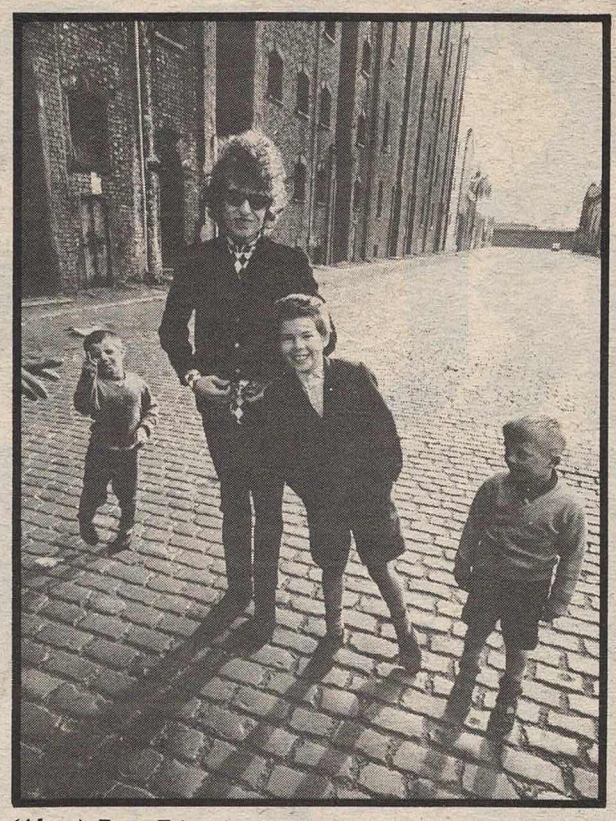
The book has just been remaindered and is readily available from Compendium Books in Camden at £2.95.

For any one interested in the visual side of Rock or who just likes looking at good pics it's well worth missing a night at the pub for.

But why are there no pics of Jim Morrison?

(Top). Bob Seidemann's study of Janis Joplin was taken in a studio with a strobe flash in 1967.

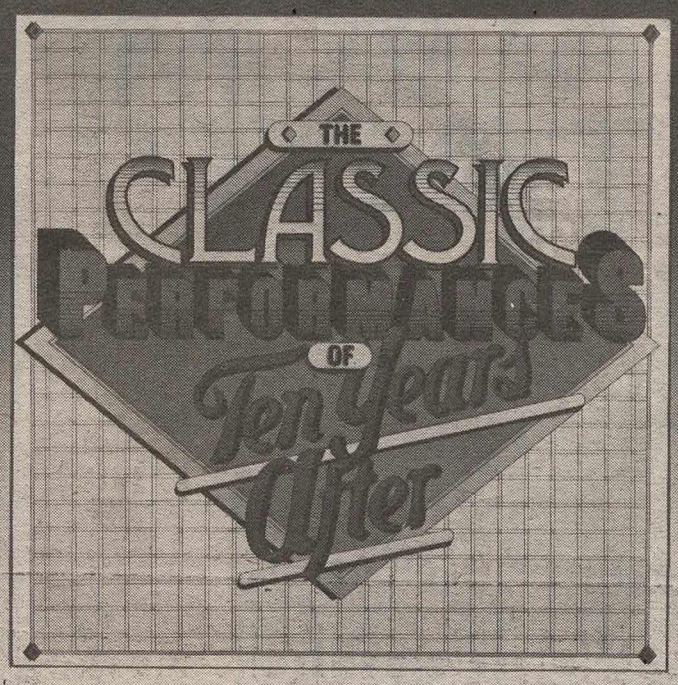
(Bottom). Michael Cooper committed suicide in 1973; he was a close friend of the Stones and captured on film those hectic years in the late '60s and early '70s.



(Above). Barry Feinstein says he finds photography easy. His shot of Dylan is a classic, illustrating great use of the ultra wide angle lens. (If you are one of the kids we'd like to hear from ya.)

(Below). Stephen Paley is the type of photographer who gets the trust and friendship of his subjects before he takes any pics. This shot of the MC5 was taken just after a gig.

Ten Years After, ten years after.



In the autumn of 1967, Ten Years After were formed.

They went on to play some of the biggest rock concerts ever staged and turned out albums that turned on thousands to what real rock 'n' roll was all about.

'Classic Performances' is the best of that magic distilled on to a single album.

If you've never heard them before, take a listen.

And if you're familiar with Ten Years After you'll know exactly what you're letting yourself in for.

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I'm Going Home, One of These Days, I'd Love to Change the World, Tomorrow I'll be out of Town, Good Morning Little Schoolgirl, Baby Won't You Let Me Rock 'n' Roll You, Rock & Roll Music to the World, It's Getting Harder, Positive Vibrations and Choo Choo Mama.

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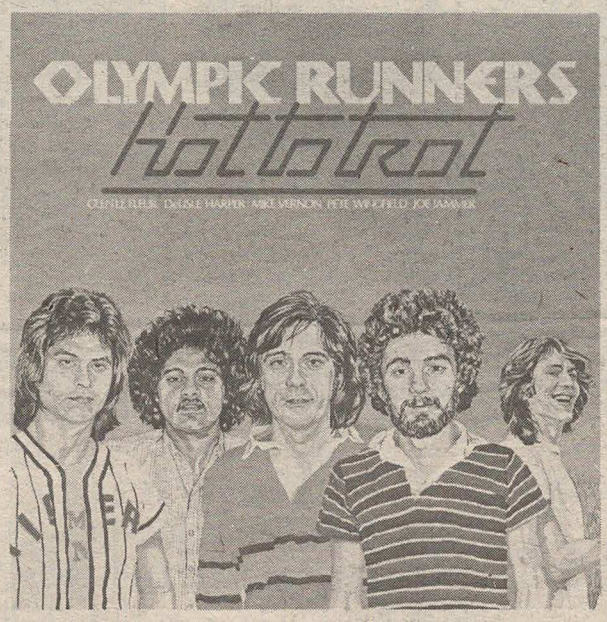

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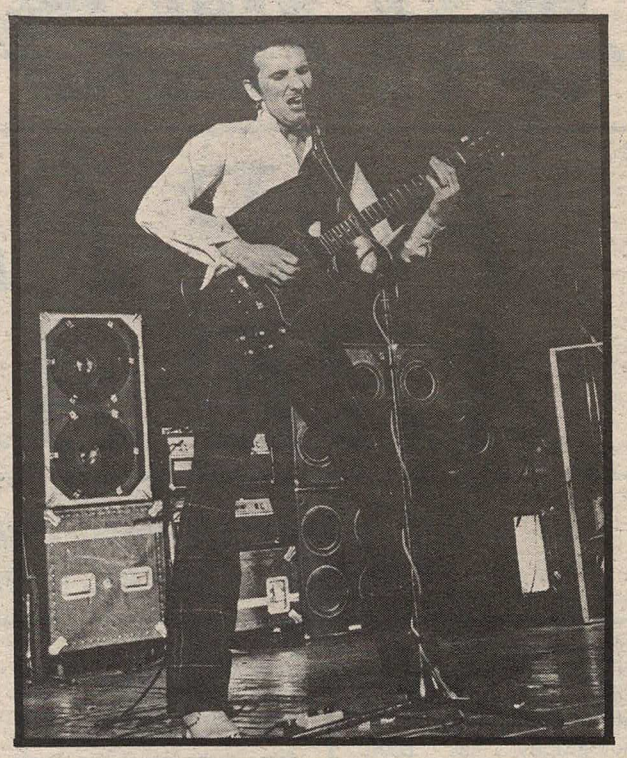
FLASHES



DOES THE **SAHB WITHOUT ALEX** work? The answer is a definite yes, as proved by their gig at Edinburgh University. Mind you, for all the musical resemblance they bear to previous outings, they might as well be another band.

"Jungle Rub Out" was the only SAHB number included in the set, the rest being material from their LP plus some more self-penned songs in the same straightforward mould. Not quite all their own work, as also included was David Bowie's "Stay", which provided the workout that was the highlight of the evening, and the surprise anticlimax climax of "King Kong". They encored with an instrumental "Delilah" with the crowd taking over the vocals instead of "the wee guy who used to shout with us".

This is a band effort all the way. No one wants the limelight and Zal Cleminson *(pictured above)* consistently refuses to be the focal point. Hugh McKenna does most of the lead chores from behind keyboards, ably assisted by Chris Glen's prominent pump-iron bass. A good night for rock fans from an able band who are a cut above workmanlike without ever being truly impressive.

Ian Cranna

IT WAS ONE of those now rare nights in London that prove beyond doubt that straight down the line, headbanging rock and roll hasn't become the exclusive preserve of the spike haired, scrap couture teens.

This evening of old folks' rock kicked off at the Marquee with **MOTORHEAD.** Motorhead, in the past, haven't had the greatest of reputations. Their catalogue of foul-ups and haphazard amphetamine stumbles has been an albatrossthat has hung leadenly on their commercial potential.

Times have changed, however. After buckling down to some serious rehearsal they've transformed themselves into a tight, aggressive, exciting, if basic, three-piece with everyone pulling to the maximum. If they can convince the business that the disasters are a thing of the past, there's nothing to stop them carving out a very viable slice of the Quo market.

Twenty minutes away, **THE PIRATES** were playing the late shift at Dingwall's. Five weeks ago, at the NME party, they were brilliant. During this short interval they've not only added some new tunes to their book but tightened up beyond belief. I may have had a few brandies by the time I got to the club but I truly swear that Mick Green was playing better than any other two guitarists you'd care to name.

Verily, if God ever needed a back-up band it would have to be the Pirates.

Mick Farren

90 DEGREES INCLUSIVE are a welcome addition to the increasing roster of home grown reggae outfits. They are tight and gutsy, with a good front man in guitarist Henry Barnes, write a fair proportion of their own material (and their version of Hendrix' "Little Wing" is great), but lack compelling melody lines and instrumental variety. The energy level was upped considerably by the arrival of producer Eddie Grant (he of Equals fame) and the groggy Dingwalls crowd responded accordingly.

After that it was madness to go on and sing a droopy version of "Tequila Sunrise" (more like beery hangover in Camden) but **BEES MAKE HONEY** did it anyway. They suffered, and had to retire for five minutes to, uh, get the vibes right. They did themselves more justice after the break, on the rockier side of the repertoire ("Lights Out" et al) which they obviously enjoy more, and so does the audience. So why these dutiful dismal drone-outs of Eagles soundalikes?

Neil Spencer

HEY YOU, you down there with the Arista recording contract. Yeah, you, Ray Davies. Hurry up and give **TOM ROBINSON** a single or two on (Crouch End's Own) Konk label. If a gay liberation act can play the Brecknock on a Thursday night and get most of the audience off (I won't mention that hurled glass) then they're clearly no gimmick. Robinson is made for *Top Of The Pops* outrage, plays bass like it was rhythm, does a crazy version of "Waitin' For My Man", and exhibits a great sense of humour. He has a pretty nifty guitarist — Beck technoflash — and a drummer who looks like a refugee from The Blackpool Mecca Tartan Rooms and who plays like early Carl Palmer. They're sixties music seventies style, so New Wave, yeah. And they could sell a lot of singles, Ray.

Neil Spencer

MAN IN THE STREET is a five-piece group which plays at the George Robey pub opposite the Rainbow when there's a major concert across the road, entertaining pre-gig boozers first set and journalists who couldn't get in to see Lynyrd Skynyrd second set. Hardly scintillating, the very clumsiness of the quintet of well-meaning singer-songwriters — with such sappy announcements as, "This is another song about urban deprivation, written by Peter, our second most prolific songwriter," generated an atmosphere of friendliness like I haven't met for ages. I know I wouldn't have said goodbye to the people around me at the end of the Skynyrd show.

Phil McNeill

ON THE TOWN

Ry Cooder

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

WELL, WHAT A weird one. It's not every night you're treated to the spectacle of three sharp muscle-bound spades, a bunch of Tex-Mex musicians more used to playing some binge down San Antino way where they do the bolero all night long, and Ry Cooder all on the same stage, now is it? When this bunch walks on stage, you really wonder what's hit you.

There's this old weather-beaten Indian-looking guy on rhythm guitar, so inscrutable he makes Bill Wyman look animated by comparison. And get a load of that bass player. He's old enough to be the old man of just about any one of the audience (no spring chickens themselves) and he wears a pony tail and a look of mild incredulity at being on the stage of Hammersmith Odeon on a Saturday night in the first place.

The culture shock level is high, to be sure.

And to top it all off, the man himself, Mr Ry Cooder, the most original guitarist working in rock ,if you can call it that, is no Norman Normal either. Meet him off a stage and he's like a regular fella, but once he's up there, Stratocaster in hand, he becomes distinctly manic. The Cooder eyes bulge, his hair refuses to stay put, and he continually flaps about like a ship in a storm, putting everything he's got into playing his guitar. It's maximum commitment all the way and there's no fake Guitar Hero posturing here.

In fact the music this bunch produces over the next hour and a half is like nothing you ever heard before. On record Cooder is refreshingly enough, operating in spheres far removed from the rest of those who populate rock record labels, but on stage it's even more detached from the mainstream, praise the Lord. There is nothing about this show which is remotely slick.

And yet the band is far from sloppy, even if there are times when the rhythm section comes on with such a kind of Top Rank primitivism it makes you wonder just what is going on — and if the whole thing is going to hold together. But it does, though during "Goodnight Irene" bassist Red O'Jada and drummer Issac Garcia were doing such ludicrous things, it was a very close thing.

But then I suppose one is so used to hearing highly proficient rock rhythm sections that when you do get to hear something a little out of the ordinary it can't but throw you. It's doubtful whether these musicians have ever heard of, say, Al Jackson and Duck Dunn. And in a way it's reassuring to know that not everybody follows the pack and outside rock music there are a whole lot of other musics going on. Listening to O'Jada and Garcia is like looking at a child's painting : before the innocence has been wrenched out because of instructions to conform.

There are basically four distinct parts to Cooder's show: Cooder with the full line-up, Cooder with the gospel singers, Cooder with the Tex-Mex players and Cooder on his own. And each one is as enjoyable as the other, though the finest moment of Saturday night was when the guitarist played bottleneck on "Dark End Of The Street". It was the fifth number in and so far Cooder had been content to pick at his Stratocaster — no mean feat in itself. because I've never heard any other guitarist get a sound like this.

His electric picking is the total opposite of rock'n'roll guitar. He very rarely plays chords, and when he picks it's a very even, blunt sound. Great as it is, it was that bottleneck solo in "Dark End Of The Street" which had the audience in collective ecstasy, Cooder doing things to the instrument no-one else working under the rock umbrella would even dream of doing.

The man was so inventive and humorous too. The audience lapped it up, and doubtless there were more than a few who felt their spines set a-tingling.

Cooder in fact only played three such solos all night. In this first section of the show he played that great song he had a hand in writing, "The Tatler", and Ben E. King's "Stand By Me", both of which brought home Cooder's weakest front — his singing. He's a much better singer when he's working with an acoustic instrument, like the guitar or mandolin he picked up for his solo set. On the electric numbers his pitch is all wrong and he sings too quickly. But then even a genius like Cooder has got to have an Achilles' heel.

The acoustic set featured those idiosyncratic songs Cooder is so fond of, wry songs like "Fool For A Cigarette" and "One Meat Ball" (which, like the subsequent "How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live", seemed frighteningly apt — one wondered whether the audience applauded at the beginning of these two songs because they recognised the song or whether it was because they would relate to what the song said), and "Ditty Wa Ditty", all graced with Cooder's peerless acoustic picking and a fine humorous delivery, especially "One Meat Ball", where his vocals and mannerisms exaggerated the shouting sequences of the number. Cooder brought out his mandolin for "Billy The Kid" and focussed the audience's attention on another part of his considerable talent.

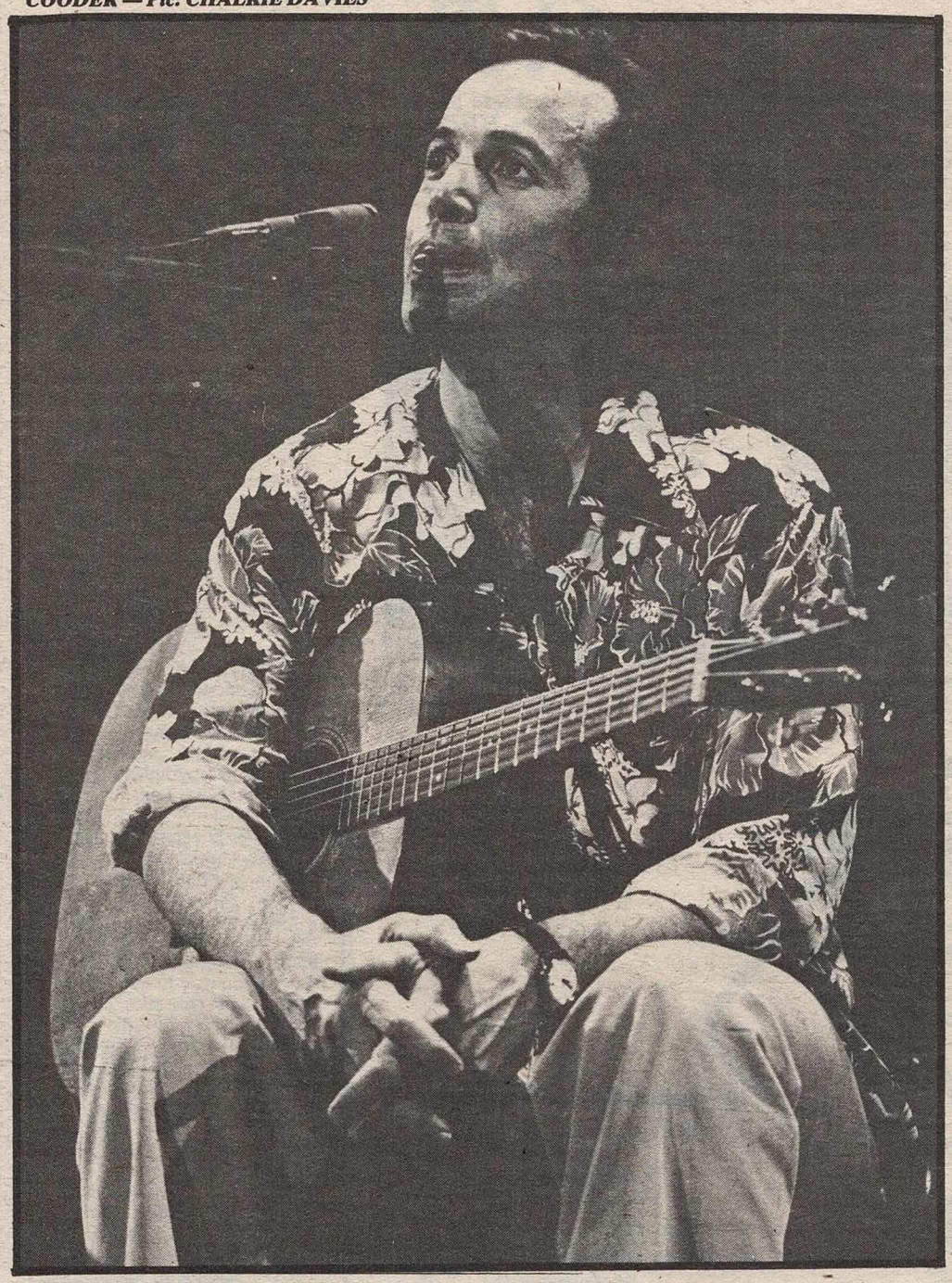
Accordion player Flaco Jiminez came into his own during "Goodnight Irene", receiving ecstatic applause for his fine solo, and his duet with alto saxist Pat Razzo (a friend of Cooder's from California and not a Tex-Mex musician) in "He'll Have To Go"' was a treat.

The only number which came close to rock'n'roll was the closing "Money Honey". Cooder reappeared for a three number encore, "Chicken Pie", "How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times" and "Slab Dab In The Middle", during which the players got a little funky. The audience wanted more but Cooder was exhausted, flat out in his dressing room.

Really, a heartwarming display. And it's reassuring to know it's not just the music the public are told to like by the radio and record companies which gets them off.

Steve Clarke

"Aw jimminy, ah sit hyar wit' ma tongue out jest so, but ah still cain't gob!"
COODER — Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES



WHY SHY GUY RY FLIES SKY HIGH

Our aerospace correspondent reports from somewhere over Hammersmith

(and our Polish affairs expert finds a satisfactory climax in North London)

Climax
The Stranglers

RAINBOW

THREE THOUSAND seater Rainbow? Well, I mean, it's just like a club date for the band, you know. Just been playing with Skynyrd, you know, on this American tour. 10,000 seaters all of them. Just a club date, this one.

Mind you, you can tell that anyway it's at least a *London* club date. At the end, see, there's like a mirror ball and very bright, very psych-controlling lights that spell out the band's name. And they've got this three-man horn section for the appropriate moments in The Hit Single, said single almost certainly being the prime cause for the club being over three-quarters full and the band on the verge of being launched into that sphere where, if they watch their back-passing, they may be allowed to be Very Big Indeed. Three encores they get, anyway.

You know, I've seen lots and lots of bands recently that've been Interesting or Exciting or Impressive. There've been none around that actually qualify for being called EXCITING, though. None that actually give you like a bit of a rush. Climax do that these days, though.

Maybe it's all to the best, then, that they tuck themselves away up in Stafford and keep away from the London music scene. Matter of fact, one of the Climax strengths is that sense of Northern showbiz flash — as exemplified by *all* sixties Northern Beat Groups — that tarts up their (now *very* black-sounding) sound.

Course, though, it's the sound mostly that causes the buzz. Buddy Guy, Moroccan rhythms, Dr. John, James Brown, New Orleans jazz, Sly . . . all tied together in beautifully straggly knots with a well-seasoned and matured confidence that makes the complexity of the band's playing seem frankly effortless. The empathy between horns man Colin Cooper and guitarist Peter Haycock — they've played together for something like fifteen years — is obviously a major cause of this. But it's more than just that: it's a love and delight in rock 'n' roll and its sires that the band give you a nonstop panoramic view of.

Course, as well, the five members are all nonstop walking Americana, English style. Cooper: the shades over the Charles Bronson cool face; drummer Cuffley: stylishly laidback buffoonery; keyboardsman Richard Jones (MA): US beer shirt, jeans, cowboy boots and sensitivity; bassist Derek Holt: denim dungarees and cudliness. And Peter Haycock: black "Climax" T-shirt *(buy it today!!!)*, thousand bucks Navajo necklace (not counting the bracelets and the rings) and hair just slightly dirty. And the Mexican metal belt. Plus the attributes of the other four all melted down and stuck together.

"Country Hat", a slide solo from Haycock with occasional assistance from Cooper, is his Big Moment. Not only is the number really quite stirring — and this from a man who generally loathes soloing of all kinds — but it also gives Peter a chance to act out all his guitar hero fantasies. Closed eyes, lengthy tuning . . . the whole packet. But he does it very well indeed. So long as he hasn't posted his application too late it seems he's almost certain for a place within the next couple of years.

Points to watch for: Climax proving yet again that it's always the Brit re-interpretations of US rock that come out cleanest in the end — their now and then Allman Bros touches are much defter and neater than The Snitcher and Dicky's outfit; C. Cooper's Sly-like gravel tones (e.g. on "Running Out Of Time") which would be perfect with just a little more nasalization; Haycock's and Holt's spine-tingling (sic) falsetto harmonies; the graceful fluidity of the set; on the encores they remove the pejorative connotations from the word "BO-O-O-OGIEEE" and change it into a positive.

I THOUGHT that The Stranglers had been reading too much Genet but felt that ALL THINGS CONSIDERED (see page 3) they should be given the benefit of the doubt.

Chris Salewicz

Muscles

MARQUEE

AMBIGUOUS NAME, Muscles. Smartass journalists can talk about the group's flexibility and pulling power. Unfortunately they might also note their tendency to cramp. Sorry 'bout all that, I'll start again.

Muscles are a four-piece, Birmingham-based outfit who specialise in funk and other musical styles that stem from black America but are now, rightfully commonplace. I only mention cramp because although they exceed the normal limits of keyboard, guitar, bass and drums combination I don't think the current foursome are going to be able to fully exercise their evident talent without a broader framework. A little bit of help will give them room to stretch out, y'see.

Always assuming that they want to stick with, and improve upon, their present musical direction, I recommend the addition of a rhythm guitarist and a modest horn section. 'Course, that's going to take time and money, so until their ever-improving records start to bring some payback, and if this sparsely attended night at The Marquee was a typical gig, Muscles' audiences can expect to enjoy lotsa bouyant rhythm — bounced somewhere between Kool & The Gang and Rufus Thomas — a selection of calmer, more ambitious pieces involving acceptable synthesizer doodlings and some very tasty guitarwork. Their vocals are better than average too.

Their P.A. system leaves a lot to be desired — indeed, the overall sound of the group wasn't really as crisp as their music demands — but through the distortion a lot of emerging talent finally brought forth hearty applause from the assembled company.

Cliff White

X SQUARED IN FLATULENT C.T.

Chicago

HAMMERSMITH

BART MILLS of *the Daily Mail* wrote almost the first interesting piece I've ever read by him about this mob and now I see why.

Chicago are squares.

This cannot be stressed strongly enough. As one whose acquaintance with the group has been negligible since their grandstand entry onto the world rock stage in 1969, turning on the Rock Machinery with an extravagant double album....as one whose interest has since lapsed, I'd never actually realised that the erstwhile Chicago Transit Authority up-against-the-wall street fighting men had subsequently owned up musically and settled unashamedly into the MOR bag they'd initially disguised as in Indian weave propaganda-smuggling hippy tassled shoulder satchel.

Squares.

I got nothing against 'em. It's just a shock. Square in sound....and square in shape. Terry Kath, once in the World's Greatest Rhythm Guitar stakes, is the squarest, a positive parallellogram of a person, a squat, Beatle-cut behemoth straight out of Presley's back-up band, arrayed in boutique overalls.

Aligned next to him stand the three in the middle, the hornmen: trombonist James Pankow, the hip one, in a tassled leather suit of a delicate fawn colour; woodwind Walter Parazaider, a lanky Roy Orbison in a yellow two-piece, the top bit one of those loose pullover shirt things; and trumpeter Lee Loughnane, similarly geared in white.

And at our end twitches bassist Peter Cetera, the man whose vocals and twelve-string on "If You Leave Me Now" make him the *TOTP* Face of Chicago, with his expensive hair and C&A C&W suit....

The most extraordinary looking rock band I've ever seen, an off-duty footballer's sartorial fantasies run riot, every one of them so butch in their Las Vegas rock'n'roll threads....they're several numbers into the set before I stop laughing. How can they fail?

Also onstage are keyboardist Robert Lamm, drummer Danny Seraphine and many tons of electronic hardware. Percussionist Laudir de Oliveira has gone missing; we won't get to see him till the encore.

The Chicago logo glares down in lights from behind the stage, Seraphine towers in headphones on a huge drum riser, surrounded by such accessories as his own personal bank of electric dials and gauges, de Oliveira's paraphernalia waits forlornly for his arrival, and across the stage-spanning riser base, old-fashioned bandstand type motifs flash gaily in prismatic colours over the ever-present monicker. And we haven't even mentioned Lamm's grand piano and other ivories, or the red carpet covering the stage front — which extends out over the photographers' pit to meet the front stalls, forcing the lensmen to scurry about the aisles thoughout the gig.

These blokes may play the zero image game, but they sure put on a show.

The music is quaint. None of this skittery funk fixation that binds virtually every horn section you care to name these days, from Gonzales to the JBs: Chicago play that odd classic honky rhubarb, just like they used to....hunting horn intonations on brassy riffs, painstakingly interlocking.

Sometimes they strike a timbre of, well, grandeur; sometimes they impress with their clever arrangements, occasionally punching the right steer; never do they move you by passion, often by brute force or sentiment; and sometimes they are just funny. The classic example of the latter was the gigantic number that closed the first half (yup, they played right from 8.15 to 11.00 with half an hour off).

It started out fast and latin, brash and vivid, the sort of song mum would buy the record of if she heard it in Torremolinos, before sashaying through a trite melodic sax break of the kind that used to be adopted for Olympic Games theme tunes, into Loughnane's trumpet feature, not so much a sketch of Spain as of the Costa Brava. Then ....then came the drum solo, a rather modest specimen, highlit by the weird sight of Seraphine rattling away on this kind of revolving metal disc which a roadie adjusted to give different pitched steel drum sounds! Let's see the NDO beat that....

However, don't go thinking I didn't enjoy them. Really, I did — and not just because they were amusing. Between numbers they stood around drinking out of plastic cups and making everyone feel happy, and in between drinking out of plastic cups they played a lot of extremely competent, attractive, honest music. Five of the seven members sang, none of them badly.

Terry Kath's guitar tone was awful, buzzing on solos — until he turned the volume up for "I'm A Man" — and a plastic clatter on his rhythm. The sound of the rest was very clear, pretty quiet and a little tinny.

The material ranged from redneck romance to algebraic abrasion, from hits of the distant past like "Does Anybody Know What Time It Is" to the present — several from "Chicago X", including the hit — and on to the forthcoming "Chicago XI", represented by a ponderous heavy metal funk axe showcase with a good wahwah solo called "Uptown". There y'are, Chicago fans, get yer special previews here.

The audience loved them in a very refined way, but towards the end people started trickling to the front like Billy Graham converts choking down their reluctance and gingerly casting away inhibition, till the band finished to an unprompted sea of clapping hands. Their less than brilliant "I'm A Man" didn't deserve it (guess they're sick of it) but a hefty "25 Or 6 To 4" did.

De Oliveira finally showed for the encore of "Got To Get You Into My Life". He played two tambourines at once.

It's quite a pleasing shape, square.

Phil McNeill

KATH and CETERA model the latest line in off-duty Rugby League starwear. The stiff neck is just one of the hazards of being a rock 'n' roll star . . .

The Outsiders

ROXY

"DON'T WRITE that we've got long hair," Adrian the grammar school boy instructed me in a nervous phone call the morning after The Outsiders got their first taste of the Big Time by playing before The Vibrators but *after* The Drones at the redoubtable Roxy Club.

Long hair in more ways than one; before they play, well-intentioned Adrian tries to convince me that anarchy is nihilism and that violence is unneccessary. You guessed it; they're into dope.

They also wear bicycle clips on their flares to make them seem punky. Their main claim to fame is (and always will be) that Adrian jumped onstage at the second night of the Patti Smith Hammersmith *debacle* and was promptly hurled back into the auditorium by irate big brother Todd. At first glance they represent everything that's mediocre about "new wave" rock.

At closer examination they prove they sure are mediocrity personified, but they're about as new wave as the Grateful Dead.

They play their instruments as good as any youth club band and the bass player wears a jumper that his mum knitted, but as far as I could see the majority of the Roxy audience felt as I did about them — though Adrian tells me that Brian James of The Damned liked them. Draw your own conclusions.

They play songs with titles like "Hit And Run," 'You're Boring" (particularly apt, I thought), "Blowtorch" and "Weird," as well as "Raw Power" and "Waiting For The Man" (which Tom Robinson does much better). The set reached its gross apex with the appallingly naive "Calling On Youth," which goes: *"Are you prepared to admit to the stranglehold / grabbing what you can, doing what you're told / I'm calling on youth to fight for the truth / It's time to open eyes, it's time to open doors / It's time to move against all that's gone before."*

And they mean that most sincerely.

Adrian, Bob and Adrian are all well bred boys from good homes and grammar schools who won't have their hair cut because they say that's what you have to do in the army. They're 19 and come on like 90. I've seen better punks in *The Sound Of Music.*

It's just the Emperor's New Clothes all over again; call something "punk" and give it the obligatory Iggy song to mutilate and people think they're witnessing the birth of tomorrow's stars. *Top Of The Pops* has more potential energy than The Outsiders.

Julie Burchill

ROUTE 77 Tour

FEBRUARY
16 Salisbury, City Hall
17 Middleton Town Hall
18 Bridlington, Spa Royal Hall
19 Leicester Polytechnic
20 Redcar, The Coatham Bowl
21 Stafford, The Top Of The World
23 Tunbridge Wells, Assembly Rooms
25 Newcastle Polytechnic
26 Loughborough University
27 Canterbury, Kent University
MARCH
1 Penzance, The Gardens
2 Plymouth, The Fiesta

Eastbourne, Winter Gardens 3
Bath University 4
Reading University 5
St. Albans City Hall 7
London, The Marquee Club 8
(Doctors of Madness Only)
Keele University 9
Glamorgan Polytechnic 10
Southampton University 12
Sheffield, Top Rank 13
Doncaster, Outlook 14
Cleethorpes, Winter Gardens 15
Bournemouth Town Hall 17
Cromer, The West Runton Pavillion 18
London, The Rainbow 19
(Pat Travers Only)

PAT TRAVERS

NEW ALBUM

MAKIN MAGIC

PAT TRAVERS

DOCTORS OF MADNESS

NEW ALBUM

FIGMENTS OF EMANCIPATION

LATE NIGHT MOVIES, ALL NIGHT BRAINSTORMS

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

polydor

ARISTA

Arista News

Published by Arista Records – Where careers are launched.

ARISTA

THE BAND MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED IN 1977

Rave reviews precede amazing Arista album from exciting new act - Burlesque

The Sun

"To say they're good is a mealy-mouthed understatement. They are a refreshing example of new-wave rock of the sort which doesn't need to depend on being classed as a social phenomenon to get noticed." *Brian Harrigan.*

MELODY MAKER

"Burlesque produced a set that proves their standing as one of the most impressive bands to have emerged during the latter half of the year . . . One of their best features remains their ability to combine an undertone of humour with their enormously varied song diet." *John Hornblower.*

NATIONAL ROCK STAR

"BURLESQUE is one of the best. I nominate them The Band Most Likely To Succeed in 1977." *Bob Hart.*

SUN

"Burlesque are inevitable." *Phil Sutcliffe.*

SOUNDS

"They were off beat, funny, really original. The word's going around that record company fat cats are after them in a very big way and I'm not surprised." *James Belsey.*

BRISTOL EVENING POST

"A rock scene that has to turn to the punks for an infusion of new blood is obviously in need of the real thing from Burlesque." *Brian Harrigan.*

MELODY MAKER

"For my money Be-Bop were upstaged by support band Burlesque – a new signing to Arista – who not only had musicianship, but humour and originality too. The audience liked them, which bodes well for the future of rock." *John Hayward.*

MUSIC WEEK

". . . they proved, with a mixture of jiving music and comedy, that they must have a big future. They even managed to get about half of the audience to do an impromptu tango, which takes some doing for a support." *Chris Nelson.*

SHIELDS GAZETTE

"File under Tidal rather than New Wave; that they will be a very big deal seems inevitable, and hopefully it will be very soon." *David Housham.*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

". . . in Huddersfield and Hoyland they talk of Burlesque as if they were really big stars. Mind you if they've been playing as well out in the sticks as they did the night I saw them in West London they certainly deserve Fame and Fortune." *Chas. de Whalley.*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

". . . Burlesque, not only a future headline act but also a band of alarming perception." *Robin Duke.*

WEST LANCS EVENING GAZETTE

◀ The album that will prove them right

Burlesque
Live
ACUPUNCTURE
ARTY 151

Also available on cassette

U.K. tour dates confirmed

Thurs. 27 Jan. **Croydon,** The Red Deer
Fri. 28 Jan. **London,** Southbank Poly.
Sat. 29 Jan. **Oxford,** Poly.
Wed. 2 Feb. **London,** Royal Col. of Art
Thurs. 3 Feb. **Enfield,** Middx. Poly.
Fri. 4 Feb. **Bromley,** Stockwell Coll.
Sat. 5 Feb. **Kingston,** Poly.
Sun. 6 Feb. **London,** Nashville Rooms
Wed. 9 Feb.
Torrington, Devon – The Plough
Thurs. 10 Feb.
Torquay, Devon Tech. College
Fri. 11 Feb.
Plymouth, Coll. of St. Mark & St. John
Sat. 12 Feb. **Bristol,** Poly.
Sun. 13 Feb.
Newbridge, Wales – Club & Inst.
Mon. 14 Feb. **Abertillery,** Six Bells
Tues. 15 Feb. **Cardiff,** Top Rank
Wed. 16 Feb.
Newport, Mon. – The Stowaway
Thurs. 17 Feb. **Swansea,** Circles
Fri. 18 Feb.
London, Univ. of London Union
Sat. 19 Feb.
London, Royal Holloway College, Egham
Wed. 23 Feb. **Portsmouth,** Poly.
Thurs. 24 Feb. **London,** City University
Fri. 25 Feb.
London, Queen Elizabeth College
Sat. 26 Feb. **London,** Chelsea College
Sun. 27 Feb. **Southampton University.**

YOU NEED Burlesque

NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY Britannia: GREEN MACHINE
BEDFORD Angel Hotel: KELLY'S EYE / GABRIEL McKEON
BELFAST Queen's University: GIGGLES
BELFAST Ulster Hall: FARON YOUNG / HANK LOCKLIN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM College of Food: ARBRE
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Lea Hall Tavern: THREE'S COMPANY
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BISHOP AUCKLAND West Valley Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
BLACKPOOL Pleasure Beach Casino: TERRY LIGHTFOOT BAND
BRISTOL Locarno: RIVENDELL
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: ALBION COUNTRY BAND / MARTIN CARTHY
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
FAREHAM Collingwood Club: SMACKEE
GALASHEILS Kingsway Centre: JOE'S DINER
GRAVESEND Wings Club: MUSCLES
GUILDFORD Surrey University: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
HASTINGS Lazy Bones Disco: TOBY
LEEDS Yorkshire Crown: GAMBLERS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall BRYAN FERRY
LIVERPOOL Empire: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
LIVERPOOL Mountfort Hall: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX / BANDIT
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STREAMLINER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
LONDON ENFIELD Starlight Room: STUART GILLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MANHATTANS/HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: MASQUE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TYLA GANG
LONDON Marquee Club: MEDICINE HEAD
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
LONDON RICHMOND Beehive: PEABODY & McNULTY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MANIACS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY
MANCHESTER MIDDLETON Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: BICYCLE THIEVES
MANCHESTER The Phoenix: TRACTOR
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: SCREAMIN' LORD SUTCH & THE SAVAGES
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JETHRO TULL / RICHARD DIGANCE
NORWICH Wyndmondham College: MARTIN SIMPSON
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PEACEHAVEN Central Club: TONY ROSE
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: VIBRATORS
POYNTON Folk Centre: TURNPIKE
SALFORD University: PAUL BRADY
STAINES Pathfinders Club: DAVE COUSINS
SUTTON COLDFIELD Dog Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
SWANSEA Circles Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
SWANSEA University: FLYING ACES
WALSALL Alumwell Schools Theatre: ZETH
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: BERNIE PARRY
WORCESTER Bankhouse: CHARLIE
WORCESTER Green Room Rock: RAMROD
YEOVIL Johnson Hall: SLIK
YORK College of Arts & Technology: HORSLIPS

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN Music Hall: FARON YOUNG / HANK LOCKLIN
ABERDEEN University: U-BOAT
BARNET Trent Park College: ABBOTT
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: SUPERCHARGE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: BOB KING
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: BILL CADDICK
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE MANHATTANS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BRISTOL University (Churchill Hall): DAI THE ROCK
BROMLEY Stockwell College: BURLESQUE
BROMSGROVE North Worcs. College: HOOKER
BURTON 76 Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
CARDIFF Top Rank: FLYING ACES
CARDIFF University: CASINO
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: ALKATRAZ
CLACTON Colchester Institute: ARBRE
COVENTRY Sportman's Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
COVENTRY Zhivago's: BEANO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SMOKIE
DERBY College of Art: MEDICINE HEAD
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: VIBRATORS
DURHAM St. Chad's College: GONZALEZ
DURHAM University: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX / BANDIT
GALASHEILS College of Textiles: THE HEROES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
GLASGOW Hamilton College: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
GOSPORT John Peel: S.A.L.T.
GRAYS Thameside Theatre: FLAKY PASTRY
HARROW Technical College: MUSCLES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: JUNE TABOR
HORNCASTLE Town Hall: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: CALEDONIA
LEEDS Prospect Hotel: NICK STRUTT & STEVE DIXON
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: HANDS OFF
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TOBY / TOPAZ
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: BERT JANSCH
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STRUTTERS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: LONE STAR
LONDON ISLINGTON King's Head: TIDAL WAVE BAND

RALPH McTELL

LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: POODLES
LONDON North Polytechnic: COUNT BISHOPS / LITTLE BOB STORY / THE GORILLAS
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: THE BOOT BAND
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON School of Economics: STRIKE A LIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FORTUNES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON STRAND King's College: CHARLIE
MAIDSTONE Technical College: SASSAFRAS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JETHRO TULL/RICHARD DIGANCE
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: BICYCLE THIEVES
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: LYNYRD SKYNYRD/CLOVER
NEWBURY R.A.F. Greenham Common: BOUNCER
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: ROOGALATOR
NORTHAMPTON The Romany: SCRATCH
NOTTINGHAM Victoria Leisure Centre: HENRY COW
OXFORD Polytechnic: BOB DAVENPORT
OXFORD Westminster College: MOON
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: BRYAN FERRY
SALFORD University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
SLEEFORD Black Bull: MARTIN SIMPSON
STAFFORD North Staffs. Polytechnic: HINKLEY'S HEROES
STONEGATE Bridge Inn: COCKY
SWINDON Greyhound: TONY ROSE
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
TORQUAY 400 Club: SLIK
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: WILDFIRE
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: GREENSLADE
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Cherry Tree: MASQUE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: A.F.T.
YORK University: JOHN MARTYN

SATURDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BARROW Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
BEDFORD College of Further Education: ALKATRAZ
BEDFROD College of Education: GIGGLES
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: SPELLBOUND
BIRMINGHAM International Club: CHANTS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOI—POLLOI
BIRMINGHAM University: MIKE ABSALOM
BLACKPOOL Opera House: MANHATTANS / HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: PAUL BRADY
BRADFORD University: SASSAFRAS / GONZALEZ
BRIGHTON Art College: VIBRATORS / AMAZORBLADES
BRISTOL Polytechnic: UNCLE PO
BRISTOL University: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
CAMBRIDGE Portland Arms: MARTIN SIMPSON
CHELTENHAM St. Paul's College: MAGNA CARTA
CHIPPING SODBURY The George: BOB DAVENPORT
COLCHESTER Essex University: KEVIN COYNE
CONINGSBY Castle Club: CISSY STONE BAND
CORBY Exclusive Club: BRANDY
COVENTRY College of Education: TOBY
COVENTRY Sportsman's Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
COVENTRY Zhivago's: BEANO
CRAWLEY Technical College: LITTLE BOB STORY
CRAWLEY White Knight: ABBOTT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: MEAL TICKET / LEE KOSMIN BAND
DUDLEY College of Education: MUSCLES
DUNSTABLE California (doubling LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball): LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
EDINBURGH Heriot-Watt University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: SEAN CANNON
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: JENNY HAAN'S LION / CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: FARON YOUNG / HANK LOCKLIN
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: U-BOAT
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: F.B.I.
GLOUCESTER Sports & Social Club: CIMARONS
HEREFORD Town Hall: CASINO
HULL University: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
IPSWICH Brantham Club: BUSTER JAMES BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: APPLEJACKS
KINGSTON Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
LANCASTER University: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX / BANDIT
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: SNEAKERS
LIVERPOOL University: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DARTS / SLING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: POODLES
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: BERT WEEDON
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: PAUL BURNETT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TROUPER
LONDON STRATFORD Rex Cinema: PAPPER ZUKIE / CIMARONS / NICKY THOMAS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: MABEL
LONDON W.12 White Horse: TIDAL WAVE BAND
LUTON Technical College: AFTER THE FIRE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JETHRO TULL / LEO KOTTKE
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: BICYCLE THIEVES
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: CALEDONIA
MANCHESTER University: LONE STAR
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: ROOGALATOR
NEWBURY Ackland Hall: McCALMANS
NEWCASTLE University: HINKLEY'S HEROES
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: SAM APPLE PIE
NORWICH Crockers Disco: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: MOTORHEAD
NOTTINGHAM University: SUPERCHARGE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: FLYING ACES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: LYNYRD SKYNYRD / CLOVER
SHEFFIELD University: JOHN MARTYN
WATFORD College: CHARLIE
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Mid-Herts College: A.F.T. / SKY
WIGAN Casino: TRAIN
WREXHAM North-East Wales Institute: HOOKER

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: M.O.
ALCESTER Cherry Tree: McCALMANS
AYLESBURY John Hampden: MASQUE
BANBURY Wheatsheaf: BILL CADDICK
BEDFORD Nite Spot: SLIK
BELFAST Queen's University: JOHN MARTYN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SNEAKERS/XTC
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: HEARTBREAKER
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE/CADO BELLE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: DAVE BURLAND
COVENTRY Zhivago's: APPLEJACKS
DUNDEE Angus Hotel: F.B.I.
DUNDEE Caird Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
HULL Telstar Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
KEELE University: BERNARD WRIGLEY
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: U-BOAT
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: MANHATTANS / HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
LIVERPOOL Empire: LYNYRD SKYNYRD/CLOVER
LONDON BATTERSEA Nag's Head: JAKE WALTON
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: ANAHATA (Musicians from Stomu Yamashta's Red Buddha Theatre)
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: BOB DAVENPORT
LONDON E.17 Lord Brooke: COCKY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLESQUE
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: LEO KOTTKE / LEON REDBONE
LONDON Palladium: FARON YOUNG/HANK LOCKLIN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
LUTON The Cock: MARTIN SIMPSON
LUTON The Unicorn: ZIB BAND
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: GREENSLADE
MANCHESTER Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: BICYCLE THIEVES
NOTTINGHAM Co-op Folk Club: PAUL BRADY
POYNTON Folk Centre: THERAPY
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
RUGBY Radea Club: BREAKER
SHEFFIELD Bailey's (daytime) doubling **LONDON PADDINGTON** Cue Club (late night): LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: RACING CARS
THAME Swan Hotel: DEREK & DOROTHY ELLIOT
TODMORDEN Town Hall: MIKE HARDING

ZAPPA'S BACK!

FRANK ZAPPA returns to Britain early next week to play his first British dates for two years. He'll be headlining seven concerts, four in London and the remainder in the provinces, and the first is at Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday (9). He's bringing along his new band, called simply Zappa, which includes Roxy stalwart Eddie Jobson in the line-up. And he's performing a full two-hour set without any support act.

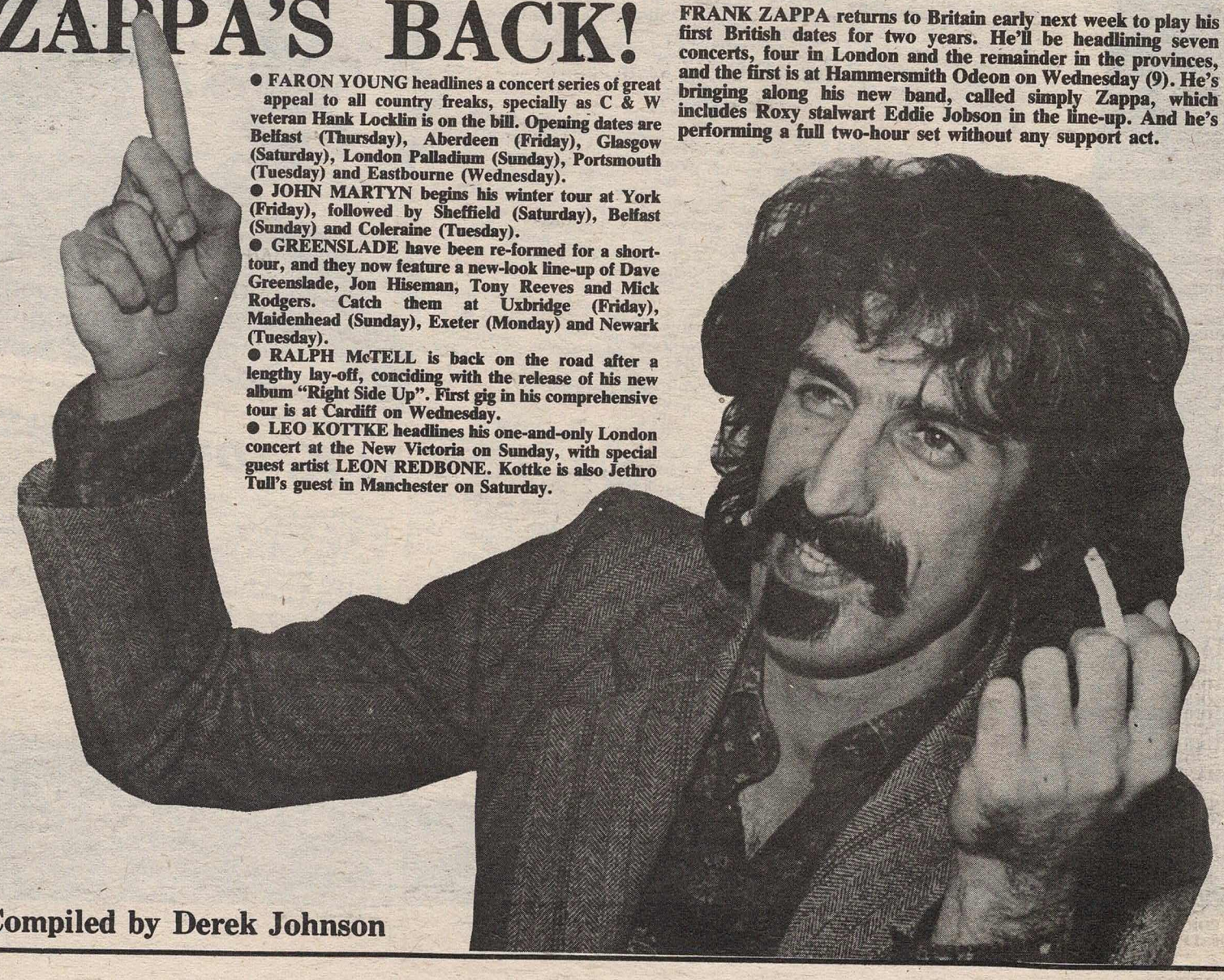
● **FARON YOUNG headlines a concert series of great appeal to all country freaks, specially as C & W veteran Hank Locklin is on the bill. Opening dates are Belfast (Thursday), Aberdeen (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), London Palladium (Sunday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Eastbourne (Wednesday).**

● **JOHN MARTYN begins his winter tour at York (Friday), followed by Sheffield (Saturday), Belfast (Sunday) and Coleraine (Tuesday).**

● **GREENSLADE have been re-formed for a short-tour, and they now feature a new-look line-up of Dave Greenslade, Jon Hiseman, Tony Reeves and Mick Rodgers. Catch them at Uxbridge (Friday), Maidenhead (Sunday), Exeter (Monday) and Newark (Tuesday).**

● **RALPH McTELL is back on the road after a lengthy lay-off, conciding with the release of his new album "Right Side Up". First gig in his comprehensive tour is at Cardiff on Wednesday.**

● **LEO KOTTKE headlines his one-and-only London concert at the New Victoria on Sunday, with special guest artist LEON REDBONE. Kottke is also Jethro Tull's guest in Manchester on Saturday.**



Compiled by Derek Johnson

GUIDE

This is supposed to convince you that Greenslade

DAVE GREENSLADE

. . . are back on the road

MONDAY

ABERYSTWYTH University: LONE STAR/CASINO
BIRMINGHAM Crown & Cushion: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOSTON Folk Club at the Copper Kettle: ROARING JELLY
BOURNEMOUTH Wessex Hotel: DEREK WADWORTH'S ROCK WORKSHOP
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JOHN MILES-/KRAZY KAT
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: SUMMER WINE
COLESHILL Ivy Lodge: McCALMANS
COVENTRY Zhivago's: APPLEJACKS
CROYDON Red Deer: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: U-BOAT
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: F.B.I.
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: PAUL BRADY
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
EXETER University: GREENSLADE
FAREHAM Bugle Hotel: BILL CADDICK
HULL Tiffany's: BANDIT
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
LIVERPOOL Empire : JETHRO TULL/RICHARD DIGANCE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KITES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WINDOW
LONDON EARLS COURT Jingles: ZIB BAND

LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: HANDBAG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE JAM
LONDON Marquee Club: RACING CARS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CHRIS JONES BAND
LONDON Queen Mary College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: BRYAN FERRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
READING University: COCKY
STAFFORD Top of the World: SLIK
SWINDON The Affair: CABASA
TEWKESBURY Abbey Mill : STEREO GRAFFITI

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: F.B.I.
BELFAST Queen's University: THE McGARRIGLES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LITTLE BOB STORY/NUTZ
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: APPLEJACKS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Top Rank: MEDICINE HEAD
CANTERBURY Kent University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE/CADO BELLE
CARDIFF Top Rank: LONE STAR
COLERAINE Ulster University: JOHN MARTYN
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CASPIAN
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
LEEDS Grobs: NICK STRUTT & STEVE DIXON
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WEIGHT WATCHERS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Three Horseshoes: PAUL BRADY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES/BLOOD DONOR
LONDON Marquee Club: CHARLIE
LONDON OXFORD ST 100 Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: BRYAN FERRY
LONDON School of Economics: OCEAN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: CULPEPPER COUNTY
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
NEWARK Palace Theatre: GREENSLADE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LYNYRD SKYNYRD CLOVER
NORTHOLT The Target: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: FARON YOUNG/HANK LOCKLIN
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: MARTIN SIMPSON
SALFORD University: GONZALEZ

SHEFFIELD City Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
SWANSEA White Swan: PETE QUIN
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: XTC
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: JOHN MILES-/KRAZY KAT

WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SLIK
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIRGO
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: HOOKER
BOURNEMOUTH Winer Gardens: GALLAGHER & LYLE/CADO BELLE
BRADFORD University: ROOGALATOR
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CARDIFF Top Rank: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
CARDIFF University: RALPH McTELL
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall doubling **LONDON W.1 LONDON** Gulliver's Club: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
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COLERAINE Ulster University: FUMBLE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE MANHATTANS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: FARON YOUNG/ HANK LOCKLIN
EDINBURGH Napier College: CASPIAN
EXETER University: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: LYNYRD SKYNYRD/CLOVER
KEELE University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LEEDS Pentagon Suite: CISSY STONE BAND
LIVERPOOL Empire: JOHN MILES/KRAZY KAT
LIVERPOOL University: LONE STAR
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BURN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MULATTO
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth:ZIB BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CLAPHAM FUNKTION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: S.A.L.T.
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College:KITES
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: STAG
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: BRYAN FERRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BONE IDOL
LONDON University College: BILL CADDICK
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
NEWCASTLE University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY/CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: JETHRO TULL/RICHARD DIGANCE
SWINDON The Affair: COUNT BISHOPS
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HULL Bailey's: SILVER CLOUD
Thursday for three days
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FALMES
Thursday for three days
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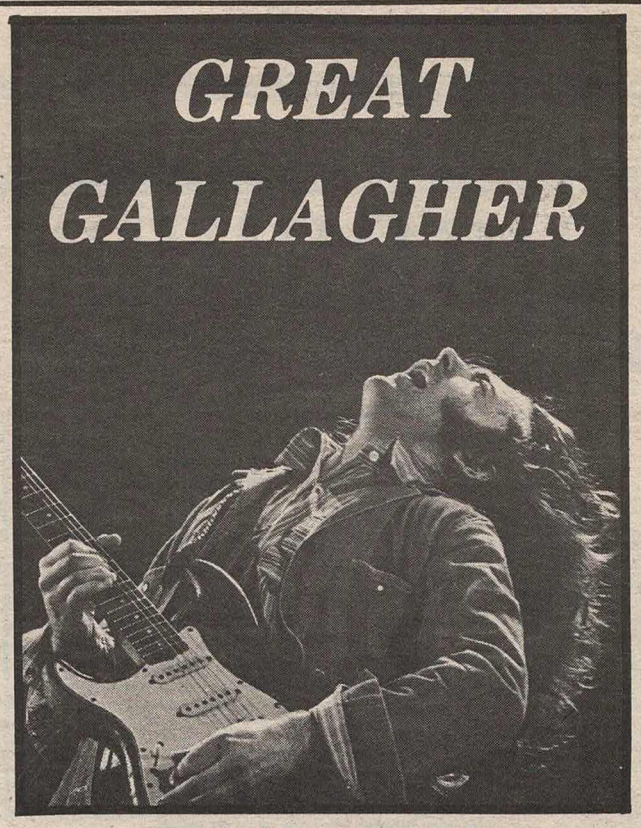
Rory Gallagher
LEEDS

JUST AS SOON as The Joe O'Donnell Band left the stage the people were on their feet flush up to the makeshift barrier in front of the stage, jockeying for choice positions, jammed so tight together that nobody could turn around to spit. The whole hall seemed to be wired on booze, adrenalin and nervous anticipation. Me, I just sprawled about on the balcony, grinning at everybody and feeling inexplicably glad to be there.

When Rory Gallagher and band finally made the stage all the tension that had been cranking up in volume for the past half hour finally found a point of focus, and 2,000 plus wild-eyed rock'n'roll crazy people did the things 2,000 plus wild-eyed rock'n'roll crazy people normally do when confronted with their hero. Rory smiled a lot and plugged in.

I guess he's a star of sorts, but he doesn't act like one, doesn't dress like one, and he sure doesn't play like a man who's earned enough respect from his fans to take it easy now and again. He does everything with verve and total commitment, his playing omnipotent and aggressive, riding hot rails over his band's energised rhythms.

His slide playing, in particular, was potent and fiery, his bottleneck slipping and skittering up and down the fretboard, propelling an intense inferno of notes wild with emotion. His fans, needless to say, greeted every number with the same ecstatic cacophony, but for me the country blues numbers were the most enjoyable, primarily because his playing was less cluttered and claustrophobic, and more fluid, with more emphasis on technique than power.



Without a doubt, however, the most exciting moment came at the end of the show, with "Bullfrog Blues." Lusty and rocking, quite simply the most exciting rock'n'roll I've heard in a long time. Listening to it on Saturday night, I think came as close as a non-disciple *can* come to experiencing something the other 2,000 Gallagher fanatics present had been feeling all night.

After the show he jumped down onto the row of tables that had been hastily erected to form a barrier to shake hands with the fans nearest the stage. Nobody got heavy, and everybody went home happy. The atmosphere had been incredible, high on good times; I wanted to laugh, I don't know why. I just laughed anyway.

"Listen, you just write that Rory Gallagher is the very best we've ever had at Leeds University, and we've had all the greats here." Andy Haddleton, the Entertainments Secretary, said that. I'm not so sure, but there again, I don't claim to be any special kind of fan.

What I would say, however, is that in his field Rory Gallagher is the best, and as a performer he gives his fans more value for money than anybody I've ever seen. And I'd have to be some kind of bastard to knock that.

Looks like I've come to the end of the review without giving his band their due praise. An odious error considering they played perfectly, rockin' and swingin' without fault, as far as I could tell.

John Hamblett

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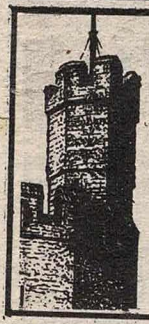

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Lew Lewis

DINGWALLS

THE BAND are on stage in five minutes and The Man With The Golden Gob-Iron looks worried.

"I 'eard they pay ya by *cheque* in this place," Lew Lewis says as he moves around the tiny graffiti-stained dressing room with his usual natural abundance of nervous energy. "A cheque's no good... I want cash . . . bevvy money, y'know?"

Yeah, Lew. Why are ya hacking at all your Echo Super Vampers with a razor blade?

"Got to, otherwise they cut me mouth," he says and proceeds to blow a few alcoholic riffs in demonstration. Unfortunately, just at that moment somebody pushes the dressing room door open and Lew, still with razor in hand, gets his arm jogged and accidently chivs himself. Blood'n'booze ooze out the cut and when it's taped up Lew leads his band on stage to face a mournfully half-empty Dingwalls Monday night crowd. That a band as great as *this* should be playing in front of an audience as small as *that* is nothing less than tragic.

They wade into that unique Lew Lewis sound with the first number "Shake And Finger Pop", South Side of Chicago blooze pumped through Basildon New Town and Canvey Island White Suburban rivvum'n'blooze. But that's a Motown number . . . Lew stage centre hunched over the mike, knee pumping as he gets in his tributes via harp of gold and vocals to Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, Sonny Terry and all his other idols.

Lee from the Feelgoods on slide on one side of the stage and Pete Zears on lead on the other, and Clouter (surely the Ultimate Drummer's moniker) pounding and thrashing his kit and Johnny Squirrel on looping bass line through "Shame, Shame, Shame" and "Mister Bartender", complete and utter total empathy between the musicians and their music like I ain't seen since I don't know when ("This music don't belong to just the Americans," Lee said before the gig. "It belongs to everyone. We gave it back to 'em . . .")

For the next number, the Kingsmen's "Louie Louie", Clouter stepped to one side to let some yob with spiky red barnet called Chris Miller hold down the rhythm section for a number, then Clouter was back for the B-side, and superior side, of the Lew Lewis Stiff single, the great "Caravan Man", done even better than the recorded version which was one of the best three singles of last year and no question about it.

GODDAMMIT, WHY AIN'T THERE MORE PEOPLE HERE?

"Watch Yourself" is followed by "Out For A Lark", which will be on Lew's UA single to be released next month, and it could well turn into the definitive Lewis self-penned number. It's what the lad's all about . . .

He does a version of "Messing With The Kid" that wipes the floor with any version Rory Gallagher *ever* did *(but it's a Junior Wells song — Ed)* and then it's the last couple of numbers — "Train Blues" and "Down The Road Apiece" — and they split for some more lubrication before the second set . . . Lew searching through his Echo Super Vampers endlessly for one in the key he's looking for . . .

Sparko stepped in on bass for the second set, which was looser, much MUCH looser than the first set (which is saying something), and it swerved and soared from the edges of brilliance to, at times, looking as though the whole thing was *so* loose that it was just gonna collapse . . . Lee handling more vocals, Lew slightly out of it but still getting in some alcoholic harp riffs so sweet that it almost broke your heart, at one point both Lee and Lew jumping off stage and into the audience to trade licks . . . or maybe Lew didn't jump . . . it's real hard to tell with him, one of his gigs is like watching a man on a tightrope ride . . .

It's great that Lew Lewis has got mates like the Feelgoods to come down and play on his gigs, but I'd really love to see him get a crew of young, red-hot, enthusiastic kids to be HIS BAND, THE LEW LEWIS BAND and nobody else, a permanent band, some solid rock, blue rock, to build on.

With as much natural talent as Lew Lewis has got, a band like that could turn out to be something very special.

Tony Parsons

Hall & Oates
Andy Desmond

HAMMERSMITH

IF YOU HADN'T already sussed it, Phil McNeill's authoritative piece on this duo a couple of weeks ago confirmed their crossover connection with the nether regions of soul music. Which is why I come to be giving them the once over — and which is also why you needn't start reaching for the acid-tipped quills when I admit that I wasn't overly impressed.

But first, since no other reviewer had the courtesy to mention the fact, it should be noted that the dreaded opening spot was courageously — and more to the point, successfully — carried by a lone figure known as Andy Desmond, who strolled on to a smattering of polite applause and walked off with a respectable ovation.

If the time was right this likeable character would obviously be going places, but somehow I think his intimate brand of acoustic togetherness comes far too late to interest ageing hippies and a bit too early to spark a revival of the spirit in the new generation.

I liked him a lot. His voice is good (rather like Don McLean), his songs are interesting (mainly autobiographical and frequently romantic, but without any cloying sentimentality) and he quickly established a warmer rapport with the audience than the superstars of the evening.

Hall & Oates are, of course, onto a winner right now. It's not often one sees such rabid enthusiasm from an audience. This was real big time stuff.

My own enjoyment was tempered by several conflicting impressions. For instance: Daryl Hall (for it was he, the beguiling blond bombshell, in person) is unquestionably a hell of a singer, but he cuts such a prissy stage figure — all too concerned with his flopping locks, which he constantly caresses and flicks back from his face — that it's hard to believe he's involved in the songs he's delivering with such vocal skill.

John Oates, who I've always assumed to be an equal part of the relationship in songwriting and on record, turned out to be of secondary importance on stage, only contributing harmony vocal and, except for one solo, rhythm guitar. No doubt we'd have missed his presence but by the same token it was difficult to judge his talent, buried as it was in the overall wall of sound.

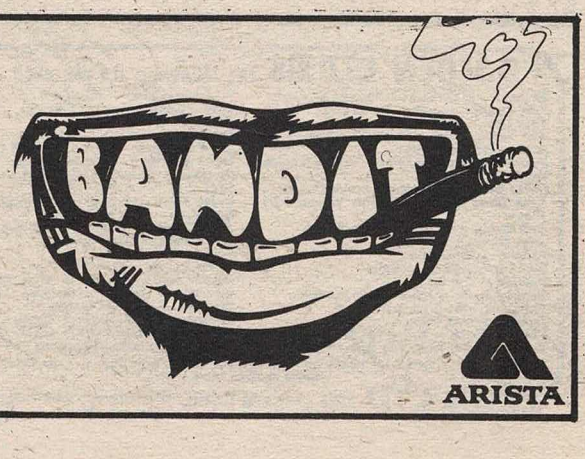
And that brings me to the third annoyance: the balance and volume of the mix. Hall & Oates carry a very tasty bunch of musicians, particularly the bassist, lead guitarist and saxman, who contribute as much to the quality of the show as the featured front-men. But everything was so loud that, being one of the few members of the audience who was unfamiliar with the material, it took me the best part of each song to estimate what was being performed.

I'll take it from those who know about these things that H & O's recorded works are generally ace, and just remark that, for the most part, I had to content myself with their presentation of the material rather than the sentiments therein. And as presentations go theirs was too heavy on the head and too light on the soul.

Had the full-house of pleasure seekers recognised my discontentment they'd have doubtless booted me clean across the adjacent flyover, for they seemed well satisfied with each and every number, finally demanding that the duo return for an increasingly unpleasant encore which started like a metallic doowop and quickly degenerated into a cacophony of hard rock cliches. It was every man for himself, so I quietly slipped into the night, disappointed but determined to try them again after I've got to grips with their records.

Cliff White

Demon 'arp down Singbats



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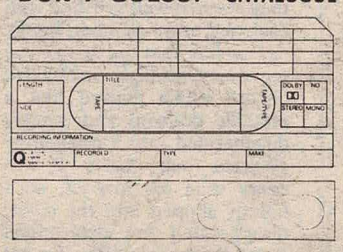

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KONCEPTS KORNER

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Genesis

EDINBURGH

ONLY HALFWAY through the first month of 1977 and I shall count myself singularly blessed if I get to see a better concert in the remaining eleven months.

So what was so impressive? The music for a start. "Squonk", "One For The Vine", "Robbery, Assault & Battery", "You Have Your Own Special Way", "Firth Of Fifth", "In That Quiet Earth", "I Know What I Like", "Fifth Earl Of Mar", "Supper's Ready", "Dance On A Volcano/Los Endos", plus an encore of a medley of "Lamb Lies Down" and "Music Box" with a snatch of the old "On Broadway" classic as a bridge. All were performed so much more strongly than on album you'd hardly believe it.

The effect of the music was considerably heightened by a most intelligent use of lights and extras. Let's hear it for the lights first. Then there was the laser. Pretty neat that, and not overdone. And the old favourite, dry ice. Don't sigh like that, because there's life in the old trick yet. It's blown upwards and outwards into the stalls. Certainly has a new effect when it gets into the old Ear Nose & Throat Dept.

New drummer Chester Thompson is very busy, providing more attack at the back. When Phil Collins hops up onto the drum dais and both men lay into their kits, they simply power forward, carrying everything with them.

And Collins, ladies and gentlemen, what an excellent front man he is, acting out little sketches with neat touches of humour, performing acrobatics with his tambourine and tying the show together with his excellent links and introductions for new adherents.

The new songs are interesting. A feature of much of "Wind And Wuthering" is that it marks a swing away from the heavy, slow-pulsed, mellotron-dominated Genesis trademarks towards a new, lighter approach with more emphasis on guitar. It's less dramatic, less accessible, but as for less quality — let's just wait until all is assimilated and time will tell.

Faults? If you peered close enough you could find a couple. Phil Collins' vocals — it could be just that he was pacing himself for the second show, but some notes he was straining to get. Also you couldn't make out the words when he sang hard.

But that's really splitting hairs. This was two hours of quintessential Genesis. It's not often that you get such a powerful combination of show and quality music in a concert, and it was worth every moment.

Ian Cranna

So Crom preserve us from the NEXT volley of verbosity

Next

BRISTOL

ONE OF THE nasty, cruel facts of life for a young band on the road is that in order to get any sort of attention from your audience you have to intersperse your own material with well-known songs by other people. Often, of course, a group or a singer can make this worthwhile and interesting with creative interpretations, but on just as many occasions these cover versions are uninspired and boring. This is certainly true of the Liverpool band Next — frustratingly so, because their own numbers are very good indeed.

During their act they do Family's "Burlesque", Roy Orbison's "Pretty Woman", 10cc's "Art For Art's Sake" and a version of Bryan Ferry's cover version, "Let's Stick Together", all played practically note for note the same as the originals and all very tedious. Sure they show that the rhythm section of Steve Emberton (bass) and Terry Sterling (drums) play aggressively and proficiently well together, that Ron Stone is a competent guitarist and that Phil Jones sings well and plays flute and sax even better, but otherwise it's definitely "I wonder what's on television right now" time.

However, when they play their self-written material, things am a whole different bunch of bananas. "Bionic Blues" is (would you believe) a blues about the unique sexual exploits of Steve Austin, featuring a really good flute solo from Jones.

The two highlights of the show are "Zsa Zsa La Carre" and "Bumble", and it is in this pair of songs, especially the latter, that Next are extremely reminiscent of the Genesis of 1972/3. For these two numbers Jones wears several costumes, and, like Peter Gabriel, it is only then that he comes alive and is able to project himself and the songs in the full theatrical sense. Moreover, the influences of Victorian literature and nursery rhymes (they play a dazzling "Frere Jacques") and various time signatures ranging from rock and jazz to waltz are all similar to early Genesis.

They introduced "Bumble" as "a new number", and very impressive it was; a 15-minute mini-epic based on the three most memorable characters from *Oliver Twist*, Bill Sykes, Fagin and Mr Bumble himself. Jones, dressed in some good costumes, hams up the three roles superbly, while the group slip in a hilarious heavy metal burst of "Food Glorious Food". Unfortunately when Jones goes off stage to change, a serious weakness becomes evident; left on their own the other three exude as much charisma as a herring packer with halitosis. They launch into pounding rifferama, and although Sterling and Emberton play in an excellent manner which belies their youth, Stone tends to let his solos slide into flying fingers cliches and he overuses his FX, expecially the voice box. Still, this opus deservedly got the loudest applause of the night.

They finished with "Faith Healer" and for an encore "Tomahawk Kid", Jones impersonating Alex's tortured psychoses and Stone injecting a nicely controlled feedback solo, but although they almost captured the power of the SAHB, it was merely an anti-climax after "Bumble".

David Housham

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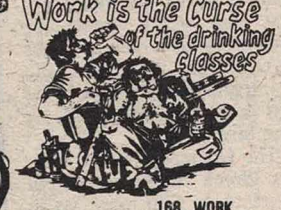

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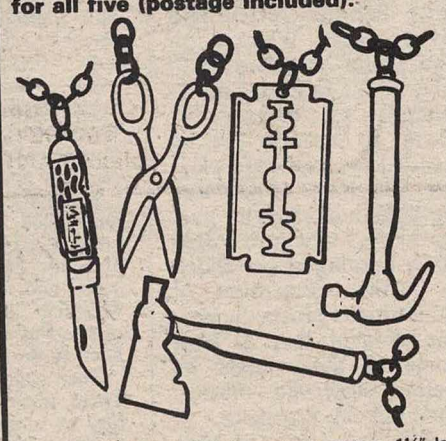

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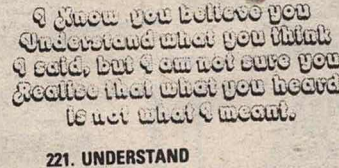

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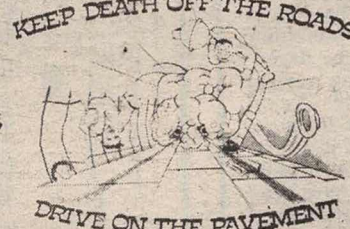

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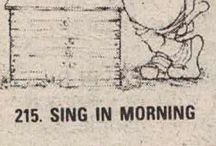

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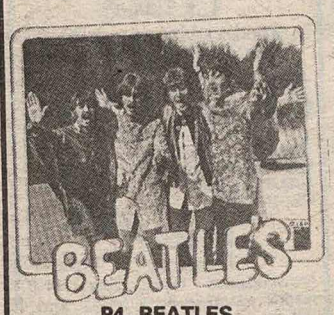

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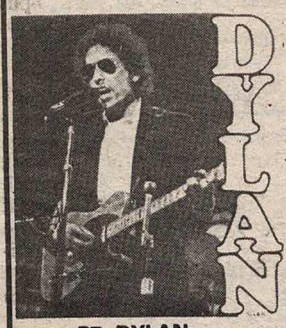

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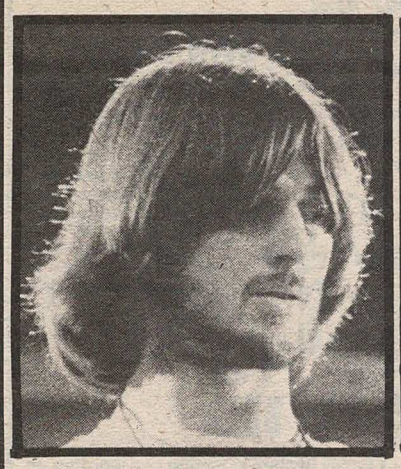

David Bedford

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

I DON'T regard "The Odyssey" as Bedford's best composition, but in a work like this there is a big difference between record and live concert. Whereas on the album he was able to play all the keyboard tracks himself by overdubbing them, to perform live he needed ten keyboard players. His choice of an unbelievably heavyweight line-up to play what are essentially backing tracks added a further dimension of doubt to the proceedings — the thought that at least some of them might be better employed onstage than playing arpeggios.

With Jon Lord and Mike Ratledge assisting him on synthesisers, Pete Lemer and Dave Simmons on string synthesisers, Dave Stewart on grand piano, Brian Gascoigne on electric piano, Dave Lawson on clavinet, Neil Ardley on Hammond organ, Steuart Bedford on grand organ, the stage became a road crew's nightmare — or paradise — since each required a different form of amplification. The concert producer was Bedford's producer Pete Jenner — I was surprised he hadn't hung his Blackhill Enterprises banner across the stage.

Nicky Horne introduced the proceedings and Jon Lord opened with a section from "Sarabande" — a sort of Brubeck 6/4 time melodic piece which cheered everyone up. Lord played a grand piano, Bedford used the early Moog "rubber band" setting on his synthi and Ratledge chewed gum and played a few right hand chords.

There were three Jon Lord pieces, the third of which opened with turn-of-the-century Satie-like simplicity and then developed a huge beat, allowing Ratledge to play a fine attacking solo. It was the first time he's been on stage since he left The Soft Machine nine months ago and he had a lot to say.

Pete York played one of the best drum solos I've ever heard, every idea resolved itself, each shape was completed, the cross rhythms wove in and out of each other in very interesting patterns and he's a master technician. He seemed to be sight reading the solo, which, if he was, is an even more remarkable achievement considering the speed and apparent spontaneity with which he played. He drew applause and cheers.

It's a pity the interval wasn't announced, because instead of going to get drinks, most of the audience remained in their seats and there was much whistling and blowing of raspberries as they waited for Lord to do another bit.

Then came "The Odyssey." There were hearty cheers as fifty or so girls from Queen's College entered dressed in white. I'm always suspicious of choirs of expensive over-educated young ladies being used in these functions — remember the Vangelis *debacle* last year — but the choir and wine-glass orchestra of Queens managed to pull it off, despite the crude craning of necks to inspect their nubility. None of this from Mike Oldfield, I might add — in fact they were all peering at Virgin's golden goose themselves and he seemed positively embarrassed.

Mick Ratledge got a girl of his own to turn his pages, and she stayed with him all the way through, unlike Jon Lord's girl who soon left him. There was much discussion among the critics as to which of the girls was Clement Freud's daughter Emma and which was Kate Colleran, Lee Remick's child.

Oldfield's bit is an extremely awkward passage even on the record, and though he played it accurately it sounded jerky and hesitant. It certainly wasn't designed to show off his talent.

Sophie Dickson from Queen's College Choir sang the solo vocal, but with so much humming equipment it was hard for the sound mixers to push up the volume of the open mikes without feedback and she was very hard to hear.

Mireille Bauer from Gong, on vibraphone, encountered the same problem and the first half of her solo was lost entirely.

But these were small problems. The overall impact was very satisfactory. The passages where the girls sang with little accompaniment were easily the most beautiful, particularly on "The Sirens."

"The Odyssey," by the way, is a Greek myth, similar to *Startrek* only with more sex in it. One of the enemies is a huge whirlpool called Charybdis, which Bedford created by means of a 360° sweep of abstract sound. Since it was far louder than the onstage music and appeared to be coming from above, the effect was something like being attacked from outer space. The sound was definitely *Quatermass Experiment* or *Dr. Who,* not like a whirlpool at all.

There was a nice bit where the girls rubbed wine glasses to produce an eerie, ancient sound. McCartney did it on "McCartney" and I believe the art form has a long name of its own.

The levels and textures built up. Oldfield's second solo was much more interesting. Even the great organ of the Albert Hall was used (of course), played by Steuart Bedford. While all this was going on, Oldfield had a surreptitious fag, holding it behind his back — until he realised that about a thousand people were sitting above the back of the stage.

Mireille Bauer's big moment came on the kettle drums, coupled with great blasts on the RAH organ and the choir. If it was going to collapse anywhere it would have been here, but Bedford held everything together very tightly and it worked.

I must say I preferred the encore, the "Rio Grande" sea shanty from Bedford's "The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner," which was very beautiful.

The Albert Hall was full — 7,000 people — and I think they enjoyed themselves, even the Arab sitting in front of me who smoked huge cigars all the way through the concert. He applauded wildly.

Miles

RADIO TV

THE PERENNIAL "Old Grey Whistle Test" at last seems to have found a settled spot in BBC-2's Tuesday schedules, with a regular starting time of 11.15 pm. This week the **Average White Band** are the featured attraction.

The channel's other weekly rock series, "Sight And Sound In Concert" (Saturday 6.30 pm), offers 60 minutes of **John Miles** in a simultaneous stereo link with Radio 1.

Still with BBC-2, the three-part documentary "The Friendly Invasion" comes to a close on Saturday with the most interesting instalment, subtitled "The Road To Rock 'n'Roll". There's film of **Chuck Berry, Bill Haley, Elvis Presley, the Beatles** and many more of their vintage.

ITV's main music contribution is the Saturday morning "Supersonic" (most regions) which includes **Slade's** first British TV appearance for two years, plus **Gary Glitter, Paul Nicholas** and **Miquel Brown.**

Radio 1 has an hour-long special at 12.30 pm on Saturday, when **George Harrison** talks to **Anne Nightingale** about his days with the **Beatles** and subsequent solo career. And **Alexis Korner** hosts another blues and soul show at 5.30.

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society's Northern branch has copped a clutch of top US jazzmen — the first UK appearance of the **Clark Terry Big Band** at the Davenport Theatre, Stockport, on March 27. The 17-piece band includes **Richard Williams, Ernie Wilkins, Jimmy Heath, Eddie Bert** and **Ed Thigpen.** Following his stint at Ronnie Scott's, **Dexter Gordon** will be playing at the Band on the Wall, Manchester on 17th. February; Hurlfield Campus, Sheffield on 19th.; Astoria, Leeds on 20th.; Birmingham, Opposite Lock on 22nd.; Football Club, Great Harwood on 24th.; Black Bull, Milngavie, Glasgow on 27th.; The Sands, Dundee on 28th.

Back in The Smoke, The Seven Dials has **Henry Lowther's Quarternity & Art Themen** and the **Tom Bridges Trio** on 3rd. February. **John Taylor's Octet** will be at the Battersea Arts Centre on the 4th., and **Paul Lee's Journey** at the Star & Garter, Putney on the same night. On Sunday 6th. **Joy** are at The Zodiac — ex-Klook's Clique — in West Hampstead, with **Keith Tippett** and **Harry Miller.** A new feature is the free Saturday lunchtime gigs, kicked off by the **Paul Lee Trio** with **Mike Osborne** on 5th. February. That fascinating tandem, **Talisker & Voice** are at St Botolph's Church, Aldgate on 8th. **Jeff Clyne's Turning Point** are at The Phoenix, Cavendish Square on 9th.

Following Dexter in at Ronnie's — from 14th. February, **Louis Hayes-Woody Shaw Quintet;** from 28th. **Carmen McRae.**

New release from A&M, **Chuck Mangione's** "Main Squeeze" featuring many a bob in the meter. On Black Lion, **Dudley Moore** at The Wavedon Festival.

Any punter handy for Lagos, Nigeria still has time to catch the African Arts Festival, including **Sun Ra, Muhal Richard Abrams, Jackie McLean, Pharoah Sanders** and **Milford Graves.**

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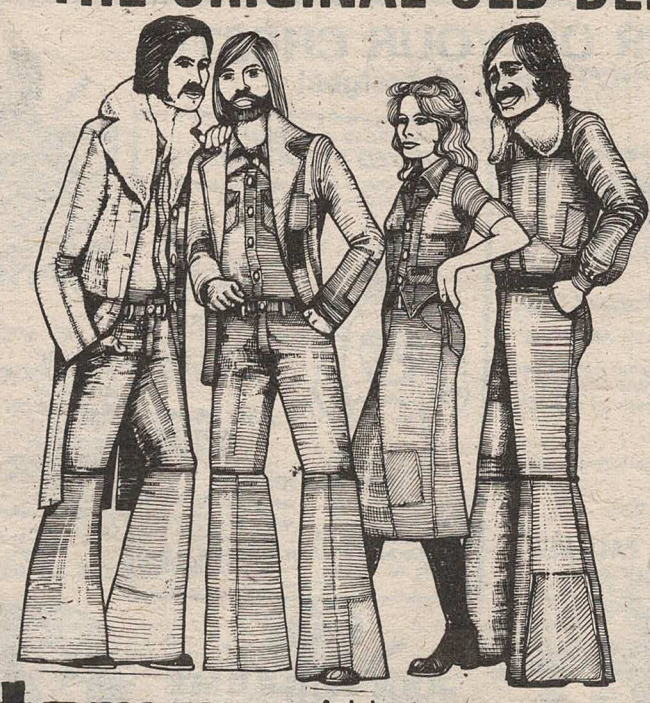

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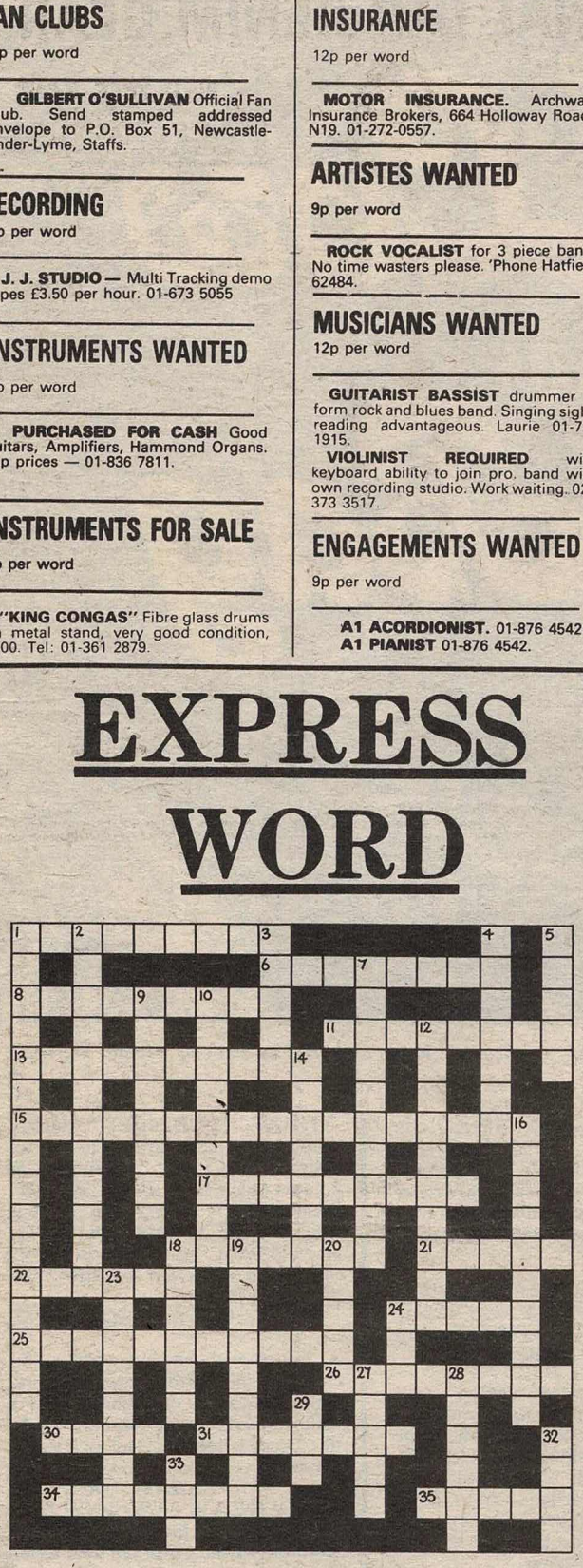

ACROSS

1 Current disco fave (5, 4)
6 Almost a fish, the former D. Purple drummer (3, 5)
8 "Animals" drummer (4, 5)
11 See 3
13 Classic Stones' 45 — some have said it was "dedicated" to Claudia Lennear (5, 5)
15 El Ferranti's eulogy to glue? Or is it bondage? (4, 5, 8)
17 Wrote about his experiences in "Diary Of A Rock-'n'Roll Star" (3, 6)
18 The former Mrs Wonder
21 Canned food giant/'50s rock'n'roller
22 Label
24 & 35 They were to East London what The Who were to the west
25 Of "Pain + Pleasure = Ecstasy" (4, 7)
26 See 33
30 See 29
31 The family that smiles together
34 Ginger Baker's first stop after Blind Faith (3, 5)
35 See 24 across

DOWN

1 Phil Lynott warns against the gossips? (4, 7, 1, 4)
2 Posthumous smash hit for Otis Redding (4, 2, 3, 3)
3 & 11 Don't stain lard (anag. 5, 8)
4 Ms Safka
5 Don't cry for Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber!
7 Starred Ron Mael as Josef Goebbels!?
9 Steve Stills' old band
10 The Doctor's live goodie
12 He cut the original of the garage classic "Woolly Bully" (3, 3, 4)
14 As in the Rainbow axeman
16 Had some 27 hits between 1957-64 — these days plays the rock circuits (4, 6)
18 Rodnee elpee
19 David O'List, ex of Nice, was their first (short-term) guitarist (4, 5)
20 "24 Hours From . . . . ."
23 Scored a U.S. No. 1 with his last single (3, 5)
24 The absent Mr B
27 A friend of Big Ears
28 Derived from Bluebeat
29 & 30 Early Floyd producer and leading light of U.K. underground, he's worked with Incredibles, Nick Drake, Nico, Maria Mulduar among many
32 John McVie's instrument
33 & 26 A.k.a. Olias Of Whatsit

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 Julie Covington; 5 "New Kid In Town"; 9 Ayers; 12 "My Love"; 13 (David) Soul; 14 Kevin (Ayers); 15 "(I Heard It Through The) Grapevine"; 16 (John Lee) Hooker; 17 (Tony Palmer; 18 Lee; 20 Ted (Nugent); 22 Gates; 23 "Low"; 24 Steve (Harley); 25 (Denny Laine; 26 (Rose) Royce; 28 Cash; 29 (Dickie) Betts; 31 Tom Paxton; 35 Chet (Atkins); 37 Mick (Taylor); 38 Slade; 39 Johnny (Cash). **DOWN:** 1 Joni Mitchell; 2 Lowell George; EMI; 4 Tony (Palmer); 6 Deep Purple; 7 Nashville; 8 Walker Brothers; 10 Elvis Presley; 11 Sandie Shaw; 19 "Eat A Peach"; 20 "The Last Time"; 21 David (Gates); 22 Gene Clark; 27 "Ohio"; 30 Harley; 32 Marcy (Levy); 33 Taylor; 34 Nugent; 36 Sax.

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I HAVE read carefully the two 'reviews' of the new David Bowie album, and consider them both to be of little value to the reader who hasn't heard the album and is considering whether to buy it.

Of the two pieces, Ian MacDonald's was perhaps more helpful in actually reviewing the music, but even he "got bored describing side one" of the album, and the first section of his review seemed to have very little relevance to the job in hand.

What particularly irritated me was the excessively pompous and degrading manner Charles Shaar Murray adopted in his review. His subject becomes not an album, but, "a state of mind beyond desperation, a state where you're so far down that you have to reach up to touch bottom."

Why did this not occur to me when I listened to the music? Why is this horrid, degenerate state of mind already featuring in the music charts? Not because we are all turning in desperation to the second Nazi movement; not because we a preparing for the "summer of hate"; not even because we want to lay on our asses and listen to our wounds fester. It's because we "don't give a shit" (your words, not mine) about what the music conjures up in a mind so obviously polluted and misguided as Mr. Murray's.

Do you honestly believe that your articles on fascism and more sordid aspects of the punk-rock movement mean much more to the vast majority of youths today? Look, at least 90% of us kids still find our release and enjoyment in going to ordinary discos, ordinary aggro-ridden football games, and listening to super music, such as is provided by Bowie's album.

So "we're low enough already" are we, Mr. Murray? You may be, mate, but don't forget we millions who are still enjoying ourselves, and who listen to music because we like the sound of it.

PHIL ROBINSON
University of Kent, Canterbury

Charlie's gone sick and is unable to answer his portion of the deluge of "Low" mail. He's at home playing Muddy Waters records because he likes the sound of them.—N.S.

ENJOYABLE THOUGH CSM's review of 'Low' was, I feel that his criticism was founded on the fundamentally mistaken premise that the artists' role in society is to supply solutions to the problems of the day.

If Bowie finds himself in a basically soulless and mindless atmosphere his creation can only transform that wasteland into an aural image, for this is his chosen art-form. A photographer, no matter how great, is not expected to provide answers to the photographic images he presents to us. If we, the viewer (or listener in Bowie's case) find answers, then they were already with us: the artist has merely opened the door.

"Low" is like a crystal ball: some see only a blank sphere, which may or may not appear beautiful depending on one's point of view, whilst others are able to perceive in its passive surfaces whatever their minds and imaginations dictate. It is not a mirror to reflect its creator's image, it is for us to see our own reflections.

LARRY JENKIN
Todmorden, Yorkshire

Enjoyable though your letter was, I think the artist's role in society is *precisely* to supply not only descriptions, but also diagnoses and remedies for society's ills. I don't think Bowie is suss enough to do that, but side one of "Low" is almost as good as "Another Green World."

NOT SO much a review, more a rejection of one man's imagination, justified on the grounds of CSM's supposed superior outlook on life.

CSM has abandoned a critique based on enjoyment and understanding of the material, and instead slams Bowie for not being aggressively optimistic. I don't think that there's much to be optimistic about. CSM should stick to books with happy endings, escapist films with loving couples. Does CSM think that such mindless pap as Smokie and Tina Charles are healthier morally?

Surely the crux of the matter is that I find "Low" an exciting album, just as I find those tower blocks made of glass wonderfully menacing.

Negativity is a state of mind that always precedes REAL intensity.

P. COLLINS,
Havant, Hants.

"Wonderfully menacing" huh? Just try working or living in one pal. It's easy to see how easily you're fooled — N.S.

MAYBE IAN MacDonald doesn't take "Low" as a personal insult but I certainly do. Thank heavens for Charles Shaar Murray, he said more about Bowie's album in his last three paragraphs than MacDonald did in his entire review.

I echo Mr. Murray; give us a high, we're low enough already.

BOB BLAND
Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk

CAN ANYONE tell me what Ian MacDonald was on about last week in his review of "Low." I haven't a clue.

I could just grasp the tenuous train of Charles Shaar Murray's thoughts, but he's definitely on the wrong track. If he's looking to David Bowie for reassurance and comfort in his troubles he's got the wrong man. Bowie has always given us only the truth in his records, and he's done it again with "Low." Why not invest in some reviewers who think in English like the rest of us NME?

KATE SMYTH
Fallings Park, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

Shut your cakehole, you stupid bleeder. — Ian Mac.
There you are, I. Mac *does* think in English—N.S.

IT WAS good to see I. Mac back in the paper again. I think his intellectual-type reviews are a good thing because they make us think twice about records we might dismiss out of hand. He makes us try that bit harder to get into the records because if we don't we feel thick. I still think the Bowie record is a bunch of crap though.

JOHN DAVIE
London

DEAR New Musical Express — You're wonderful people, but you've got problems.

CODY STEEL

P.S.: I never leave my room.

It shows.

RE MICK Farren's forecast on Fascism. In all probability it does seem as if our "green and pleasant land" is in for a political wave similar to that witnessed in the thirties with Mosley's infamous and misguided "black shirts."

However, to equate fascism with all its stark ugliness and bitter hatred, with a bunch of silly teenagers in torn t-shirts is totally wrong.

British mainstream opinion recognises the fact that the men behind the fascist curtain, and indeed the more respectable 'National Front' curtain, are calculating, intelligent yet completely heartless and bitter people. Consequently they are treated, by the vast majority, with the contempt they deserve.

So Nazi regalia seems to be popular fashionwise, but merely because the punk children get a thrill out of the shape of the swastika, and the Kings Road boutiques have decided to commercialise the fact, doesn't mean that Adolf Hitler Mark II is on the horizon.

JON DALEY
Miles Platting, Manchester

THOSE BORINGLY normal thinking people who constitute the majority of the rock community will no doubt have laughed heartily at Mr. Farren's little fantasy and turned, chuckling still, to the album reviews, as I did today. In the words of Mr. Murray (in a different context) "Who needs this shit?"

SEVILLE SORVANTE

ALL I want to know is whether the cretin in the bottom inset (the one with the swastika on his/her mush) is male or the other sort because I would like to catch hold of it and hit it with a hammer.

LARAMY DOG THE COLESLAW SANDWICH H.A.

Yeah, peace and love man. You were probably at the gig in the next letter.

I AM writing to express my disgust at the behaviour of the audience at The Damned gig at the Electric Circus, Manchester.

It was a brave attempt by the band and an excellent performance, extremely powerful and exciting. Unfortunately, the spectators were, in the main, ridiculously hostile towards The Damned. They were an essentially 'heavy rock' audience weaned on Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple, Bad Company, et al; the staple diet of the Electric Circus. This led to extreme conflict betweem the long-haired 'bedenimed' brigade and the innovative nature of the 'punk' genre, as personified by The Damned. Never have I seen so much hatred generated by an audience, it culminated in a mass chorus of "Shit, shit, shit" upon the band's departure.

This action epitomised the entrenched, reactionary stance of many music followers who are scared of change and intolerant of genuine progress within rock music. It's sickening.

DERMOT McGUINNESS
Heaton Moor, Stockport

Well spoke squire. If you can't have the freedom to play music, what chance has free speech got?

WHILST BUSILY enjoying a Vibrators concert at our Poly recently, some smart-ass streetpunk told me to stop clapping or he'd force feed me my teeth. I obliged by putting my hands in my pockets. Does this qualify me for this month's "All in favour of the Alternative Society but not quite prepared to lay it on the line" award?

ARTHUR SHEDD
Newcastle

No but it means you can still smile at people.

HAVE THE Tremeloes said "We've always been punks," yet?

ELEPHANTS MEMORY

No, but you got the 1977 smart ass one liner running challenge trophy.—N.S.

NAZIS!!

Gasbag reveals the hidden menace to our nation's pop kids!

Why is this man walking free in our streets today?

Enclosed is a pic of ***International Times*** staff circa 1968-69. Tell Mick Farren to put *that* in his pipe and smoke it.

PETER, Withington, Manchester 20.

the image straight.

Over the last few years the romanticising of Nazism has gotten a little out of hand. The black-clad, inhuman SS super-Adonis has become such a part of pop imagery that many here among us are even tempted to dress up like one.

Edited by NEIL SPENCER

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TEAZERS

MORE NEWS of **El Zim.** *T-Zers* understands that he's abandoned building his home in sunny California, and instead returned to the icy streets of New York, where he was spotted reeling in the years, hanging out at a Greenwich Village coffee house.

He was there to hear highly-touted folksinger, **Shomo Haviv,** billed as The Israeli Bob Dylan. If he ever tours Israel, Bob told the club owners, he'll bill himself as The American Shomo Haviv . . .

After the new **Pink Floyd** album was debuted before a champagne-sipping middle-aged audience at the Midem Festival, and was heartily applauded loud and long, one cynic was heard to suggest that no-one would have noticed had "A Saucerful Of Secrets" been played backwards instead. Phooey, we replied earnestly, of course they would . . .

Within next two months, Charisma will be releasing an EP of three **Genesis** songs that failed to make the "Wind And Wuthering" album. However, guitarist **Steve Hackett** is adamant: the tracks aren't out-takes, but first-class songs . . .

Ian Anderson offers three reasons for **Jethro Tull** not playing large U.S. venues; "I know that many fans would prefer to see the band in a relatively relaxed setting where the greater intimacy affords a degree of subtlety missing from arenas and outdoor gigs; it gives the average critic a better shot at the small space between my eyeballs; and thirdly, I quote from my accountant, 'So who needs money anyway?' " . . .

After **Ry Cooder's** visit to the U.K. last week, he complained bitterly that all sleeve info on "Chicken Skin Music" had been omitted by WEA when album was released in this country. Warners now say relevant info will be added when album is re-pressed later this month; those who've already purchased it can acquire the missing parts by writing to WEA Sales Office, 69 New Oxford Street, London, W.1 . . .

Talk of Cooder leads us to mention that his exceptionally fine concerts at the weekend were attended by numerous luminaries — **George Harrison, Bill Wyman, Ralph McTell, Phil May, Marc Bolan, Bryn Haworth,** and half the *NME* staff amongst others . . .

More on WEA. Last week they came close to signing label-less **Sex Pistols,** but at last moment — so we hear — manager **Malcolm McLaren** upped the six-figure signing-on fee he was demanding, and **WEA** tactfully withdrew . . .

Talking of contracts (would you believe we pay someone to write these links?), CBS have taken the plunge and signed **The Clash.** And at press time we also learn that Arista has inked ageing West Coast punks **The Dead** to a new record deal . . .

Phil Manzanera joining **B. Ferry's** backing band for the current tour . . .

Chicago's percussionist **Laudir de Oliveira** didn't turn up until the encore for band's concert at Hammersmith Odeon last week. Afterwards 'twas explained that his late arrival was due to the fact that he was flying back from Brazil, whither he had jetted "for personal reasons" after the Birmingham gig. He'd have arrived back in time, but missed a flight. Still, he did play a splendid encore . . .

Nice to see young **Brian Case** with the cover story in last week's *Observer* colour supp., even if writing for that august organ did seem to cramp his style somewhat . . .

Sad to report death of **John Franz,** A&R manager of Phonogram. Franz, 54, had been with the company for 23 years and was responsible for discovering and recording artists like Shirley Bassey, Frankie Vaughan and Dusty Springfield . . .

Readers in the home counties urged to make particular effort to catch **Charlie Gillett's** "Honky Tonk" this coming Sunday at noon. Aside from his normal quota of esoteric delights, Gillett will be featuring **Cliff White** (NME's own) who promises to unravel enigma of **James Brown,** aided by an exclusive interview copped during Brown's recent whirlwind trip round Britain. Against the odds, White caught the man in untypically humble mood, offering many anecdotes about the early days of his career . . .

Anyone notice the thoroughly crass theme-tune to the 1964 movie "Doctor In Clover" shown on BBC—1 last Saturday after Dr Who? If so, didja notice who was singing it? **Kiki Dee,** that's who . . .

Eagles' manager **Irv Azoff** reckons the band would have made a better album if they hadn't spent so much time in the studio. No doubt if they'd never gone near the place, they could have managed a masterpiece. Okay, well that's blown any slender hope we ~~have~~ had of getting an interview. . .

Hugh Cornwell of **The Stranglers** spotted last week at Dingwalls, trying to score tickets for upcoming **Abba** concert . . .

The Stones will not tour U.S. this summer. They plan to finish mixing their live double album, and then spend March and April recording new studio album, probably in Holland . . .

***FOLLOWING** last week's Thrills report about Pete Townshend's encounter with the Sex Pistols, Teazers would like to tell you that the story has a happy ending.*

Aspiring young rock photographer Steve Davis was down the Speakeasy to snap Aylesbury's Man Of The Match John Ottway, and whilst leaning against the bar he spotted a Schoolboy Snappers dream: Townsend talking to Steve Jones and Paul Cook . . .

Pete, however, thought he was being set up for a NME Shock Horror Probe, and had an altercation by the bar during which some of Steve's equipment was damaged.

All was soon remedied and they ended up the best of friends.
Altogether now, Aaaaaah . . .

Jean Genet, the Jean Genie, French author of "The Thief's Journal" and other modern classics of amorality, wrote last week to London magazine *Time Out* as follows: "On occasion your magazine publishes material from **Mr Lindsay Kemp** which implies that his comedies and mimes are in some way based on my work or associated with my name. I would be grateful if in future you would not connect my name, nor any title of my work, with Mr Kemp's productions, as he has never been authorised to make use of either. It is important that there should be no confusion, in the minds of my reading public, between this gentleman and myself." Kemp's "Flowers" is generally assumed (even openly claimed) to be based on Genet's "Our Lady Of The Flowers"; Kemp and Genet between them could reasonably claim to have taught **David Bowie** both his sensuality and his sexuality . . .

Peter Baumann has left **Tangerine Dream** again, this time for good. He is to be replaced, natch, by a computer.

Nils Lofgren's new album, released March 25, to be called "I Came To Dance" . . .

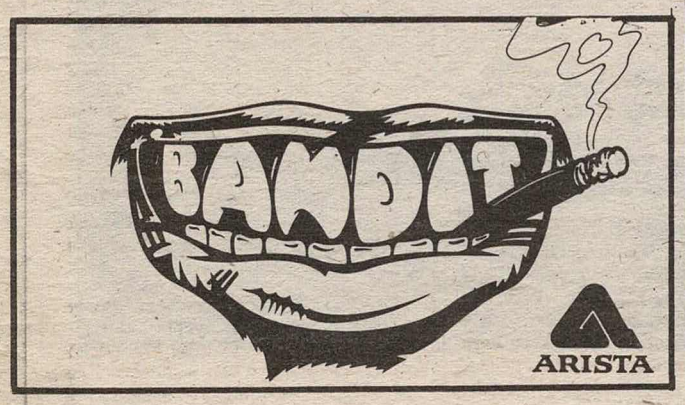
EEEK!!! Fab **Macca** was amongst those singing back-up vocals on **Roy Harper's** recording of his new single, "One Of Those Days In England" at Abbey Road studios over the weekend. "It's a monster," comments primal existentialist Harper . . .

"If **Chicago** stopped working right this very sec," say their publicists **Rogers** and **Cowan,** "All eight members would be guaranteed an annual income of 150,000 dollars for life . . ."

"I'm the type of guy who'd sell you a rat's asshole for a wedding ring." — **Tom Waits** in *Rolling Stone* . . .

And a fusillade of parting *T-Zers* triple dots to **John Galpin,** who left the *NME* Ad Department the other week for a new career in . . .

In Los Angeles residents at new housing development not amused that streets have all been named after rock stars. We can understand how they feel. We might be prepared to take up residence in **Janis Joplin** Avenue, but wouldn't be seen dead in either **Simon And Garfunkel** Street or **Seals And Crofts** Crescent . . .



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NATIONAL ROCKSTAR

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